Collier's

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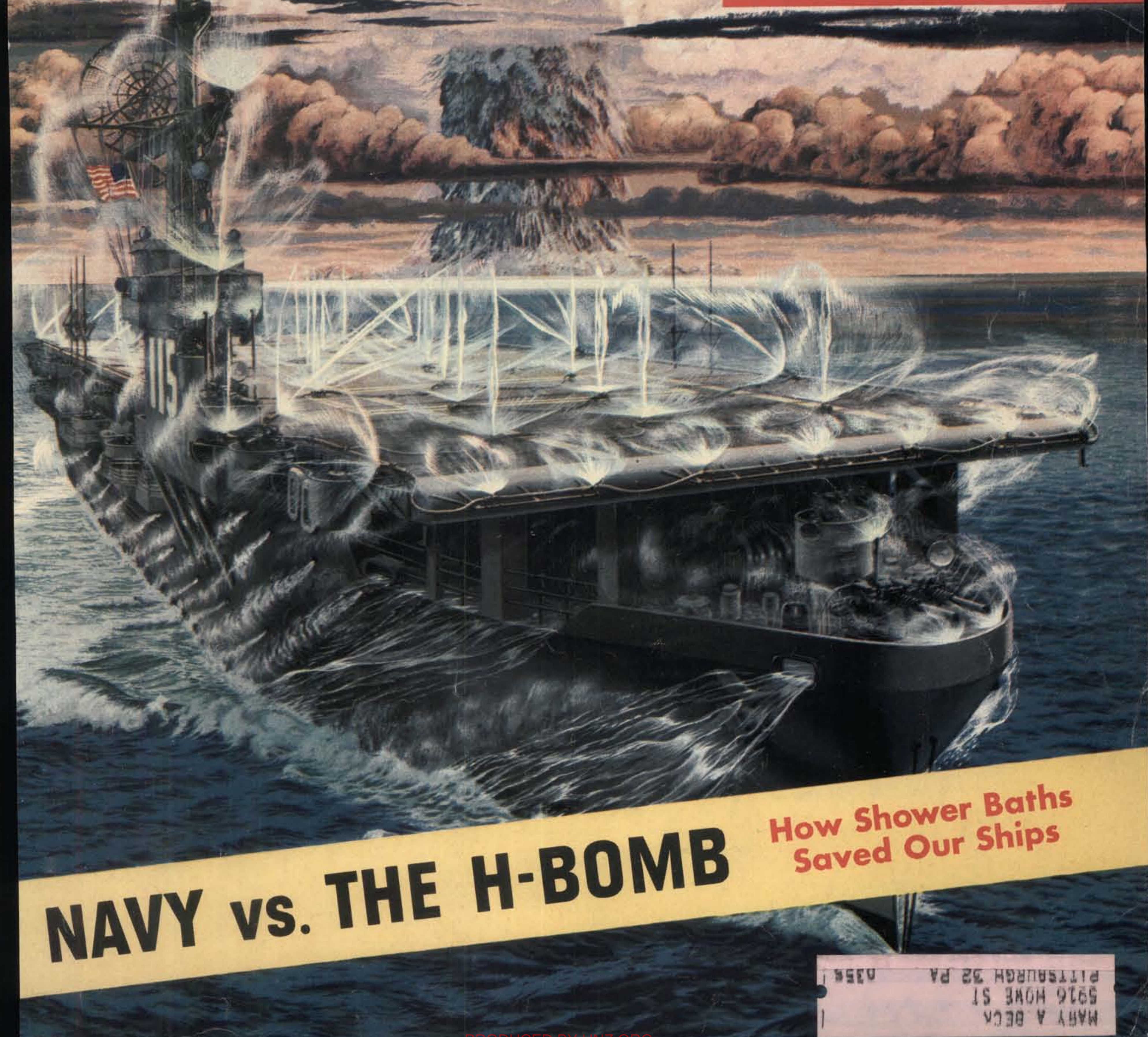
AVA GARDNER
Plays the Gypsy



NAVY vs. THE H-BOMB

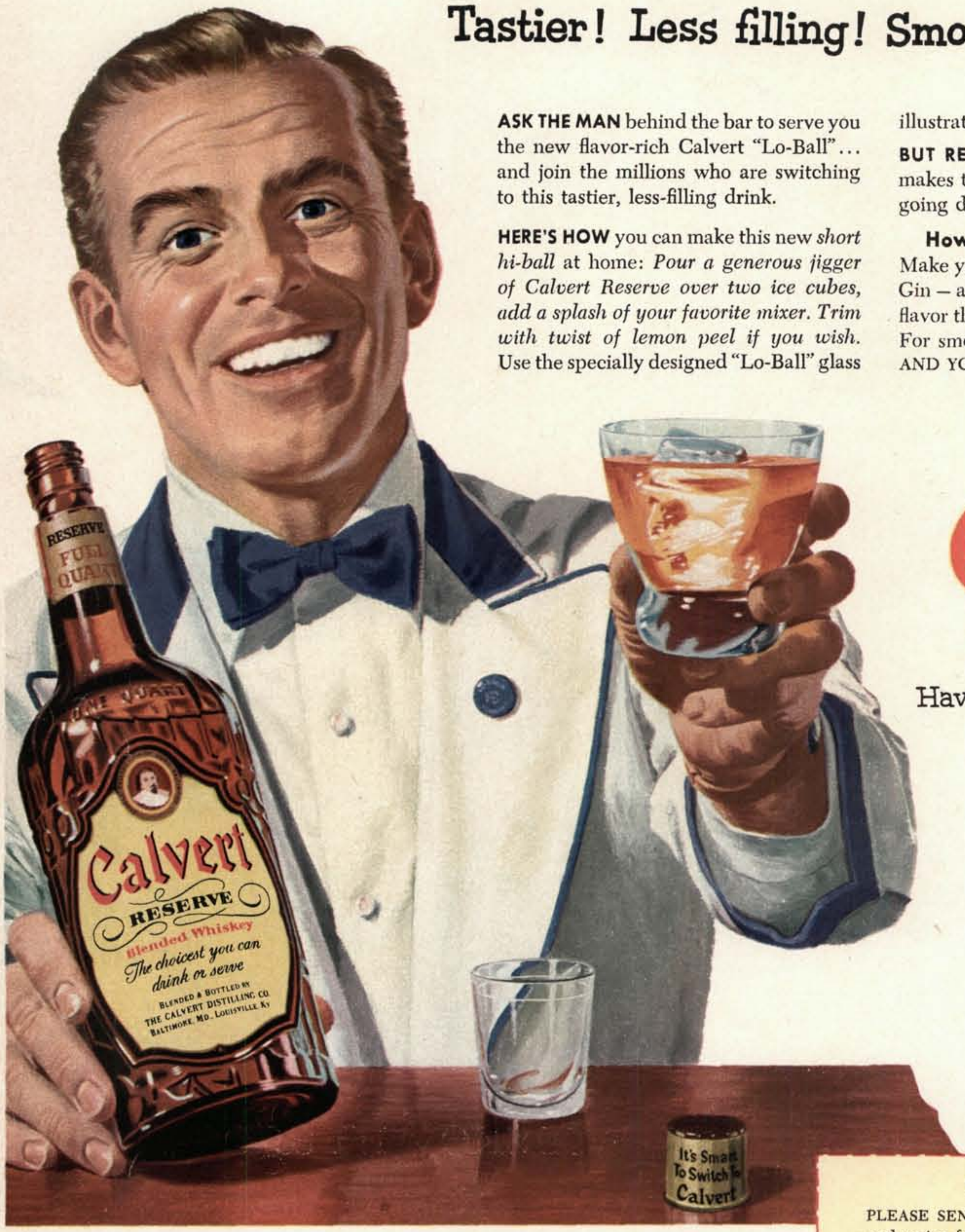
How Shower Baths Saved Our Ships

MARY A BECA
5916 HOWE ST
PITTSBURGH 32 PA

New short drink that's long on satisfaction...

The new Calvert "Lo-Ball"!

Tastier! Less filling! Smoother going down!


RESERVE
FULL QUART
ONE QUART
Calvert
RESERVE
Blended Whiskey
The choicest you can drink or serve
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY THE CALVERT DISTILLING CO. BALTIMORE, MD. LOUISVILLE, KY
It's Smart To Switch To Calvert

ASK THE MAN behind the bar to serve you the new flavor-rich Calvert "Lo-Ball"... and join the millions who are switching to this tastier, less-filling drink.

HERE'S HOW you can make this new *short hi-ball* at home: *Pour a generous jigger of Calvert Reserve over two ice cubes, add a splash of your favorite mixer. Trim with twist of lemon peel if you wish.* Use the specially designed "Lo-Ball" glass illustrated, or any Old Fashioned glass.

BUT REMEMBER, it's the Calvert that makes this drink so satisfying, so smooth going down!

How to Make Better Gin Drinks

Make your tall gin "coolers" with Calvert Gin — and enjoy the dryer, more delicate flavor that only Calvert Gin can give them. For smoother whiskey or gin, COMPARE AND YOU'LL SWITCH TO CALVERT!

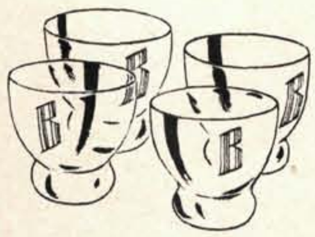
Calvert

WHISKEY ✱ GIN

Have them both when folks drop in!

Calvert
RESERVE
Calvert
Gin

Send for specially designed "Lo-Ball" Glasses with your initial hand carved!



- Four beautiful crystal-clear glasses for only $1.00 (less than half their retail value).
- Your initial hand-carved on each glass.
- Made for us by famous manufacturer.
- Use to serve the Calvert "Lo-Ball", Old Fashioneds, "Martini on the Rocks", etc.
- Each set accompanied by easy-to-make recipes.

Ask your liquor dealer for a coupon next time you stop in to get a bottle of smoother, mellower Calvert or use the coupon from this ad.

FILL IN THIS COUPON, TODAY!

PLEASE SEND ME______sets of 4 Calvert "Lo-Ball" glasses and recipe folder. I enclose $______to cover cost of glasses and mailing. (*Enclose $1.00 for each set. Limit of 3 sets.*)

My initial, to be hand-carved on glasses, is______ (*One initial only*)

*Name*____________________
(*Please print*)

*Street*____________________

*City*__________*State*__________

Mail to Calvert, Box 5068-Y, Chicago, Ill.

(*Offer void if taxed, prohibited, or otherwise restricted by state or municipal laws. Limited to U.S.A., its territories and possessions. Delivery of glasses takes two to three weeks. Offer expires Nov. 1, 1954.*)

BLENDED WHISKEY, 86.8 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN, 90 PROOF, DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., N.Y.C.

WHAT A POWERFUL DIFFERENCE THIS HIGH-OCTANE GASOLINE MAKES!

Who minds getting up early when the fish are biting . . . and your car seems just as anxious to get there as you are. For eager, powerful performance use *high-octane* gasoline. You see, there is nothing more important in gasoline than its octane rating. That's because the amount of power gasoline can deliver depends on octane rating. So be sure you get a high-octane fuel—look for the "Ethyl" emblem. "Ethyl" gasoline can make a powerful difference in your car's performance!

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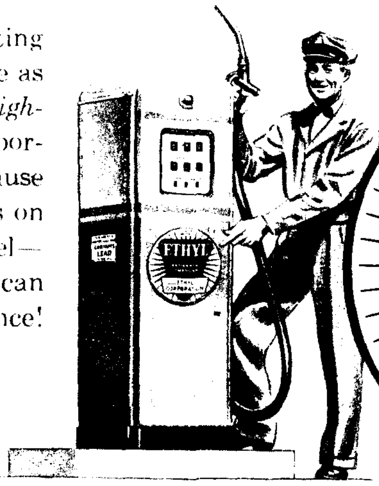

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Enjoy full power—use high-octane "ETHYL" gasoline!

Picture OF THE MONTH IN CINEMASCOPE

Still rubbing our wonderstruck eyes in delighted disbelief, we make haste to tell you that M-G-M's "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" starring Howard Keel and Jane Powell is the merriest madcap musical ever to careen across the screen! Perhaps you've heard those phrases before, but this time they're unquestionably true!

This CinemaScope dazzler in stunning color is definitely the bounciest and the biggest musical to hit the screen in more ways than fun! Against a sprawling, brawling backwoods background, it sways to tingly Johnny Mercer-Gene de Paul tunes like "Bless Yore Beautiful Hide", "Goin' Co'tin'" and "Sobbin' Women". It rocks with the rip-snortin'est, cavortin'est dancing Michael ("Bandwagon") Kidd ever staged. And in addition to its principal luminaries, it shoots twelve bright young new stars high into the Hollywood heavens.

How they all prance and romance through this tempestuous tale of kissin', courtin' and kidnappin' based on a Stephen Vincent Benét story. Howard Keel's virile voice is ideal for powerful Adam Pontipee, who wrests a bride from a town that keeps a respectful distance from him and his six very red-bearded, very red-blooded brothers. Jane Powell blooms her loveliest as Milly, a village girl who marries Adam at first sight.

When Milly learns she's not so much a romantic bride for one man as a labor-saving device for seven giants, when she schemes to marry off her six superfluous "husbands", when the sprightly "June Bride" ballet and rollicking "Barn Raising" sequences backfire into a wholesale roof-raising, when Big Brother Adam shames his kissless kin into abducting their own village belles, when snow avalanches thwart irate rescuers, when winter turns to spring and love leads to a wholesale "shotgun wedding"... when all this hilarity happens, you'll be eternally grateful to M-G-M for having taken the magic of CinemaScope and making it all possible. "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" is so huge a helping of happiness everybody'll be coming back for more!

* * *

M-G-M presents in CINEMASCOPE, Color by ANSCO, "SEVEN BRIDES FOR SEVEN BROTHERS" starring JANE POWELL, HOWARD KEEL with JEFF RICHARDS, RUSS TAMBLYN, TOMMY RALL. Screen play by Albert Hackett & Frances Goodrich and Dorothy Kingsley. Based on the Story "The Sobbin' Women" by Stephen Vincent Benét. Lyrics by Johnny Mercer. Music by Gene de Paul. Choreography by Michael Kidd. Directed by STANLEY DONEN. Produced by JACK CUMMINGS.

Collier's

JULY 23, 1954

PUBLISHED BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING CO.

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The escort carrier Bairoko, which missed the drama and danger of World War II (she was launched a few months before the war ended, but didn't complete shakedown operations until early September, 1945), finally got more than her share of excitement last March, when she unexpectedly ran into a fallout of radioactive particles during the H-bomb tests in the western Pacific. The technique which protected her from lethal radiation is shown on the cover—and described in the article starting on page 19

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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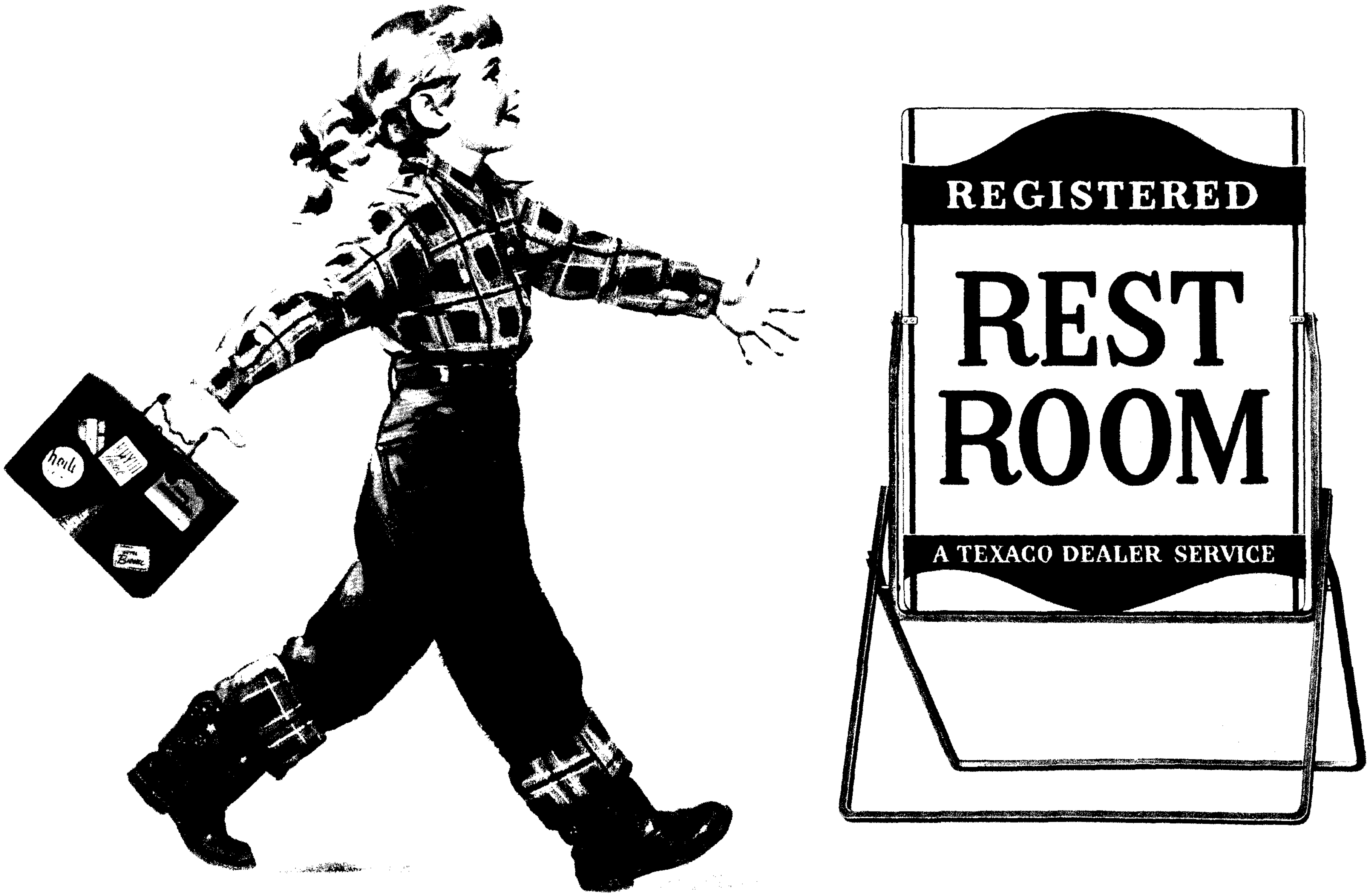
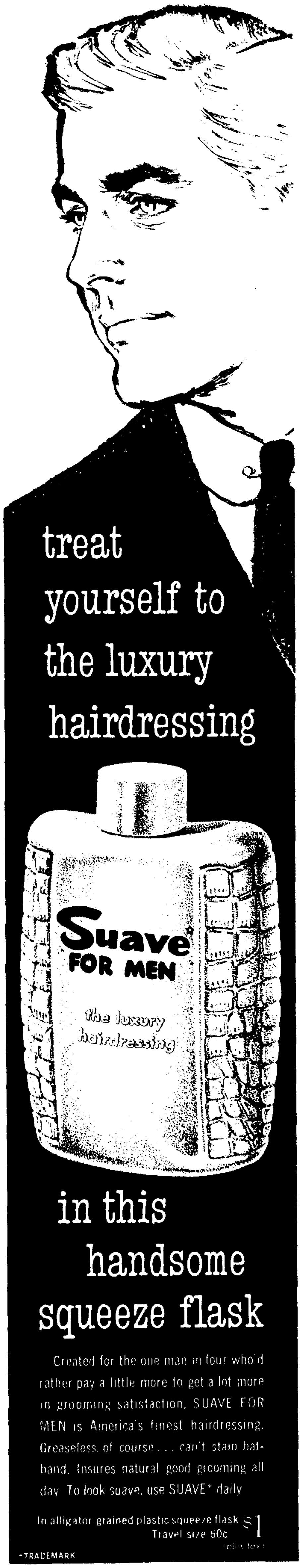
SMART TRAVELER!



This young lady, just like her Mom and Dad, knows that the green and white Registered Rest Room sign out in front of a Texaco service station means *this is the best place to stop.* A place that's always nice and neat and clean. She can count on that and so can the millions of other highway travelers in all 48 states. Registered Rest Rooms are another Texaco Dealer service for you and all of America's motoring families.

TEXACO
REG. T.M.

THE TEXAS COMPANY


treat yourself to the luxury hairdressing

in this handsome squeeze flask

Created for the one man in four who'd rather pay a little more to get a lot more in grooming satisfaction. SUAVE FOR MEN is America's finest hairdressing. Greaseless, of course . . . can't stain hatband. Insures natural good grooming all day. To look suave, use SUAVE* daily

In alligator-grained plastic squeeze flask $1
Travel size 60c
(plus tax)

*TRADEMARK

Appointment with O'HARA

By JOHN O'HARA

AUTUMN is my favorite season. Real autumn, not Indian summer. I can give you a lot of reasons for this preference, and one of them is that when the cool weather comes, people roll up the windows of their cars. One of the least attractive features of summer is the driver who tools along with his left hand either on the roof of his car, or hanging out like a girl's in a canoe. You have no way of knowing whether he is making a sloppy stop—or turn-signal, or just cooling off his hot, sweaty palm.

The roof-patting and the trawling hand are two more examples of what I believe to be the principal cause of automobile accidents: lack of consideration. Or, bad manners. Crazy speeds, passing and cutting on hills—these are causes, but not the principal causes of bad crack-ups. The man who drives with his hand on the roof or dangling over the door is proclaiming a complete obliviousness of other drivers. I believe Massachusetts has some law about this, but all states ought to have the law; and it ought to be enforced, in Massachusetts, too.

We can all learn good highway manners from the truck drivers, the fellows who push those big rigs. I have been driving for thirty-six years, everything from an ambulance to an MG, and observing drivers; and the best group are the truck drivers. The worst group are the doctors.

★ ★ ★

IT IS A SAFE BET that I am not going to turn into an Oscar Odd McIntyre on you, but I do go wandering in New York and I do see little things. The nicest little thing I saw recently was Ava Gardner.

It was in the papers that she was going to be in town and I thought it would be nice to have a talk with her. We could talk about bullfighting, perhaps? Clarinet playing, perhaps? A good book that I have written lately, perhaps? Any safe subject. But she was not available to The Press, not even to so quiet and dignified a member of The Press as I. She wanted to rest between planes, on her way from Spain to California, and wasn't seeing *anybody*.

So I was in a taxi, going east on Fifty-sixth Street, and I looked out my window and there was Ava Gardner, alone and hatless, not even dark glasses, rounding the corner, about to enter a stylish but unspectacular Park Avenue hotel. I didn't whistle or anything, but let her go her way. The next day I was lunching with her press agent and I said: "Well, has Ava checked out of the Drake yet?"

"How did you know she was at the Drake? She was there under an assumed name."

"Oh, I have my ways, I have my ways. She didn't look too well."

"You *saw* her? She didn't tell me she saw *you*. She said she didn't see anybody," said the press agent. "What did she have to say?"

"Oh—nothing," I said. "But I just want to tell you, you guys better co-operate a little more. Now I think I'll have the minced chicken on toast."

"What time did you see her?" the p.a. asked.

"About half past five."

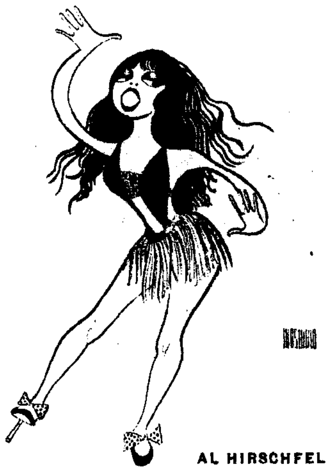
The p.a. nodded. "That's right. I called her around that time and she wasn't in her room."

"The minced chicken and a large coffee," said I. "And hereafter, a little more co-operation."

★ ★ ★

I HAD URGENT business over in Times Square, Broadway, the Main Stem, the heart of the entertainment world. I wanted to pick up a hat with my name stitched on it, a couple of small turtles and some sneeze powder. Excuse the bitterness, folks, but I go back to Shanley's and the Strand Roof and all the subsequent places that offered excitement and some beauty. Enid Markey driving a Marmon. Ann Pennington and Frances Williams in the same Rolls-Royce. Jim Walker in the municipal Duesenberg. The McCarthy Sisters in George White's Scandals. Irene Bordoni in As You Were, singing If You Could Care for Me. Clayton, Jackson and Durante at the Silver Slipper.

We paid a call at the Metropole, a little to the north of Times Square, a place designed to attract the walk-in trade. It made me think of places in Panama and Key West and Venice, California, but so do most of the spots on today's Broadway. One of the familiar faces was that of the amiable Bud Freeman, and if you have to be told he is one of the great saxophone players, you must have come along very recently, while Bud was in Chile. He told me he had taken a year off and gone to Chile. Just loafed, didn't wet a reed. But a year did it for him. He *had* to come back to New York. He is bringing out an album shortly and is forming a combination of his own. At the Metropole he is working with George Wettling, Jimmy McPartland, and some other excellent jazz musicians in one combination, and they join forces with another group—Red Allen, Buster Bailey, Claude Hopkins among them—which one of these nights is going to blast out the south wall of the club.



AL HIRSCHFELD

Broadway isn't what it was. I go back to Ann Pennington's day

If you visit the Metropole, don't take a dog. Be sure the girl with you is one you want to kiss. Mr. Henry Red Allen has a song, if song it may be called, in which he asks: "Who's the baby?" He keeps asking until he gets your personal attention, then he commands you: "Kiss the baby." Is there anything stuffier than a man who refuses to kiss a pretty girl? No; and I'm not that stuffy.

★ ★ ★

HERE IS A bipartisan, or nonpartisan, political note, which I present for whatever usefulness it may have as a guide. We are going to be listening to a great many campaign speeches from now on, so I urge you to look out for three clichés: roadblock, log jam and pin point. You'll make up your own mind, but believe me, friends, the statesmen who say roadblock, log jam and pin point are (or employ) lazy speech writers.

★ ★ ★

THIS IS the time of year when people who always say New York is a great place to visit—are welcome to visit it.

Likewise it is the time of year when New Yorkers who say New York is a great summer resort—are welcome to stay there.

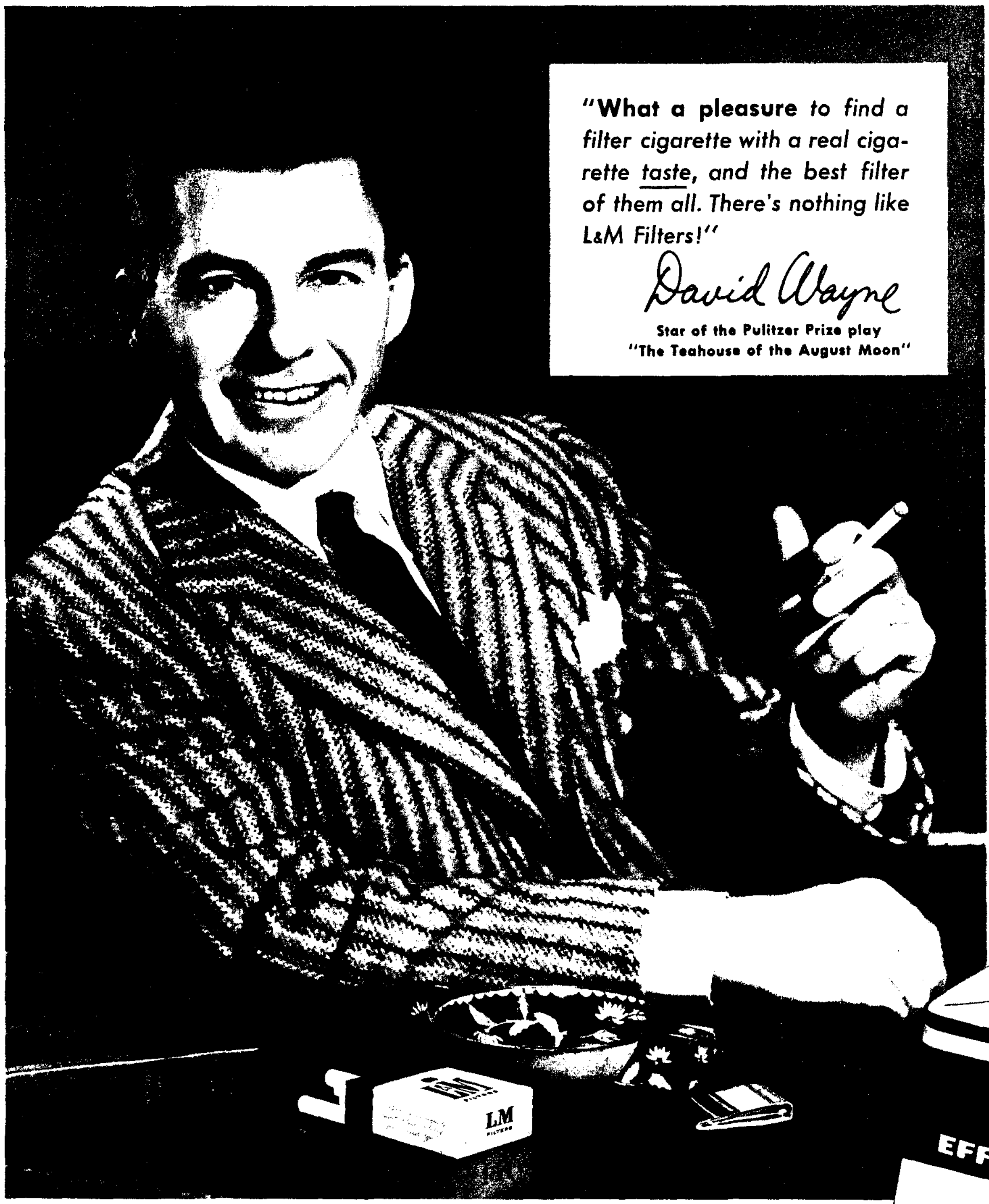
★ ★ ★

IN RESPONSE to an unuttered demand, this department now provides you with a variant of Dorothy Parker's famous two lines:

Girls seldom throw glasses
At men who make passes.

▲▲▲

NO CIGARETTE EVER WENT SO FAR SO FAST!



"What a pleasure to find a filter cigarette with a real cigarette taste, and the best filter of them all. There's nothing like L&M Filters!"

David Wayne

Star of the Pulitzer Prize play
"The Teahouse of the August Moon"

Thousands of Big-City Dealers Report—

L&M LARGEST SELLING FILTER CIGARETTE!

Since L&M Filters were put on sale across the country they have gained a nation-wide demand never before equalled by any other cigarette in so short a time.

Already, thousands of big-city dealers report — L&M their largest selling filter cigarette!

Why have L&M Filters rolled up sales records like this? Because for the first time filter tip smokers are getting what they want . . . much more flavor and aroma with much less nicotine.

MIRACLE TIP

EFFECTIVE FILTRATION
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FILTERS
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JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED

It's the filter that counts! And L&M has by far the best filter. L&M's exclusive miracle tip contains Alpha Cellulose for most effective filtration.

Get much more flavor, much less nicotine. Smoke L&M Filters—America's highest quality and best filter tip cigarette.

Yes, this is it! L&M—the light and mild filtered smoke!

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MONOGRAM CIGARETTE
Light and Mild

L&M AMERICA'S HIGHEST QUALITY FILTER TIP CIGARETTE

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Recipes on Candy Bar Wrappers

Delicious as the famous candies whose names they carry, fresh, crispy Curtiss Cookies are so good you'll eat 'em by the handful . . . so inexpensive you can serve 'em every day! Wonderful for parties, snacktime, lunchboxes, after-school, anytime . . . with soft drinks and desserts or a treat just by themselves. Ask for them today at your favorite store.

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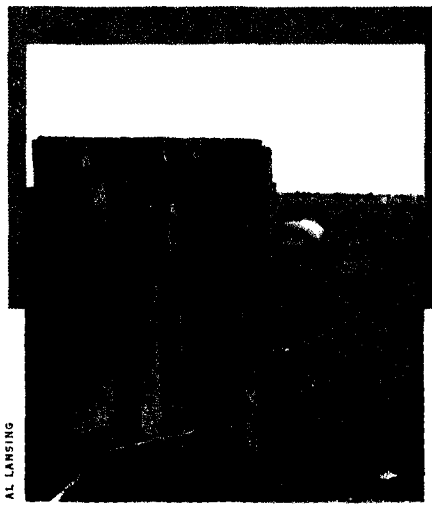

AL LANSING

Herpetologist Perkins suffering defeat at hands of spotted skunk

IT'S not that we *love* snakes, as you might love a dog, cat or canary. It's just that we're *interested* in them; they're fascinating!"

Thus spake R. Marlin Perkins, for all herpetologists, in answer to our Al Lansing's question: If snakes are abhorrent to most people, why do men get so much pleasure out of hunting them?

"Come with me and I'll show you," was Perkins' invitation.

Next thing, Lansing found himself kicking dust into the eyes of rattlers in Texas, or bouncing around in a back seat with a bagful of vipers in Mexico.

On page 60 Lansing tells how Perkins and his snake hunters brought back about 300 snakes and had a delightful time doing it.

Mr. Perkins, as everyone knows, is the soft-spoken director of Chicago's Lincoln Park Zoo and the founder and M.C. of the NBC television show Zoo Parade, in which he uses the inhabitants of his zoo for performers, finding them less temperamental and better actors than most people.

Lansing's story doesn't report it, but his camera caught the veteran Zoo Parader (above) in one unherpetological position on the snake hunt. Poking about this old shack on Galveston Island, Perkins found, instead of a snake, a spotted skunk, which, unaware of the M.C.'s way with animals, chased Mr. Perkins away.

* * *

WE'RE not sure but what Bob Ferguson's own life hasn't been even more dramatic than his first Collier's story, Crisis at Saddle River, on page 80. Here's just *some* of the action that Bob has packed into his forty-nine years:

"I grew up on my father's ranch and farm in western Canada. Got married in the States at eighteen and went East. There I tried the hardware business, real-estate business and worked on a newspaper—that's probably where the writing bug got me. By 1924 was back West, had a son and daughter, scraped up an electrical engineering degree and went into the construction business. I'm proudest of having worked in the late twenties on the longest railroad tunnel in the Western Hemisphere—Great Northern's New Cascade Tunnel in Washington, almost eight miles long—and in the early thirties on Boulder (Hoover) Dam. I call it Boulder because to those of us who first went up the Gunnison River's awful Black Canyon in boats to claw a ledge from the black walls so we could start the inlet portals on the diversion tunnels, it will always be Boulder—politicians be damned!

"Boulder was finished in thirty-six, and for the next few years, among other things, I saw most of the Pacific working freighters and then in chartered windjammers. About fifteen years ago I decided I wanted to put some of it on paper and I'm still doing it. My chief drawback has been temper; it's gotten me into a lot of fights but it's made me mostly friends. They should be friends—they've won most of the fights."

It's okay, Bob, we understand: sometimes a person has to get mad to dig tunnels, make friends and write fiction.

* * *

WE ARE not so modest that we cannot report that Bill Davidson (and Collier's, of course) has won another major award. That's the sixteenth for us in five years.

This time it's the Albert Lasker Award for Medical Journalism for 1953, and Bill received it for his article The Truth about TB Miracle Drugs, printed in our issue of August 7, 1953. One reason Collier's is proud is that this is the third time since the awards were established in 1949 that a Collier's article has been chosen for this honor, which is meant "to encourage the writing and publication . . . in national magazines of outstanding articles . . . on the prolongation of life through medical research."

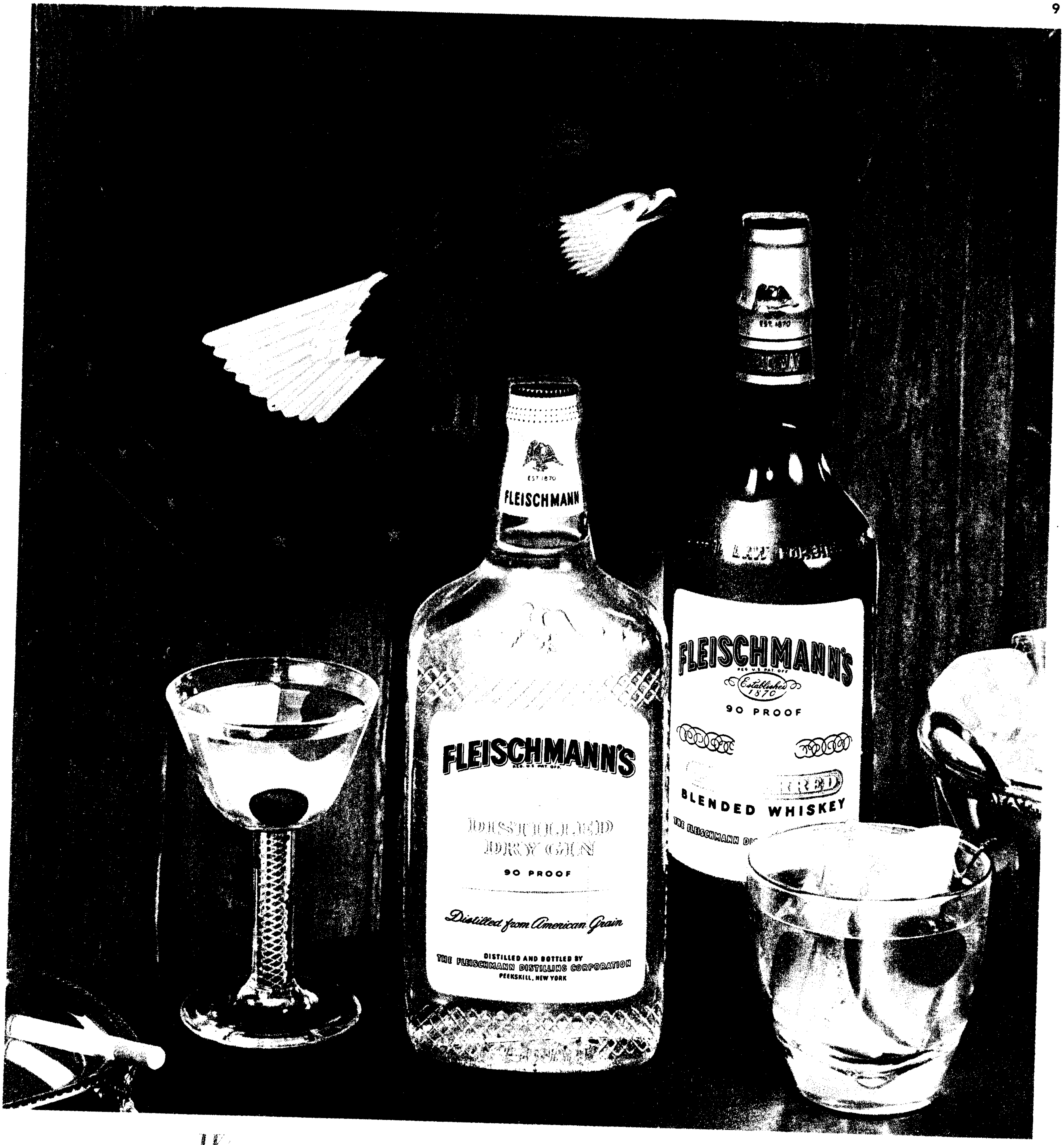
We could have shown you a photograph of Bill being presented with the beautiful statuette that is one of the material rewards for winning, but we'd rather prove to you the versatility of this reporter. We have sent him to within a snowball's toss of the North Pole; we've sent him to interview Martin and Lewis. And just recently we sent him to the dust bowl, as the picture below indicates. He came back, complaining about the weather, as usual, and then wrote the revealing story on page 84.

Maybe this fellow can do *anything*. We're still finding out.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

WALT WIGGINS

Award-winning reporter Davidson on the prowl through the dust bowl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On the Teen-Time Revue, Barry had to be a convincing twenty-seven. Only at home could he let down and be thirty-seven, with his own teen-age daughter

ARPIE ERMOYAN

DON'T HIDE Anything

By SHERMAN DIXON

COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT

A YEAR ago he'd have welcomed the telegram from his daughter, but right now it was a tornado on the serene horizon of his career.

For the last few months on the daily Teen-Time Revue—Channel 1, 5:00 P.M.—he had been a convincing twenty-seven. Only in the privacy of his own apartment could he let down and be Barry Wilson, thirty-seven, with a daughter of boarding-school age who wrote that she was already a half inch taller than he was.

Now, he ran an unsteady hand through his crisp hair. His blue eyes traveled unbelievingly over Doodie's wordy, confiding telegram—as if it would somehow take on a different meaning if he just read it slowly and carefully.

COLLECT, the telegram began and then there was the message, oblivious of cost or content: DADDY DARLING EXPECT ME TOMORROW NOON. HAVE CHANGED MIND ABOUT STAYING ON IN MAINE WITH DEBORAH SMITH AND AM BRINGING DEBORAH TO NEW YORK WITH ME. BOTH WANT TO MEET ALL STARS AT YOUR STUDIO. DEBORAH IS ENTIRE YEAR OLDER THAN I SIXTEEN LAST MONTH WITH ABSOLUTELY TERRIFIC BROTHER WHO GOES TO ANDOVER. ARRIVE GRAND CENTRAL STATION 6:00 P.M. LOVE AND XXX'S YOUR AFFECTIONATE DAUGHTER DOODIE.

The doorbell's sharp ring interrupted his effort to think of a way out, where there obviously was no way. Doodie was his only child, motherless, fondly spoiled and on her way to New York.

He opened the door. *She* was there. So were the photographers from the fan magazine.

She was Miss June Griffith, the tiny dark dynamo who virtually ran Mammoth Broadcasting's Public Relations Department. And to Barry, she was the most attractive young woman he had ever been exposed to.

He had managed to date her three times and had even been invited to the apartment she shared with her parents. But he had always refrained from reminiscences concerning World War II, the early Roosevelt era, the bank holiday, etc.

"I hope you're all set, Barry," June said. "The photographers have a ten-o'clock appointment."

She set down her brief case, which bulged as usual with her day's work. Even dark-rimmed spectacles were unable to dim the freshness of her twenty-five years, or to spoil her beauty.

Under her brisk supervision, the photographers took shots of Barry that would appeal to his teen-age audience. With Doodie impending, he felt even more than his usual qualms about assuming the boyish personality that had landed him this job, pulled him out of comparative obscurity at a radio station in Commerce, Ohio, and enabled him to put Doodie into the best private school for young ladies, plus sending her to a summer camp in Maine.

He had his old friend, Joe Barnes, to thank for the big break—and also for this youth myth that had him trapped. Joe had gone from the Ohio station to New York and become a power in one of the top talent agencies. He had wired Barry: SINGING SPOT ON TEEN-TIME REVUE OPEN. YOU'LL HAVE TO BLUFF AGE BUT THINK YOU'RE RIGHT FOR IT.

Barry made it on the second audition, prayerfully and a little guiltily. With the job had come a slippery fame, money to clean up his accumulated debts, and the questionable luck of having Miss June Griffith accept him for what he was not—a boyish fellow still in his twenties.

"I have some fan letters with me," June said, very businesslike; "we really should get them answered." The photographers were packing up their equipment. June bid them a brusque good-by, then handed Barry a thick sheaf of letters.

The telephone on his desk rang demandingly. "Probably the office," June said, glancing at her wrist watch. "I left your number so they could reach me." The pleasant smell of fresh talcum enveloped him as she reached in front of him to lift the receiver. The nape of her neck, very white and soft against the black of her hair, looked almost childish as she bent to make some notes.

Twenty-five to his thirty-seven years, he thought, and only ten years older than Doodie.

June hung up the telephone. "I've got to go back to the studio. We can get to these letters tomorrow"—she paused, a thoughtful frown on her

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Automotive engineers have long known that friction and corrosion are the two major causes of engine wear. Now, from the laboratories of Continental Oil, comes America's first *Double-Duty* motor oil. It combines two exclusive discoveries (Oil-Plating and Acid-Proofing)* to conquer *both* causes of engine wear.

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Exclusive ACID-PROOFING additive conquers corrosive wear three ways—it neutralizes acids, prevents rust, and gobbles up tiny particles of dust, dirt, and water and seals them safely in spheres of oil until the oil is drained. ACID-PROOFING actually gives new Conoco Super twice the cleansing power of other premium oils!

New Conoco Super Motor Oil is on sale at Conoco dealers everywhere. Drive in and ask for it today!

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And look at all these exclusive de luxe features!

ONLY range with a SELF-BASTING OVEN. Roasts go 'round and 'round and baste themselves—automatically—with Admiral's incomparable ROTARY ROASTER.

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ONLY range with an ADJUSTABLE BROILER RACK that goes up and down at the touch of a finger. You raise or lower it without removing hot pans or rack from the oven.

ALSO—Pull Button Timer Clock, makes automatic cooking easy, simple. New, exclusive "Controlled Oven Heat Distribution" and Magic Oven Door Seal. Many other features you'll love when you see them at your Admiral dealer's.

Admiral

Double Oven ELECTRIC RANGES

charming face—"better still, why don't you drop by for dinner tonight?"

Mentally, he crossed his fingers. With luck he might have a chance at least to break the news about Doodie as tactfully as possible. That is, he could explain to June if June's father and mother would give him a chance. The last time he'd been invited to dinner there, her parents—who had been known as The Tune-and-Tap Griffiths in their Keith Circuit days—had done their entire vaudeville routine for him.

LIKE most too-well-laid plans, nothing worked out. The trouble began when Doodie arrived at Grand Central in the midst of a summer thunderstorm, minus her friend Deborah.

"Deborah can't get here until tomorrow," Doodie said mournfully. "So we'll have to think up something for you and me to do."

She was getting prettier than he'd ever thought she could, and walking beside her through the station, he felt every day of his thirty-seven years.

Nervously, he tried to explain about tonight. "Do you think you could amuse yourself around the apartment?" he asked hopefully. "I mean, just for tonight? I know you'll find something there to interest you." Yes, something like his new recordings of Segovia's guitar arrangement of the Bach *chaconne*, plus some rather high-flown experimental stuff.

"Well, after all, I *am* an adult," Doodie said, but in a crestfallen voice.

His resolve remained firm right up until the moment when he opened the door to leave. After all, he reminded himself, it was only for tonight. He had almost shut the door when he heard a great gulping sob. He turned back. He knew what he had to do.

They were only fifteen minutes late—he and Doodie.

June opened the door of her apartment. She had never looked lovelier, younger or more perceptibly startled.

"My daughter," Barry said, "just arrived from camp."

June looked up at his daughter, and said something warm and pleasant which Barry scarcely heard. That was part of her job. Barry reminded himself that she would never show what she thought or felt about his sudden appearance with a grown daughter, but he knew she was thinking plenty.

He could feel her dark, intent look upon him throughout the entire evening—especially when Doodie said proudly: "The year I was six, Daddy took me to the studio. He sang all the songs from Oklahoma! and he let me sing on the radio too. He had on his Army uniform and—"

"Doodie," Barry interrupted, "have some potatoes. You're talking so much, you're not eating."

Doodie didn't get a chance to do much talking after dinner, because June's father took over. He played and sang. He was jaunty. He was gay. He was pitiful. And then he did a few brisk, almost youthful steps for them. He was out of breath when he finished, and so tired he went off to bed.

Doodie was tired too. And in all his life, Barry had never felt so weary. He wanted to say no when June suggested brightly and vivaciously that they could go over the fan letters at his place. There were still plenty of good hours' work left in her, she explained, and the letters needed to be taken care of. . . .

One hour later—with sudden desperate resolution—Barry pushed aside the teen-agers' letters. "Look, June, I might as well face it. You know about Doodie, and I must say you've been mighty nice about—everything, but . . ."

He waited, hoping she might help him out with a hint about how she really felt concerning the revelation that he was not twenty-seven. But she just sat there, her dark gaze intent and unreadable.

"What I'm trying to say, June, is that tomorrow, I'm going to—I've got to—well, I'm taking Doodie to the studio, and her girl friend too. They're counting on it, and I can't hide the truth any longer. In fact, I find I don't want to—" He broke off, and sat looking at her.

"Well," she said with a big sigh, "you're being very sensible about it. There's absolutely no use for people in show business to try to be years younger than they are. Now, you take Pops, for example. Pops has ruined his life with a youth complex . . ."

He didn't hear the rest. He was aware only that she was comparing him to her father. Now that she'd seen him with Doodie, she no longer thought of him as the young companion she dated. That phase was over, done with, past. He deliberately turned away and walked toward the window, staring out at nothing at all.

"Actually, I'm relieved," he said miserably. "I'll tell them the truth at the studio, and they can replace me with a younger man."

"You don't have to tell them, Barry," she said gravely. "If it had happened in the beginning—before you'd had a chance to prove yourself—it might have made a difference. But it happened two months ago—"

"*What* happened two months ago?" he demanded hoarsely.

SHE faced him with a dark intent look. "There was a letter, a fan letter from Doodie's whole class at school, enclosing their photographs and saying they were all fans of yours because you were Doodie's father and she was their classmate and they hoped the letter would help you. It went straight to the president of Mammoth Broadcasting and he sent it on to me. I didn't tell you about the letter because I figured if you wanted to hide your age . . ."

He looked at her and thought: June had known his age and about Doodie all along, and yet she'd gone on dating him!

"I figured it was up to you," she continued, "but frankly, Barry, it did worry me. I wouldn't want to marry a man with a youth complex—"

Suddenly the world seemed to rock, but when it righted itself, he found he was kissing her and she was kissing him right back. Then a grim thought struck him: "But you're only twenty-five, June. You wouldn't want to be a mother to—to a girl fifteen—"

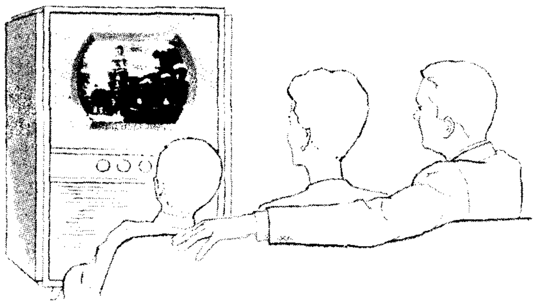
"I've been a mother all my life," she said, and kissed him firmly and efficiently, "to two parents a lot older than Doodie. Doodie will be a breeze."

He was thirty-seven, with a fifteen-year-old daughter. *She* knew it. The president of Mammoth Broadcasting knew it. The clock was striking two and he'd never felt less tired in his life.

—SHERMAN DIXON

Marines at Independence Hall, Philadelphia. Television will some day bring the full color of historical scenes, as well as entertainment, to millions of people.

COLOR TV
is Transmitted Over Telephone Networks



You've probably been hearing a lot about color television in recent weeks. A number of test programs are now being broadcast with excellent results.

The Bell System's part in color television, as in radio and black-and-white TV, is to carry the programs from city to city.

What we do is to provide the electronic channels that make this possible. Important national events, as well as entertainment, can thus be seen and heard simultaneously by millions of people throughout the country.

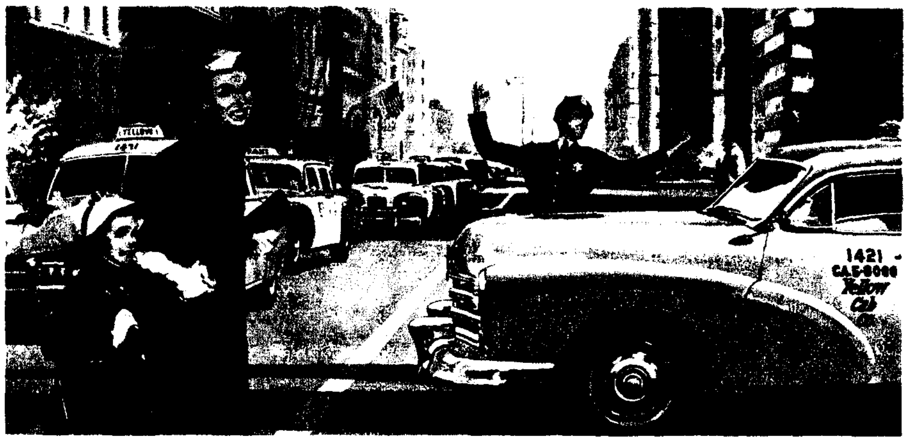
Transmitting pictures in color is more complex than in black and white and requires additional equipment. But the basic principles are the same.

Our ability to serve you in this field, as in radio, comes out of our research and experience in telephony. Many years ago we started designing and building our Long Distance telephone networks so that they could be used for television as well.

The job of providing Bell System facilities with the special equipment required for color TV has been under way for many months, to meet the needs of the broadcasters and the public.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

63-Million-Mile Taxi Test Proves:



Less Wear

1030 Chicago taxicabs piled up over 63 million miles in *the toughest motor oil test ever known.* With New Sinclair Extra Duty Motor Oil, piston ring replacements were cut 80%. Even hard-boiled cab operators were amazed.

Less Oil

During the test, cabs using Sinclair Extra Duty Motor Oil consumed *only half as much oil* as test cabs using other oil. Chicago's largest cab operators switched all fleets to Sinclair Extra Duty Motor Oil.

Less Repair

Cab after cab passed 100,000 miles without need of engine repairs — an outstanding record! Even engine valve chambers stayed clean — good news for owners of cars with hydraulic valve lifters. Here's what the taxi test proved: with Sinclair Extra Duty Motor Oil you can keep your own engine in top operating condition for 100,000 miles when drain recommendations in your car manual are followed. See your Sinclair Dealer.

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48 STATES

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Lady in Springfield, Illinois, hits us with a rhetorical question. "What," she deplores, "is to become of our young people?" Fortunately we know. Our young people will live to be old people and ask: "What is to become of our young people?"

* * *

Conditions are returning to normal, at least in Opelousas, Louisiana. Mr. Bill Burkett reports a sign displayed in The Hut: We Are Reducing Our Ten-Cent Hamburgers from Twenty Cents to Fifteen Cents.

* * *

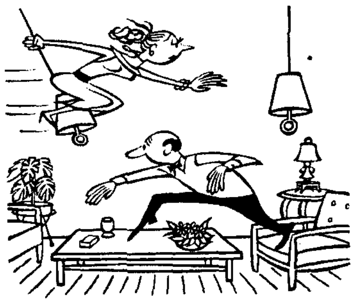
In Columbus, Ohio, Mrs. Russell L. Crawmer's son told her that he was planning to take an aptitude test in high school next fall. Thus he'd have some idea what sort of work he was suited for. His mother asked him what he'd do if the test revealed no aptitudes. "Oh, in that case," he sighed, "I suppose I'd better go to college."

* * *

If your touring takes you to Jaffrey, New Hampshire, you may read, if you want, what we think is a towering tribute to a good woman. It's in the Jaffrey churchyard, near Willa Cather's grave: "Sarah Averill. Died October 16, 1881. Ae 89 years, 5 months and 5 days. She done all she could."

* * *

Just got a pamphlet from a lady in Asbury Park, New Jersey. It's packed with instructions on how to be beautiful in the summertime. For example: "When on the beach, walk like a melody." Even more valuable is a suggestion from a housing expert in Pittsfield, Massachusetts: "If you are annoyed by squeaking floors in your house, try not to walk on them."



* * *

Lots of states would hold an annual Do-It-Yourself show, thinks Mrs. Beulah Munn, of Cleveland, Ohio, if only they had help from the federal government to do it for them.

* * *

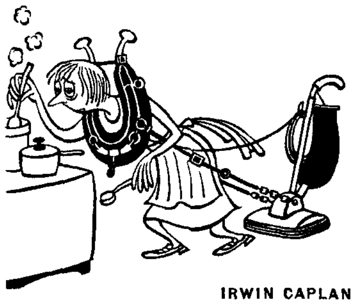
If wasting time is your ambition, says Mr. Oscar Clubber, of Minneapolis, Minnesota, you might devote yourself to finding another country where a guy can eat a hearty breakfast of ham and eggs, flapjacks and sirup, and three cups of coffee, and then get into his car and drive downtown to pick up his unemployment compensation check.

* * *

His small daughter asked this gentleman in Dubuque, Iowa, what he paid for a baby sitter. He told her—seventy-five cents an hour. Her answer: "Give me that much and I'll sit for myself."

* * *

Lady in Texarkana, Arkansas, says she saw the following ad in a newspaper and wants it understood that it is not a typographical error: Wanted—woman to cook and do horsework.



IRWIN CAPLAN

* * *

Hale, hearty and still young is Mr. Jerry Cobb, of radio station KNEV-FM in Reno, Nevada. And yet Mr. Cobb remembers when the world too was young. The time, for example, when he used to charge people thirty-five cents each to flock to a hall to listen to a radio which sometimes pulled in as many as three nearby stations.

* * *

Unfortunately Mr. Joe LaGambina, of Winchester Center, Connecticut, did not overhear the first part of the conversation between a candidate and his manager. But he did hear the manager say: "Now don't go getting sensible and ruin your chances of election."

* * *

In Cherokee County, North Carolina, a devout lady died, bequeathing all her property to God. To settle the estate, the court followed conventional procedure, but operations came to a halt when its appointed deputy reported: "After a diligent search, God could not be found in Cherokee County."

* * *

Several of Grand Island, Nebraska's, more active eyebrows soared when their owners read the Independent recently. Editor Arch Jarrell had written: "I sometimes think women have all the best of it in comfortable clothes. Then I see them pulling on their girdles and I wonder." Mr. Jarrell explained next day, and with dignity: "I was referring, of course, to the kind of pulling that women do to their girdles in public." ▲▲▲

YOUR NEXT CAR

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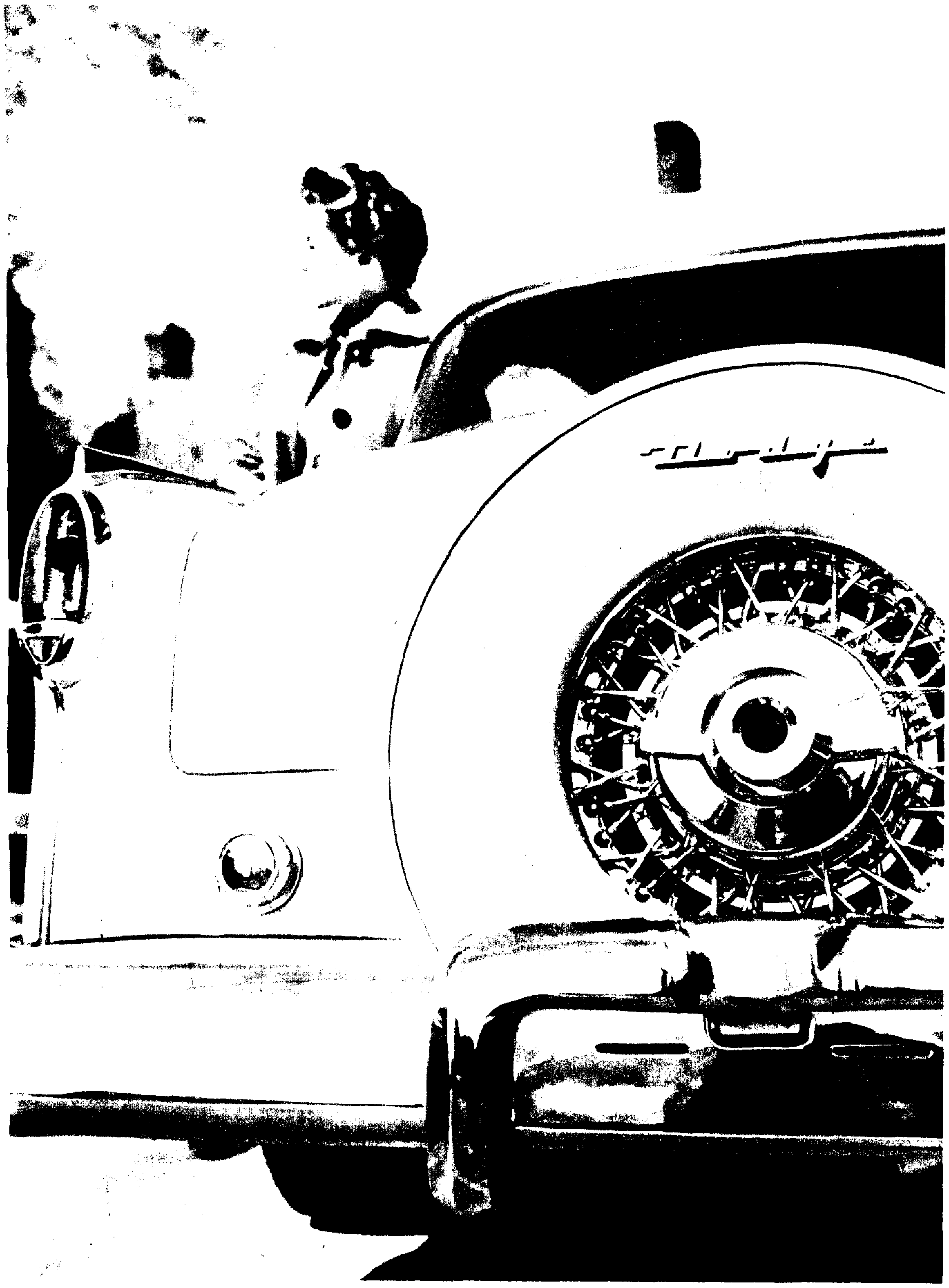

You've Never Bought A Car when your money could get you so much new value as it can today. And whatever price you mean to pay, you can discover *more of what's new* from a dealer showing today's Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto, Chrysler and Imperial cars than anywhere else you can go. Here for instance, you'll find . . .

- ***America's foremost powerplants . . . from the sparkling Plymouth PowerFlow to new V-8's, which for the first time bring airplane engine principles of power and performance to the motor car buyer. This hemispherical combustion chamber engine has broken more records for stock-car performances and stamina than any engine ever introduced before . . .***

- ***PowerFlite, a wholly new automatic, no-clutch drive so smooth and so swift that its action will at once stamp "yesterday" on any automatic transmission you may have tried . . .***

- ***Power Steering that works*** **full-time, not part-time** ***giving an easy yet steady new sense of control and command that's entirely different from and far superior to the off-and-on versions offered on some cars today . . .***

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- ***In addition to these 5 great new features, here you'll find a whole range of new cars, each having many dollars' worth of built-in values and features which other cars either do not offer at all, or offer only at extra cost . . .***

You can check on these remarkable advances for yourself at any of our dealers. There's no obligation. You'll have the most exciting new car experience you've ever had. You'll find a Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer more than ready to offer the best you can find in trade and terms. Why not come in, soon?

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NOW REMOVE DANDRUFF... BRIGHTEN YOUR HAIR UP TO 35%

with the very first shampooing!

A SINGLE SHAMPOOING with new milder Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo will brighten your hair up to 35% ...remove loose dandruff and recondition hair at the same time.

FOR CLEANER SCALP, dandruff-free hair, use Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo. The only shampoo *guaranteed* to remove ugly dandruff with just *one* lathering or money back.

Only FITCH guarantees cleaner, brighter hair... free of ugly dandruff!

Think of it! Scientific "Reflectance" tests prove new milder Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo brightens hair up to 35%! Yes, brightens hair up to 35%—and it's guaranteed to remove every trace of dandruff too, with just *one* lathering or your money back!

Most amazing, new milder Fitch is so gentle, it's wonderful for baby's hair! So, if you have only used Fitch when you really wanted to get your hair clean—if you thought it was too harsh and strong to use regularly—listen! New milder Fitch is so gentle, so free of bite and sting, you can use it *every* single time you wash your hair!

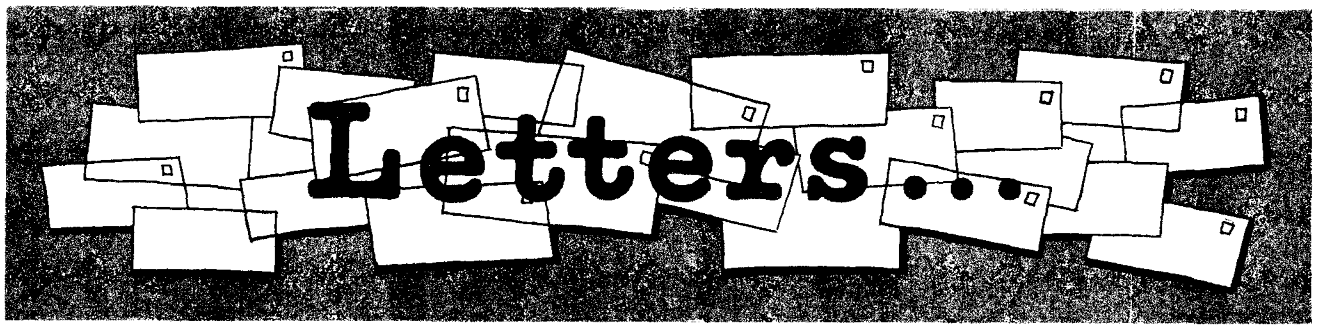
Reconditions too!

What's more, its remarkable reconditioning action leaves hair softer, easier to manage, inclined to wave.

Get a bottle of this new milder Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo. If you're not delighted with how it brightens your hair up to 35%—how it removes loose dandruff too, in just one lathering—return unused portion for full refund from manufacturer.

Also ask for a Fitch shampoo at any Barber or Beauty Shop.

IMPROVE HAIR LOOKS *or money back!*



Invention & Development

Editor: Referring to John O'Hara's comment on the "million-dollar television show to celebrate Thomas Edison's invention of the incandescent lamp," will you please tell Mr. O'Hara that Mr. Edison did not "invent" the incandescent lamp until several years after it had been invented by an Englishman, Joseph W. Swan. Mr. O'Hara can check this in any reliable encyclopedia or similar source of information.

On second thought, Mr. O'Hara and the companies may hesitate to commit themselves until the Russians are heard from.
E. W. Bowness, Calgary, Alta., Canada

According to Collier's Encyclopedia, Sir Humphrey Davy first developed the principle of the incandescent electric lamp in 1802. A man named Frederick de Moleyns was granted a British patent for an incandescent lamp in 1841. Swan began working on the lamps about 1860, but they were not commercially practicable because they were short-lived and each required its own battery or generator.

On October 21, 1879, Edison completed a practical incandescent lamp that was long-lasting, capable of economical mass production, and could be used independently in a lighting system which Edison devised for the purpose.

Incidentally, for reader Bowness' information, the Russians have already been heard from. Last March, Radio Moscow announced that a Russian engineer, Alexander Lodygin, invented the incandescent lamp in 1872.

Dr. Elicker's Answer

Editor: Collier's is to be congratulated for providing Dr. Paul E. Elicker an opportunity to present evidence on some of the positive accomplishments of our public schools (How Good Are Our Schools?, June 11th).

I have been somewhat disappointed with Howard Whitman's articles on public education. But his third article was much more temperate than the first two. If he continues to study long enough, he may discover that some of the problems he seems to have just become aware of have been of deep concern to educators and parents for a long time.
Sam H. Moorer, State Department of Education, Tallahassee, Fla.

... I enjoyed very much reading Paul Elicker's article, How Good Are Our Schools? I thought he gave a very fair statement as to the status of education today.

When your first article on the subject by Howard Whitman appeared, I wrote a letter criticizing the article from the point of view that it gave the impression that schools in general were as he described them. At the same time I said that I hoped future articles would point up some of the good work that is being done in the public schools in order to give the readers an opportunity to have all the facts. I think you have done this by printing Elicker's story. A. O. Jenkins, Geneseo, N.Y.

... Having written to you remonstrating against the article by Howard Whitman in the February 5th issue of Collier's, I now hasten to commend you for printing the article written by Paul E. Elicker in the June 11th issue. I firmly believe that Dr. Elicker's article will be of considerable service to secondary education.
F. M. Peterson, Pekin, Ill.

The writer of the above letter is president of the Illinois Secondary School Principals' Association.

... The article by Paul E. Elicker seems to me to be decidedly weak, as it deals so much in generalities and resorts to glib and meaningless phrases in answering the critics of the modern school curriculum and methods. The articles by Mr. Howard Whitman give specific examples of the schools' failure to train young students adequately. Mr. Elicker seems to pass such criticism over without adequate reply.

I hope you will continue to publish more of Mr. Whitman's articles. They are helping a very great deal in waking the American people to a realization of just what is happening in our schools, and in making them take more interest in this vital problem.
E. L. Heck, Englewood, Ohio

Private Instruction

Editor: In your Letters department of May 14th, a comment on Howard Whitman's education series (signed Bert Scales, Albuquerque, N.M.) mentions "what Mr. Whitman calls 'breeze' courses," and states that "here in Albuquerque, the public schools conduct dog-obedience courses."

To set the record straight, the Sandia Dog Obedience Club, a nonprofit organization, offers free lessons to all junior- and senior-high-school students in the city. We give our time and the use of the equipment every Monday evening at six o'clock.

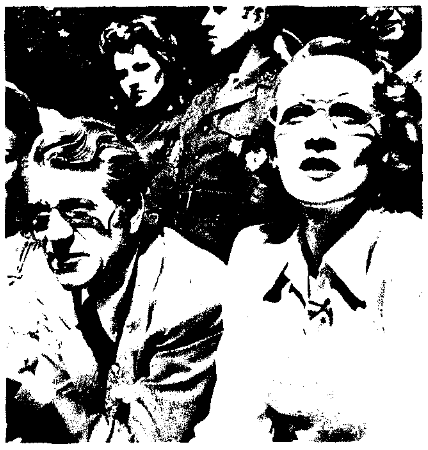
I know, as I am one of the three women who donate their time and experience. We do meet in the high school's old gymnasium. Is this our crime against the taxpayer?
Dorothy R. Miller, Albuquerque, N.M.

Our Stake in Asia

Editor: In your editorial The Idea and the Cost (May 28th) you rightly lament the fact that this country is losing the cold war in Asia despite her billions spent in that part of the world. This, as you suggest, is undoubtedly due in part to the failure of this country to employ more effective means of selling democracy to Asian peoples. But I believe the weaknesses demonstrated by the Western democracies in recent years have done much more in undermining American popularity in the eyes of the Orientals than has the failure to employ effective means of propaganda.

From Yalta to Panmunjom, the Soviet diplomats have scored one victory after another. These diplomatic victories alone would have been sufficient to cause Asians to admire the Soviet Union and to look down on the democracies. But the failure of the United States to crush the Chinese Communists in Korea and the failure of France to defeat the Viet Minh forces in Indochina have exposed the weakness of Western democracies and enhanced the prestige of the Communist power bloc to such an extent that no amount of propaganda can repair the damage done to the cause of freedom and democracy for many years to come.
No-Yong Park, Oceanside, Cal.

Mistaken Identity



Editor: Re your article Dietrich—the Body and the Soul (May 14th): Could that possibly be Corinne Calvet, another glamor gal, in back of Marlene and Jean Gabin?
Doris Gamble, San Francisco, Cal.

It's hardly likely, since Miss Calvet didn't come to this country until 1947, and the above picture—taken at a Hollywood Canteen picnic—was first published in December, 1943. We don't know the identity of Miss Calvet's look-alike. Below, the real Corinne.

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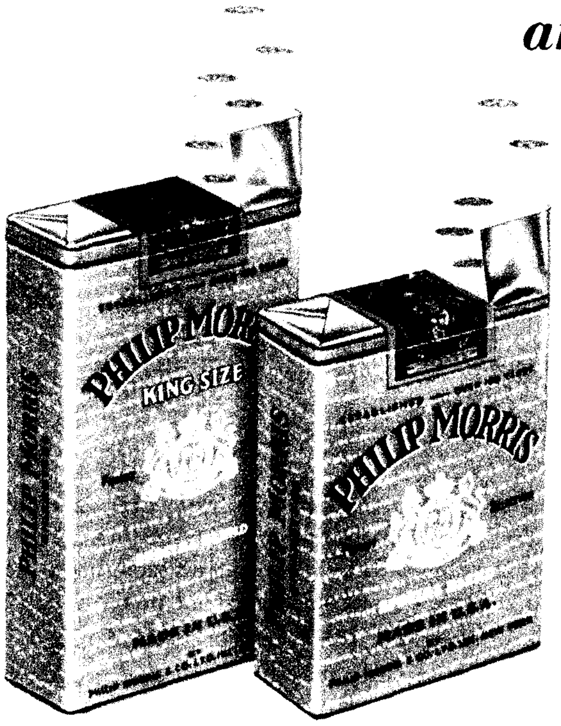
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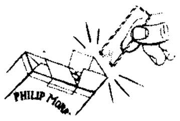
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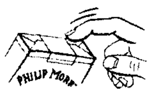
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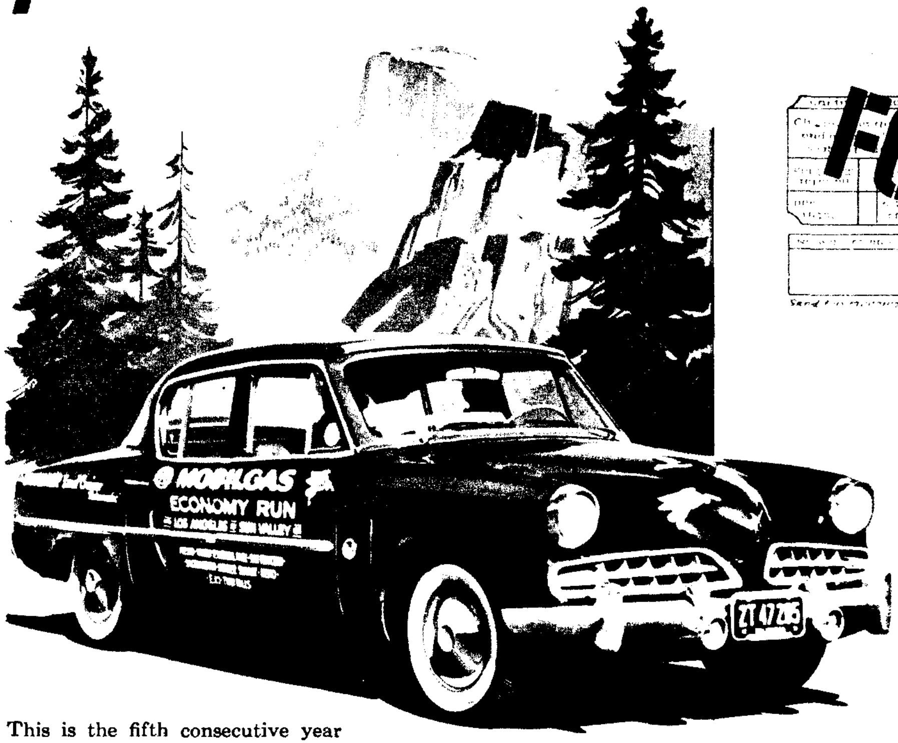

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EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT
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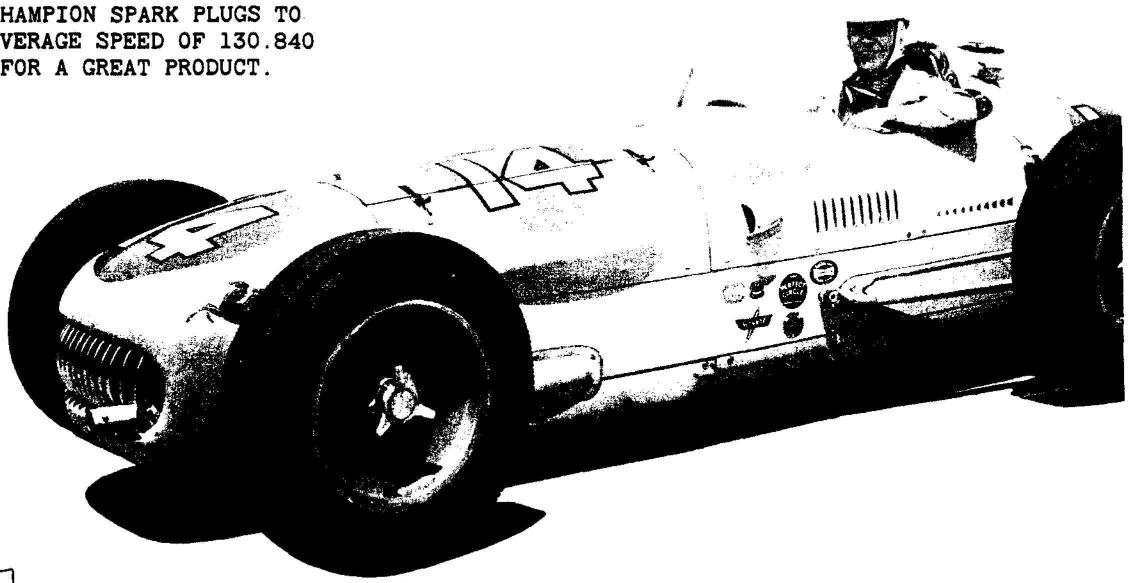
BILL VUKOVICH



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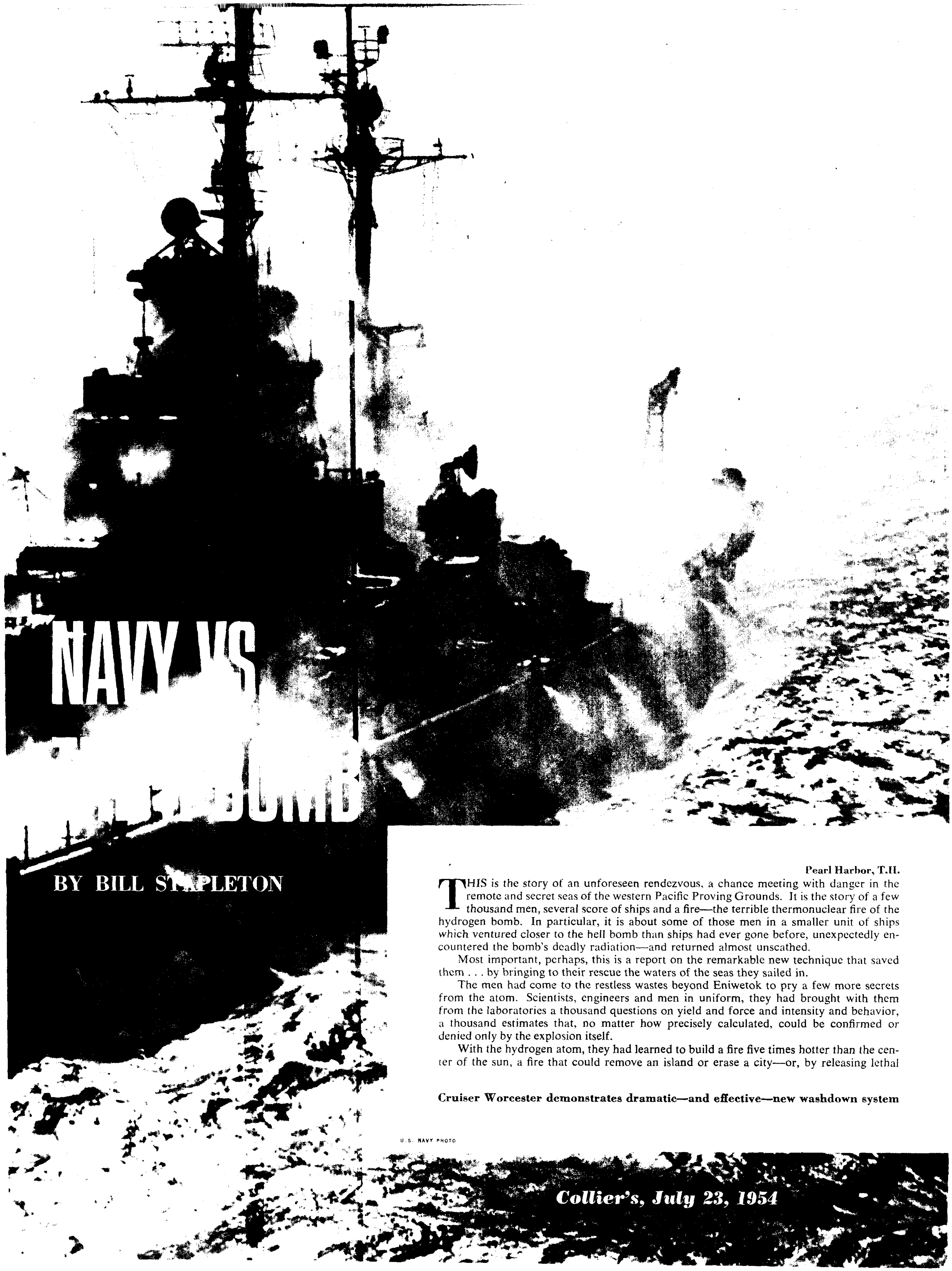


NAVY VS H-BOMB

BY BILL STAPLETON

Pearl Harbor, T.H.

THIS is the story of an unforeseen rendezvous, a chance meeting with danger in the remote and secret seas of the western Pacific Proving Grounds. It is the story of a few thousand men, several score of ships and a fire—the terrible thermonuclear fire of the hydrogen bomb. In particular, it is about some of those men in a smaller unit of ships which ventured closer to the hell bomb than ships had ever gone before, unexpectedly encountered the bomb's deadly radiation—and returned almost unscathed.

Most important, perhaps, this is a report on the remarkable new technique that saved them . . . by bringing to their rescue the waters of the seas they sailed in.

The men had come to the restless wastes beyond Eniwetok to pry a few more secrets from the atom. Scientists, engineers and men in uniform, they had brought with them from the laboratories a thousand questions on yield and force and intensity and behavior, a thousand estimates that, no matter how precisely calculated, could be confirmed or denied only by the explosion itself.

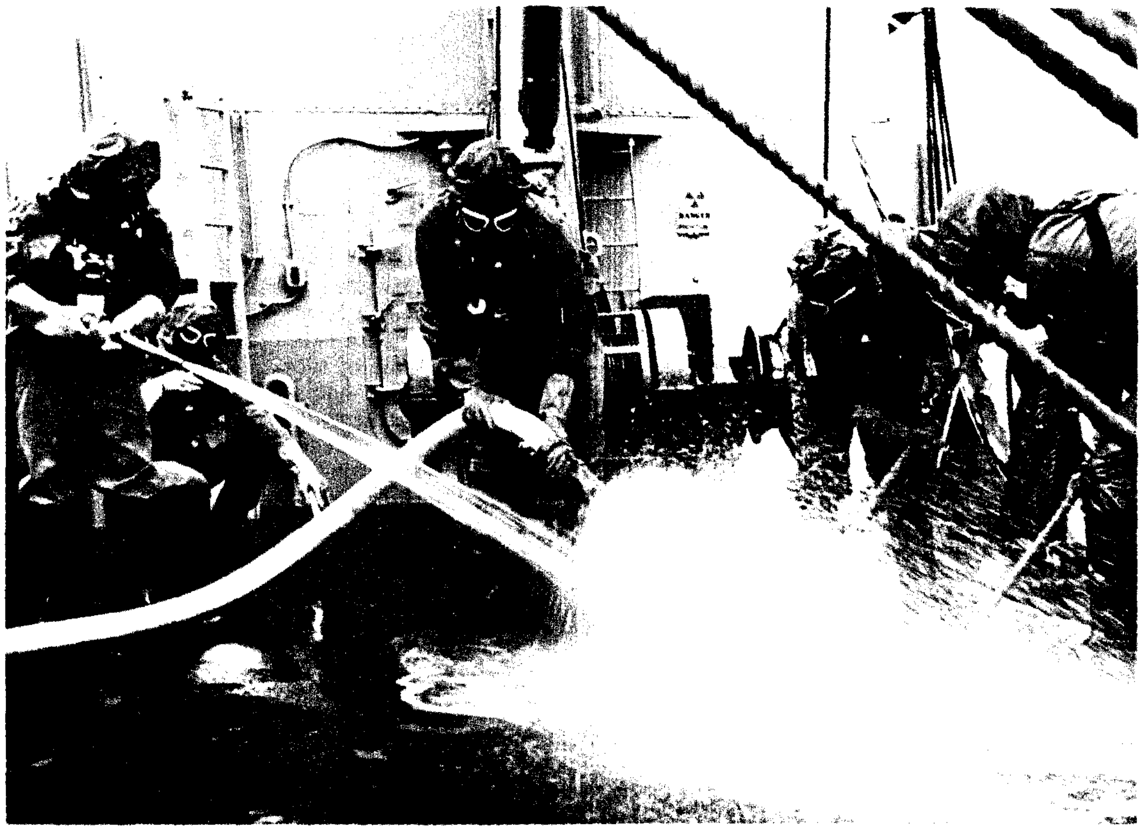
With the hydrogen atom, they had learned to build a fire five times hotter than the center of the sun, a fire that could remove an island or erase a city—or, by releasing lethal

Cruiser Worcester demonstrates dramatic—and effective—new washdown system

U. S. NAVY PHOTO

Sailor Huey D. Caskey, wearing special protective clothing, slams deck hatch shut on the Navy oiler USS Agawam in preparation for decontamination drill

BILL STAPLETON



BILL STAPLETON

After radioactive particles stop falling, washdown halts and decontamination crews (shown *here on oiler Agawam) come up from below to scrub remaining "hot spots" with soap and water*

BILL STAPLETON

Sailors show how personnel can be checked by ultraviolet light for radiation exposure

The vessels were only 30 miles from surface zero—a safe distance, they thought

radioactive particles, set an invisible, deadly ambush over hundreds of square miles.

It was such an ambush that entrapped the forward elements of Joint Task Force 7 on the first shot of Operation Castle last March.

* * *

On D-minus-1, the shot, the answers, the calculated risks were yet to come. The 10-ship advance squadron rode easily in the mild tropical twilight somewhere near the equator, exact latitude and longitude—and mission—secret.

The ships held open formation, elements widely dispersed. But from the bridge of the escort aircraft carrier Bairoko, the communications center for the group, the captain could look to port and see the running lights of the seaplane tender Curtiss. In line far astern was the command ship Estes, carrying top physicists and a star-spangled group of Army officers. To starboard steamed the troop transport Ainsworth, which sailors called the hotel ship, crammed to the gunwales with scientists and engineers, and with observers for the Department of Defense and the Atomic Energy Commission.

Some of the men had been in the forward zone for months, erecting housing units and technical installations, even dredging up sand and coral to build man-made islands in the vast ocean spaces. Other units had left Pearl Harbor hardly a week earlier. A few of the scientists had arrived only a day or two before—pale-skinned men among the bronzed and bearded old-timers. Only that morning the last parties had begun their final evacuation from the forward island. As each man stepped into the launch that would carry him to the ships offshore, he had answered a muster list. Before shot time at H hour, every man in the task force would be accounted for, not once, but several times.

In the starlit darkness of D-minus-1, the ships arrived at their final stations, a bare 30 miles from surface zero. From the destroyer picket line, away to port, a blinkered message dit-ditted across the black water to Estes from the vessel Dog Dog Phillip that she was in position on the extreme left flank. Each ship remained under way, orbiting, circling, in its assigned square of ocean.

What Scientists Had to Worry About

Aboard, civilian and military technicians continued to work on late preparations. Some got helicopters ready for re-entry missions—flights into the general blast area after the shot. A few scientists huddled with subordinates to listen patiently to last-minute worries over possible equipment failure. Among them was Dr. Paul C. Tompkins, sandy-haired scientific director of the U.S. Naval Radiological Defense Laboratory. Dr. Tompkins heard out the reports, then spoke.

"We've all gone through this before," he said quietly, "and I for one am perfectly satisfied. Judging by past history, things are going to shape up even better than we have any right to expect. After all, we've put in a year's preparation for this beast."

Some men worked, but for most the night was an interlude. Amidships on the Ainsworth, scientists and engineers with officer rank lay stripped in tiered bunks and tried to read or sleep despite the heat. One noted scientist whiled away the time with a paperback romantic adventure novel. On the carrier Bairoko, lower-grade technicians and enlisted personnel fell over mysterious deck installations or scraped their shins on low-slung Army cots set up on the empty hangar deck. Far below decks, the engine-room crew, somewhat resentful of the overloaded facilities (it took a guy forever to get chow with twice as many characters aboard ship as she could handle), got together for a little bull session. They were debating whether shore leave would be restricted when they returned to Pearl or to San Francisco, because of where they had been and what they had seen, when they were interrupted by the bull horn.

"... Now hear this ... Now hear this ... The shot will take place off the port bow of the ship and it will be clearly visible to all ... All hands will sit down on the deck, facing away from the shot, and will not turn until after the flash ... Those equipped with high-density four-point-two goggles will put on the goggles at H-minus-2, and may face the shot point ..."

By ten o'clock most men on the ships had turned in for the night. Here and there a card game went on, or a few stateside cronies, suddenly thrown together in mid-Pacific, reminisced about friends, places, other times. Few talked any more of technical snafus. The timing devices on hundreds of complex instruments were set. Only a major emergency, or a shift in weather, could alter the steady ticking of the minutes toward H-minus-zero.

There was nothing to do now but await the unmasking of the unknowns still hidden in the weapon 30 miles away.

No Other Mission Was More Urgent

Among all the admirals, officials, scientists and engineers aboard the task-force vessels, none had a mission more urgent or critical than those concerned with gathering new data on the bomb's radioactive effects.

Besides its power to sear and vaporize, the atom has introduced a new and equally deadly element. That element is silent, usually invisible, odorless, painless. It can subject a man to a killing dose without his being aware of it for hours.

The element is radiation.

Much, of course, is already known to the scientists. They know that man is subject to radiation throughout his life, from cosmic rays flying in from space, and from radioactive substances in the earth. They know that radiation includes a variety of rays with differing characteristics—and they know that all radiation, whatever the characteristics, is harmful to living cells, that even small repeated doses can do damage.

As one medical researcher put it: "There is no question of any 'permissible' or 'tolerable' dose, but of how much damage one is willing to accept under a given set of circumstances."

In peacetime, most people accept a certain amount of radiation where the benefits exceed the hazard. A chest X ray, for example, may subject an individual to considerable radiation—but it may be necessary. In wartime, exposure to radiation might be dictated by the necessities of war; certain decisions might have to be executed at enormous risk to personnel, as has been true in all wars. But there is an important difference. In previous wars, men have risked death or injury by bullets or shrapnel; when hit, they usually ceased to be effective combatants. In nuclear war, men might enter an area of lethal exposure, yet continue to be effective combatants for some time after sustaining the fatal dose of radiation.

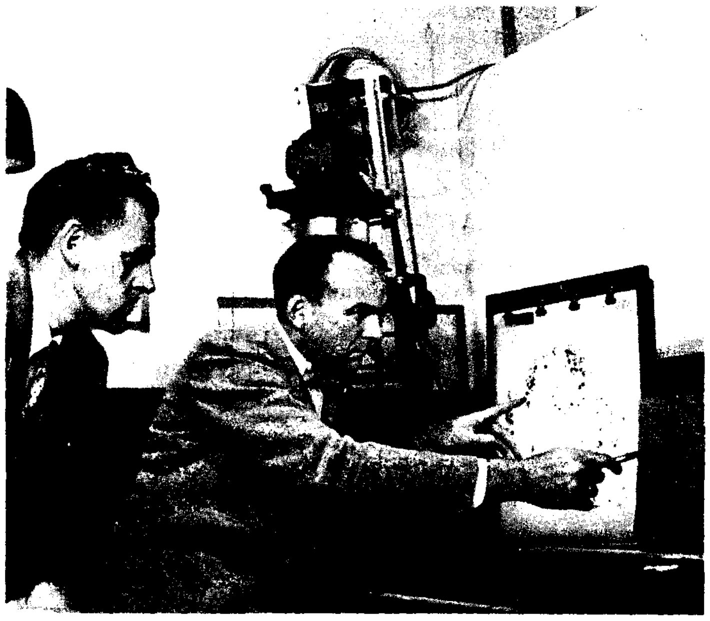
Today the scientists have a yardstick, measured in roentgens, to determine the degree of radiation hazard to human beings: zero to 50 roentgens, no casualties; 50 to 100, two per cent casualties (suffering briefly from nausea); 100 to 150, 25 per cent casualties within a few hours; 150 to 200, 50 per cent casualties; 200 to 300, all are casualties, with 20 per cent deaths; 300 to 450, 50 per cent deaths; over 650 roentgens, death for all, or nearly all.

The roentgen figures of this grim table seem insignificantly small when measured against the hydrogen bomb, whose radiation immediately after detonation is measured at millions of roentgens per hour. The radiation of the explosion itself vanishes rapidly, but it creates a residual hazard in the radioactive mixture (not all of whose components have yet been identified) of the nuclear cloud.

This mixture, borne aloft in the atomic mushroom and gradually dispersed by upper-air currents, may descend as a so-called dry fallout, or as a rainout—particularly after underwater bursts;

JOHN FLOREA

Richard R. Soule, NRDL physicist, watches as water "decontaminates" a steel plate in spray chamber. Red dye simulates radioactive rain

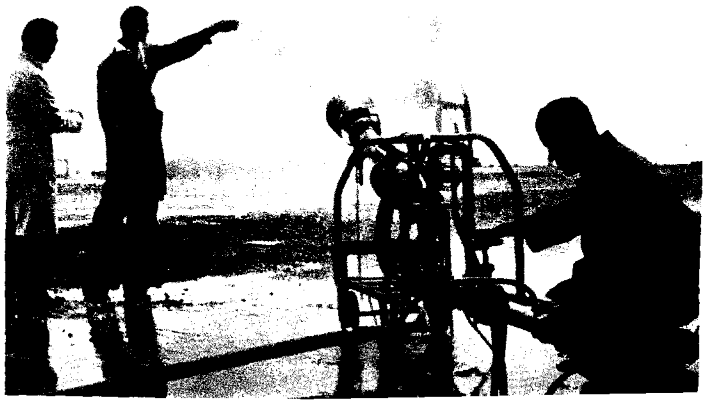


JOHN FLOREA

Dr. Louis B. Werner (left) and engineer Harry Wellhouser with radioautograph, which charts radioactive particles on the plate at right

NRDL men Francis Kawahara, John Sherwin and James Lee, Jr., try out fog generator used to simulate a radioactive fallout in ship tests

JOHN FLOREA



Before the H-test, officials faced this question: Can a contaminated ship return

whether dry or wet, the fallout is composed of unfissioned material from the bomb itself, radioactive fission by-products created during the explosion, and radioactive isotopes created through the interaction of the bomb's radiation and elements in the air, land and water. The kind of burst itself determines to a great extent how much and what kind of radioactive mixture will result.

In any atomic explosion, most of the radioactive earth or water spewed into the air falls back fairly close to the detonation site. However, smaller radioactive particles remain aloft to be fanned out by the winds over considerable areas. The rate of their fall is determined by the size of the particles.

Although small radioactive particles may remain aloft a long time, the fallout hazard fades quite rapidly—first, because the particles quickly disperse, either in the atmosphere or in the water, and second, because (in the scientific term) they decay. The rate of decay varies; some isotopes lose half their radioactivity in a few seconds, others not for thousands of years. The radioactive mixture in the atomic fallout decays to half strength very rapidly, but traces may remain for many years.

At Operation Crossroads, the 1946 Bikini atomic test, it was clear to many scientists that the contaminating nature of the fallout had been either grossly underestimated or misunderstood. Some of the ships which died in the Bikini lagoon from blast or fire might have been saved if more had been known then; others, only contaminated by radiation, could have returned to action much more quickly. Attempts were made to decontaminate some of them by sluicing them down, but the effort was not made early enough, and was ineffective.

The Navy knew that a fighting fleet must be in a condition of immediate readiness, or as close to it as possible. In combat situations, it could not wait weeks or months for natural radioactive decay to make its ships habitable. In 1946, with potential enemies on the verge of developing their own nuclear weapons, it was urgently necessary for the Navy to devise countermeasures against radiation.

The problem was one of the first of many handed to a newly created group, later called the U.S. Naval Radiological Defense Laboratory. Beginning with only a dozen scientists and engineers at the San Francisco Naval Shipyard, the NRDL rapidly grew into a major laboratory under the Navy's Bureau of Ships, with nearly 600 atomic scientists, engineers and uniformed men dedicated to a unique mission: the NRDL is the only agency in America whose sole task it is to study (1) the effects of radioactivity on military and civil situations and (2) the countermeasures to meet those effects. If nuclear warfare ever strikes America, the extent to which we can defend ourselves may depend to a great degree on how much knowledge the NRDL has acquired by the time of attack.

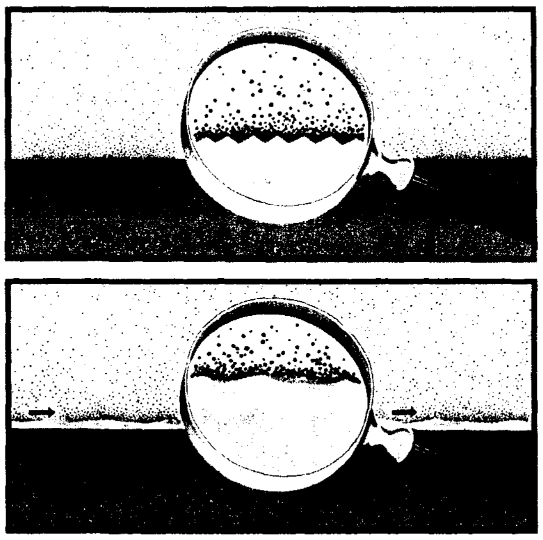
Washdown Idea Was Born at Bikini

Among the scientists and engineers at the 1946 Bikini tests were James J. Kearns, now head of the Atomic Defense Section of the Bureau of Ships, naval architect Walmer E. Strope of the present NRDL staff, as well as other Navy experts. Even then, they speculated on possible countermeasures. For example, they knew that moving water had been effective in reducing contamination in certain radiological experiments during the Manhattan Project. Why not, they reasoned, develop an automatically controlled washdown system that could be installed on each ship?

Any surface, no matter how smooth it appears, has microscopic ridges and crevices. It is into these invisible ridges that the infinitely fine radioactive particles settle. (On more porous materials, such as concrete, the particles may penetrate inches below the surface.) Thus, in a radioactive fallout, a ship's entire exterior structure above the water line would be heavily contaminated by particles settling into its painted surfaces.

But what if, at the first sign of fallout, the ship were wrapped in a cocoon of spray? The spray would not only intercept the falling radioactive particles, but would seal the painted surfaces of the ship under a moving flow of water (pumped up from below the surface, where radioactivity would be slight), so the particles could not lodge in the crevices, but instead would be flushed over the side.

Not long after the Bikini tests, the Naval Radiological Defense Laboratory began development of a feasible washdown system. The laboratory tested the effectiveness of all types of washdown methods and fluids on typical materials found on ships—steel plates, hawsers, uniform fabrics, deck planking, everything. For these tests, the laboratory built an oblong sealed glass booth about five feet long. Inside this spray chamber they placed the materials to be contaminated, then squirted radioactive liquids onto them. Repeatedly, the tests showed that washdown sprays of salt water, used before and after the contaminants, would cut the radiation to a fraction of its original strength.



Radioactive debris sifts into surface cracks (top) unless flowing water (below) intervenes

By 1951, the NRDL and the Bureau of Ships were ready for their first full-scale field test, Operation Shower Bath, conducted aboard the destroyer Dortch off Charleston, South Carolina. Rotary nozzles were placed all over the superstructure of the ship. As the pin wheels of water went into action, crews of men began daubing the ship (to the captain's consternation) with great blotches of simulated radioactivity—red poster paint, which had been found to have somewhat the same resistance to removal by flowing water as the radioactive particles of a fallout. Most of the paint washed off, but the rotary nozzles were abandoned; too much of the water was sprayed aimlessly, and no constant flow could be maintained over exterior surfaces.

Further tests took place in the spring of 1952. This time the light cruiser Worcester was selected as a test vessel for Experiment Washdown, off Guantanamo, Cuba.

NRDL had by that time developed better contamination simulants than the red poster paint. The plan for this test was to have fog generators envelop the ship in a mist of acid fuchsin, a red dye, while the vessel was simultaneously "decontaminated" by sea water; the rate of removal would be documented by color motion pictures.

As on the Dortch, the captain, officers and crew of the Worcester viewed the preparations uneasily. As hoses and nozzles were set in place and ominous amounts of dye were brought aboard, the skipper called down anxiously: "I sure hope you men know what you're doing!"

Then, as the generators billowed great pink clouds over the ship, he fixed a baleful eye on James Kearns, who was in charge of the test. "If this stuff doesn't come off," he growled, "I'll throw you over the side. . . ."

The dye did come off, but during the test enough was allowed to remain so that the ship had a visible touch of gay color. Steaming along in the company of other men-of-war, all in severe battle gray, the Worcester was as conspicuous as a blushing bride. Another ship signaled: "Sail on, O Ship of Fuchsia!" When her own destroyer escort left her, it flashed: "Farewell, little red Worcester!" At last, a passing tanker signaled coyly: "Your color becomes you, dear!" Necks aboard the Worcester turned as red as acid fuchsin; it is reported that the reply to the tanker was explicit but unprintable.

The System Wasn't Quite Foolproof

The cruiser's humiliation was just beginning. On the first night of liberty in Cuba, the admiral offered his ship's orchestra for an evening dance at the Officers' Club. The eager officers of the Worcester, all clad in tropical whites, were waiting on the quarterdeck to go ashore when they were suddenly drenched in a storm of water. Someone on the bridge had inadvertently turned on the washdown system. A soaked engineering officer turned coldly to one of the stricken NRDL men. "If you please," he said, carefully enunciating each word through the deluge, "call Mr. Kearns." Someone turned the water off then, and Kearns fixed the system so it couldn't start up by accident.

Later tests of the washdown system aboard the aircraft carrier Shangri La were so successful that the Navy authorized temporary sprinkler installations for all ships of task forces involved in the Pacific hydrogen-bomb test series.

The Navy's permanent acceptance of the washdown system was still subject to a good deal of hard proof, however. The amount of weight carried topside on its ships is a critical consideration. Ordinarily, when one Navy bureau wants to install even a few pounds of additional weight, another bureau is going to have to take something off. As Captain Robert A. Hinners, director of the Naval Radiological Defense Laboratory, explained: "You can put so many extras on a ship that you destroy the original purpose for which it was built."

In other words, any proposed item of additional equipment must fully justify itself. As always, there was the group of offense-minded officers who held that if more weight could be added topside it should be invested in guns. But they were faced with an argument of enormous persuasion: you build armor plate into ships to protect them from torpedoes and shells. Well, you are now faced with an invisible threat of radiation at least as deadly. It can destroy your crew—or, at least, greatly limit the times they can be on deck. And you can't operate fighting ships without men. Under most conditions, the washdown system would make it possible for a ship to get into action hours, perhaps minutes, after a fallout. Men who might otherwise have had to remain below decks would be able to return to their battle stations with the radiation hazard drastically reduced.

So the ships of Joint Task Force 7 were equipped with temporary washdown installations, an untidy array of hoses and nozzles fixed to the decks and superstructure and repeatedly cursed by the crews who stumbled over them.

The sprinklers were purely precautionary, of course. If all went well on shot day, they would not have to be used at all. But if a mishap occurred—well, the Navy doesn't like to depend on luck.

* * *

Near dawn of the test day in the western Pacific, the 10 ships of the forward element, still orbiting within their assigned areas, began to waken. It was not light yet, but sleepy passengers began to emerge from hatchways to find a vantage perch on the decks. Those who had spent the night sleeping topside quickly folded up bedding and stowed it out of the way.

As the skies lightened it became evident that visibility would be nearly unlimited by full daylight. Just over the horizon, off the nearest ship's port bow, was surface zero. The ships lay upwind from the predicted path of prevailing winds, clear of the expected fallout area.

Far off to starboard, unknown to the command, a Japanese trawler, Fortunate Dragon, her hatches piled high with a good catch of tuna, also rolled on the morning swells less than 80 miles from surface zero. Her crew of 23 were enjoying early tea. More distant from the detonation point, and theoretically outside the danger zone, a Navy oiler, the USS Patapsco, steamed toward Pearl Harbor after unloading her cargo of jet fuel and aviation gasoline at nearby island installations. Also well outside the predicted fallout area, a couple of hundred Marshall Islanders slumbered peacefully in their huts. On other atolls not far away, 28 Americans, manning military weather stations, had begun routine morning observations.

On the bridge of the flagship, one khaki-clad officer looked out over the quiet sea toward surface zero, and felt the weight of his gold braid. Everything seemed secure. The last weather balloons sent aloft to chart upper-air currents had shown winds moving as predicted. Aboard the ships every passenger had been accounted for.

Tight; sound as a dollar, the whole fleet. But was it?

In the scale of nature's energy, an H-bomb doesn't amount to much—compared, for example, with the power packed into a day of sunlight on a square mile of ocean, or a Midwest thunderstorm, or a volcano's eruption. ("Man isn't shaking the earth," one of the scientists had said of the hydrogen test, "he's just laying a finger on it.") Still, the bomb contained the mightiest force ever tapped by humans. A lot could go wrong. And what if nature herself introduced a couple of ad libs not written into the script?

The officer looked down at the sprinkling gear, an offense to his nautical taste. He hoped it worked as well as they said it did; a fallout was always a possibility. An unpleasant thought flashed through his mind. "If we get a good dose of this stuff, we'll be in quarantine anchorage forever."

Those Tense Final Seconds of Waiting

A hush settled over the 10 advance ships of JTF-7. The men with the special green glasses slipped them down over their eyes; the others turned their backs on surface zero. They waited.

Suddenly the general announcing systems began to chant . . . "Ten seconds . . . nine . . . eight . . . seven . . . six . . . five . . . four . . . three . . . two . . . —!"

The horizon was ripped open and the whole sea blazed with the light of a hundred noons. At shot point a gigantic white dome of vapor expanded over the surface. Slowly the cloud was stripped away to reveal the churning hell within. For what seemed an agonizingly long time, the fireball rose upward. Within minutes it had risen several thousand feet, its ebbing violence of purples and pinks distinguishing it from the natural clouds through which it was passing.

As the tower of fire climbed skyward, a stupendous column of radioactive coral, sand and water climbed with it toward its final height of twenty-five miles. . . .

Ten minutes after the blast the first portent of danger appeared.

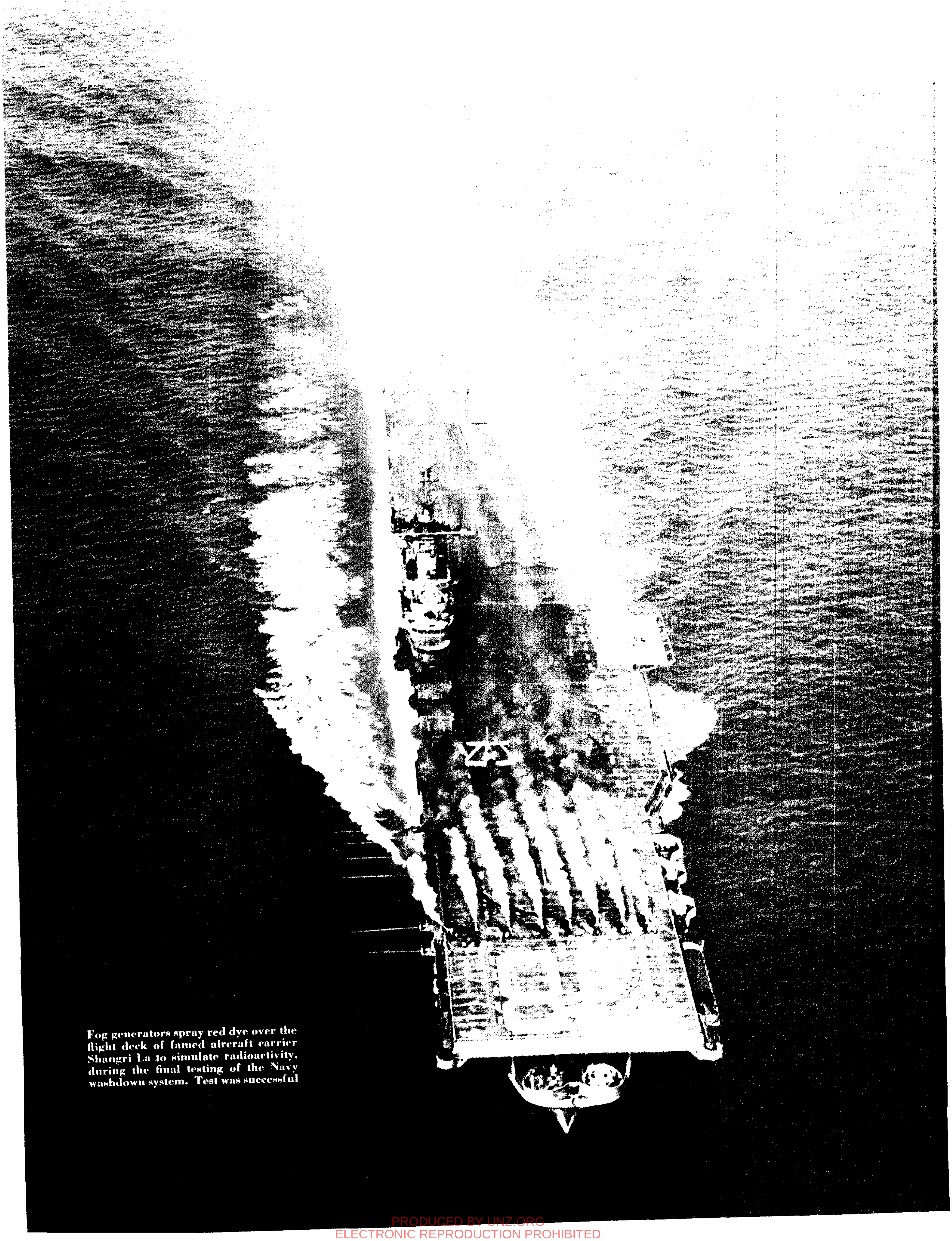
Miles above the atoll, the bomb's radioactive plume wavered and spread as high-altitude wind currents seized it. A watching scientist frowned. From a first ominous bulge, the cloud rapidly spread back at a right angle to its predicted

BILL STAPLETON

Where radiation hazard limits time on deck, men work in relays. In drill above, monitor John D. Wright warns others they can't safely remain near "hot" bulkhead after 4:05 P.M.

During test drill on oiler Agawam, monitors W. M. Upton (left) and H. E. Munson check deck installations to see how much radioactivity remains, while shipmate hoses down a "hot spot"

BILL STAPLETON



Fog generators spray red dye over the flight deck of famed aircraft carrier Shangri La to simulate radioactivity, during the final testing of the Navy washdown system. Test was successful course. Instead of fanning the cloud's radioactive particles harmlessly over leagues of untenanted sea, the veering winds were pushing it directly across the bows of the ships.

Without turning his gaze from the threatening pillar, one NRDL scientist spoke quietly to the watchers around him.

"I think we stand a chance of getting caught."

Anxiety Over Effects of Wind Shift

On the carrier Bairoko and the command ship Estes, worried officers also studied the sky to see the effect of the unexpected wind shift. The advance unit appeared to be in a perilous situation. The 10 ships faced entrapment in a fallout area, its magnitude unknown. Not only vital re-entry missions, but their own safety now hung in the balance. Already the Bairoko had released helicopters on post-blast errands. Now the uniformed watchers could only hope that the aircraft would return from their missions before some sign came out of the sky. On the bridges of the 10 ships, Radiological Safety officers kept close watch over their radiac—the radioactivity detection, identification and computation instruments.

Suddenly, on the bridge of one of the destroyers, the audible counter of the radiac came to life, softly at first, then with increasingly rapid ticks—atomic warfare's telegraph key of danger. The Rad Safe officer intently watched the dials, then turned to the captain. "We're in fallout, sir," he said.

"How bad?"

"Twenty milliroentgens per hour, but building up steadily."

For an instant, the captain glanced at the sea. Sunlight sparkled and danced on the waves. There was no sign there of danger, no warning, nothing —only a distant cloud and the increasing clicks from the radiac to indicate that the sunlit air had suddenly become lethal.

To the task-force commander, the captain sent a terse message: "In fallout, am beginning countermeasures . . ." Then he rapped out the orders which even then were being repeated on the other ships. The destroyer's speakers snapped on.

"Now hear this . . . Now hear this . . . Prepare for atomic attack . . . Secure all ventilation . . . Secure all ventilation . . . Secure doors and hatches . . ."

Instantly the ship came to urgent life. Feet pounded on ladders and there was a slamming of watertight doors. All air vents were sealed, every opening through which the insidious peril of radioactive particles could enter the ship's interior.

Again the ship's speakers sounded a staccato command: "Now hear this . . . Now hear this . . . All hands topside lay below . . . All hands topside lay below . . . Clear all decks . . . Clear all decks . . ."

In swift obedience, men left their stations. Gun crews and deck watches, civilian specialists and enlisted men, all raced across the decks toward the security of quarters below as the ship prepared to close with an enemy that cannot be seen, cannot be smelled, cannot be felt and cannot be heard. Abruptly the ship looked deserted.

As the destroyer Dog Dog Mike peeled off at top speed, still in formation, her captain caught a glimpse of the Estes. The command ship was no longer recognizable. From bow to stern, from deckline to topmast, her entire superstructure was hidden under a shield of water erupting from her decks. Wrapped in tons of moving water, she too was turning, trailing spray behind her.

At that moment, in reply to the captain's command, the destroyer's own washdown system was turned on from a control point within the ship. Instantly, thousands of gallons of sea water beat across her weather surfaces. It was as if the destroyer had been caught in a typhoon. From the bridge, the captain could not see through the deluge to the bow of his ship, 100 feet away. He maneuvered his vessel by radar.

Each vessel was now trying to maneuver out of the fallout area. Water, bearing away the radioactive particles of the fallout, streamed from their scuppers. Some vessels, whose scuppers couldn't drain the vast quantities of water, veered sharply to hurl the flow back into the sea—like sloshing water out of a pan.

Only the Bairoko still waited. Her two helicopters had been recalled, but one was not yet down. While the radiation count increased ominously, the captain delayed turning on the washdown system. All hands remained below decks, waiting, except for one party of radiological researchers who were allowed on deck long enough to take samples of the invisible radioactive dust for study. At last the whirlybird settled on the deck; it was immediately moved below. A moment later the Bairoko was inundated, as scores of nozzles hurled water into the air like king-size lawn sprinklers.

Below decks on all the ships, men waited, not knowing then how wide a field of contaminated air lay over the ocean. Aboard the destroyer, a small group of seamen huddled in the tightly compartmented crews' quarters aft. There was no boisterousness and not much talk, only the occasional wisecrack that underscored their nervousness.

"What a way to fight a battle," said one sailor with mock contentment as he lay back on his sack. "This is living."

"Not for me, it isn't," a lean, dark-faced youngster replied. "If we gotta fight I want to see what's coming."

"You can sing that again, buster," said another. "How about those gamma rays, huh? I hear those things can go through anything—steel, even."

Eyes flicked toward the bulkhead. It was a spooky kind of battle.

On deck, the washdown system was cut off briefly to allow monitors of the initial survey parties to move in with their radiac instruments. The monitors kept their eyes glued to the needles of the instruments as they passed the counter sticks over dripping bulkheads and deck surfaces. The readings showed that the washdown was effectively reducing the deposit of radioactive particles, but the fallout was continuing. The teams were sent below and the washdown system again turned on.

On the Ainsworth a few monitors went out into the washdown itself, clad in weird-looking protective clothing (actually just foul-weather gear—pants and jackets of dirty green, with parka-type hoods pulled tight over sweating foreheads—and rubber boots).

On each of the ships, teams of monitors also prowled below, to see what amount of radiation had penetrated the interiors. For 12 to 14 hours, while men sweltered in the airless compartments below decks, the ships remained buttoned up. Some personnel, it was found, had already received their full radiation "allowance dosage" for the entire period of the tests. As a result, certain missions were reorganized and some vessels given new instructions, to guard against additional exposure.

As the ships moved out of the area of maximum fallout, new groups of monitors (monitor personnel were rotated, to keep radiation dosage to a minimum) returned to the decks to check for the residual contamination left after the washdown. They worked in teams of two. One man handled the radiac and the second man noted the readings on a chart. Occasionally they stopped to telephone their findings to the Rad Safe officer: "In a straight line, port to starboard, fifteen feet from base departure point: X roentgens per hour."

Scuppers and drains that were taking the radioactive runoff showed the highest readings. Next highest were gun mounts and gun director stations; the film of grease and oil on the traversing gears held the radioactive particles like flypaper. As the fallout danger diminished, sailors and repairmen of the ship's decontamination units emerged to scrub down the hotter spots with soap, detergents, brushes and brooms.

BILL STAPLETON

Small penlike object held by sailor Gerald Snyder is a dosimeter. Inside it is a scale which registers accumulated radiation dosage

All personnel who went topside headed on their return to decontamination change stations, where they threw their used clothing into special hampers for laundering. They then showered thoroughly and were carefully checked by monitors before dressing. Simultaneously, their badges, which record on film total radiation received, were taken up to be processed. These roentgen readings would be carefully recorded on each individual's Radiological History card. Had any men suffered excessive dosage, they would have been put to bed, and a blood count would have been taken for future comparison purposes.

There was no excessive radiation.

Casualties in the Marshall Islands

But at far greater distances from the blast, other persons had been exposed to higher levels of fallout radiation. From Eniwetok to Pearl Harbor, operational reports chattered into the radio receivers. Two hundred thirty-six natives in the Marshalls had been in the path of the treacherous fallout. They were placed under the care of Navy medical personnel at Kwajalein and Eniwetok. The 28 officers and enlisted men who had been caught on island weather stations were flown to Tripler Army Hospital in Honolulu for observation.

From the Patapsco had come a worried message that created anxiety at Pearl Harbor. The oiler had been taken by surprise. The shift in the wind over surface zero had placed her in the wrong spot at the wrong time. When she arrived in Pearl Harbor, careful checks showed only a low-level contamination. Nevertheless, the ship was scrubbed down for two weeks before being released as clean, and urine samples of her crew of 92 were flown to the NRDL for an emergency check. All were negative, showing no traces of radiation.

No word, of course, had then been received from the Japanese fishermen who were sickened by the "ash" that sifted upon them from the heavens.

When the Navy had a chance to take stock, it became apparent that what could have been a major crisis in the test operation had been instead a controlled situation, with no serious ill effects to any one of the forward units. The Navy had successfully proved the worth of its new defense system against radiation in a grim dress rehearsal for the main event, if it ever takes place.

At last, signal flags—bright varicolored squares —climbed to the yardarm of the command ship. In the once-more-compact group of ships that gleamed and sparkled in the full sunlight, men read the visual message by binoculars and by telescopes. It confirmed a radio message just received: "WELL DONE ALL SHIPS."

[illegible] could she? [illegible] life [illegible] wanted [illegible]

I Choose You

[illegible]

WHEN Carol awoke it was after nine o'clock and the spring sunlight was streaming in the bedroom window. She did not think of the little girl at all. As usual, her first glance was at Alan's rumpled bed. She smiled, remembering that Alan was at the hospital this morning, operating.

She had kissed him when she had got back from the club at two o'clock this morning, and he had kissed her back without opening his eyes. Suddenly she remembered what he had said to her before he'd dropped off to sleep again: "Hey, darling, tomorrow we'll be parents!"

She sat up suddenly, frowning, as she remembered: this was the morning Alan was bringing home the little girl. The thought seemed to take all the joy out of the day.

She dressed in her usual morning outfit—slacks and a sheer blouse—and pinned back her long auburn hair with a green ribbon. Then she rang for the maid, a signal that the beds could be made.

In a moment there was a knock, and the maid came in. "Good morning, Mrs. MacDonald," she said. She paused a moment and then went on excitedly: "Oh, Mrs. MacDonald, she's such a sweet-looking little girl, Miss Jenny is! Isn't it nice she has red hair too?"

"Yes, we're very glad," Carol said quietly. As she went downstairs she thought about the child's red hair, the small freckled face, the averted eyes. Would Jenny still be so silent and withdrawn, now that she was here?

From the downstairs hall Carol could hear Sadie in the kitchen, trying to make humorous chatter with the child. She walked slowly, listening for laughter from Jenny. Sadie's stories were always funny, her nasal voice and mobile face adding greatly to the comedy; but only Sadie's laughter came, awkward and strained.

The swinging door into the kitchen was open, and Carol stopped in the doorway. The little girl sat on a tall kitchen stool, watching Sadie prepare Carol's breakfast. She had not touched the glass of milk on the table in front of her, or even the cookies that had been baked so lovingly yesterday—hearts and gingerbread men and long-eared rabbits.

Carol studied the child's profile. What a little poker face, she thought nervously.

Sadie was cutting thin slices from a cinnamon loaf. "Why don't you eat a cooky?" she said. "Cook spent all day baking yesterday because today was her day off and she wanted you to have some your first day. Try one of those lemon hearts, honey. They're terrific."

"No, thanks," Jenny said flatly. "I ate a big breakfast before he came for me."

Carol winced at that cold "he" for Alan, who wanted so much to be called "Dad." Oh, Alan darling, she thought with a surge of panic, what will I do with this starveling all day, before you get here?

Alan had found Jenny at the Banting Home, two weeks after he had assumed the orphanage as another of his volunteer jobs. He had come home elated. "Carol, I like this kid so much," he'd said. "She's shy, frightened—but she has real character. She's the most alone kid I've ever seen, but she walked straight into my heart. And, darling"—Alan had paused, laughing—"Miss Jenny Doyle has red hair!"

"How old is she?" Carol had asked, her throat dry. It had been completely fantastic, heartbreaking, when she had discovered finally that she could never have a child; and it still hurt to hear Alan speak of a child, smile about one.

"She's eight," he had said. "Freckled, skinny, truculent. But it's all strictly armor, poor kid. She's been at Banting since she was two. Time enough to grow a real suit of armor, eh?" He had touched Carol's cheek softly. "Will you go there and see her?" he asked.

"Of course," she had said, and smiled at him.

Sadie had gone with her. Sadie had taken to Jenny Doyle at first glance. "Now there's a kid who'd just as soon punch the world in the nose as I would," she had whispered.

Carol, gazing at the child who stood alone among the other children in the big room, had been deeply touched by Jenny. Instantly, however, she had been afraid of her; it was like looking into the cold, hungry eyes of a child she had sworn to forget.

AFTERWARD, when she and Sadie were back in the car, Carol had felt very tired. They had almost reached home before Sadie's rough, affectionate voice had broken the silence: "Baby, why didn't you ever tell Alan you came from an orphan asylum?"

"I couldn't bear to think about it. I still don't want to." She remembered how she had told Alan with a shrug that he had proposed to a girl with no family, no past, no nothing. He had smiled and answered, "That makes life simple! You can marry me and share my past."

Now, standing in the kitchen doorway, it was the memory of Alan's smile that helped her walk into the kitchen and say very gaily: "Good morning, Jenny. Welcome to your home."

She saw the girl start and glance up quickly. She lowered her eyes again without speaking.

"Hi, Sade," Carol said. *(Continued on page 54)*

Chattering gaily, Carol unpacked the boxes, hanging up the dresses, putting the underclothes away. Jenny did not offer to help. She watched Carol warily and said nothing

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY ANDERSON

High-spirited, low-lidded look sets pace for Ava's gypsy dance

Ava, who never danced in films before, practices precise hand gesture

Ava Gardner Plays

Ava's new film contains reels of barefoot footage. She stars with hoops in her ears and nothing

As gypsy dancer, Ava learned the variations in the flamenco step by step. As she and partner went through the subtle movements, 100 gypsy extras sat watching her closely, nodding in approval

vith Riccardo Rioli, who's her partner in movie

the Gypsy

on her toes but the camera

COLLIER'S COLOR CAMERA

SOME people like to kick off their shoes and wiggle their toes in the dirt—makes them feel fancy-free. Some don't. Ava Gardner is a shoe-shedder. And in filming Joseph L. Mankiewicz' The Barefoot Contessa, she had the time of her life. As the unshod countess, she leaves a trail of sandals and pumps from Madrid to Hollywood to the Italian Riviera.

The film, to be released by United Artists early this fall, co-stars Miss Gardner with Humphrey Bogart and Edmond O'Brien. It's the pseudoauthentic story of a gypsy dancer called Maria Vargas who becomes a movie idol and marries a count. But she never learns to run with the new pack. In nostalgic moments her shoes, and her civilized ways, drop by the side of the road. At one point Maria, vacationing on the Mediterranean, passes a camp of roistering gypsies. Off come the shoes and on goes the flamenco.

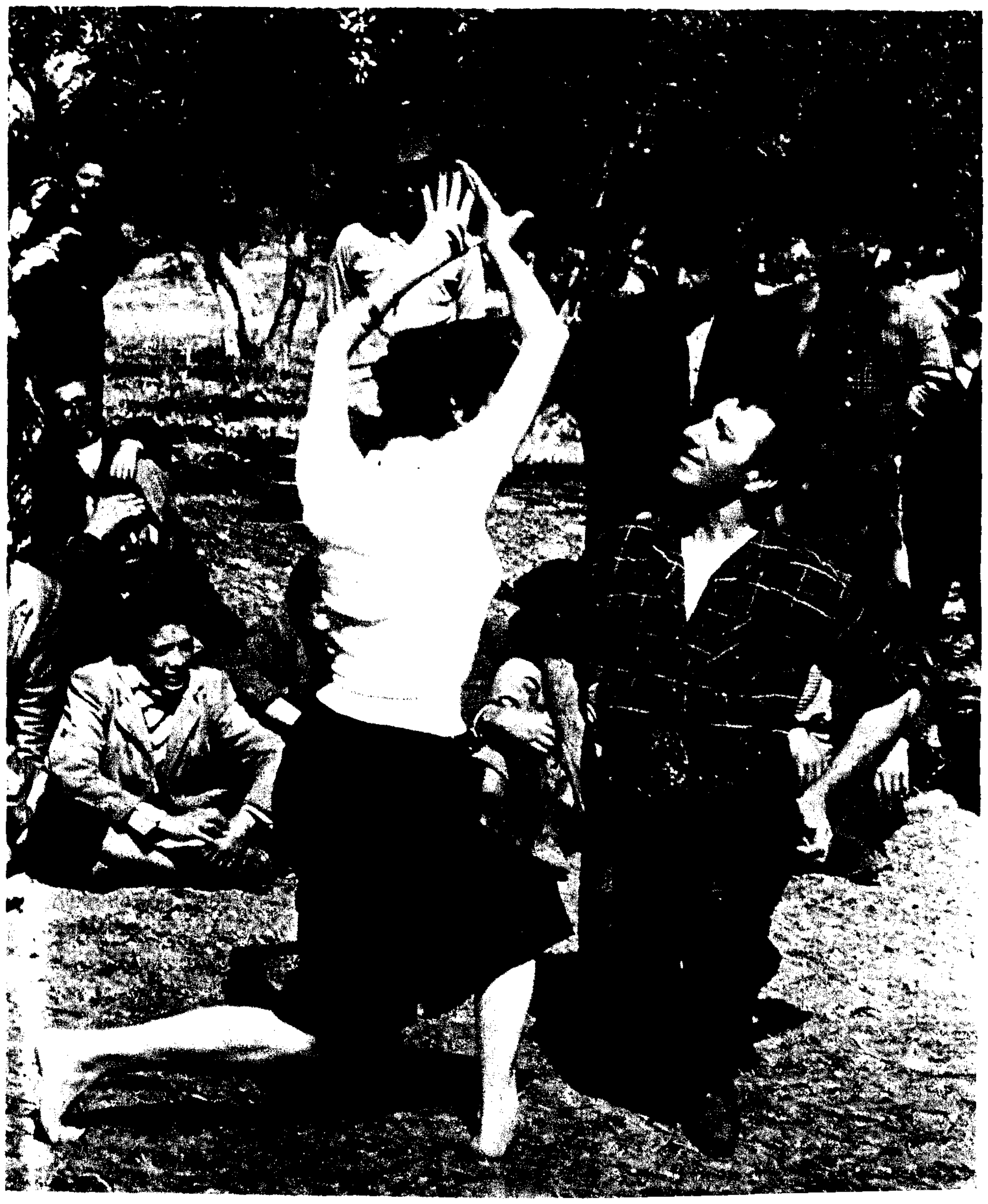
This was Ava's first movie dance. "We practiced every night for three weeks," she says, "and those Roman floors are cold." There were other hazards. The scene was finally shot in Tivoli, outside of Rome, in a grove of ancient olive trees. The going was rough. By sundown Ava's feet, described by one onlooker as "delicate, like fingers," were bruised and scratched.

Two gypsy tribes, about 100 in all, were hired as extras. The tribal kings got the money: $500 each. "The only difference between the kings and the others," Ava explains, "was that the royalty was fatter."

All through the shadowy afternoon, as the star turned and dipped with her partner on the uneven ground, the gypsies sat and beat their hands and drums in time to a recording. When the record player suddenly broke down, they kept right on beating; and that's how the sequence was put on the sound track. With Ava playing the gypsy, who needs violins?

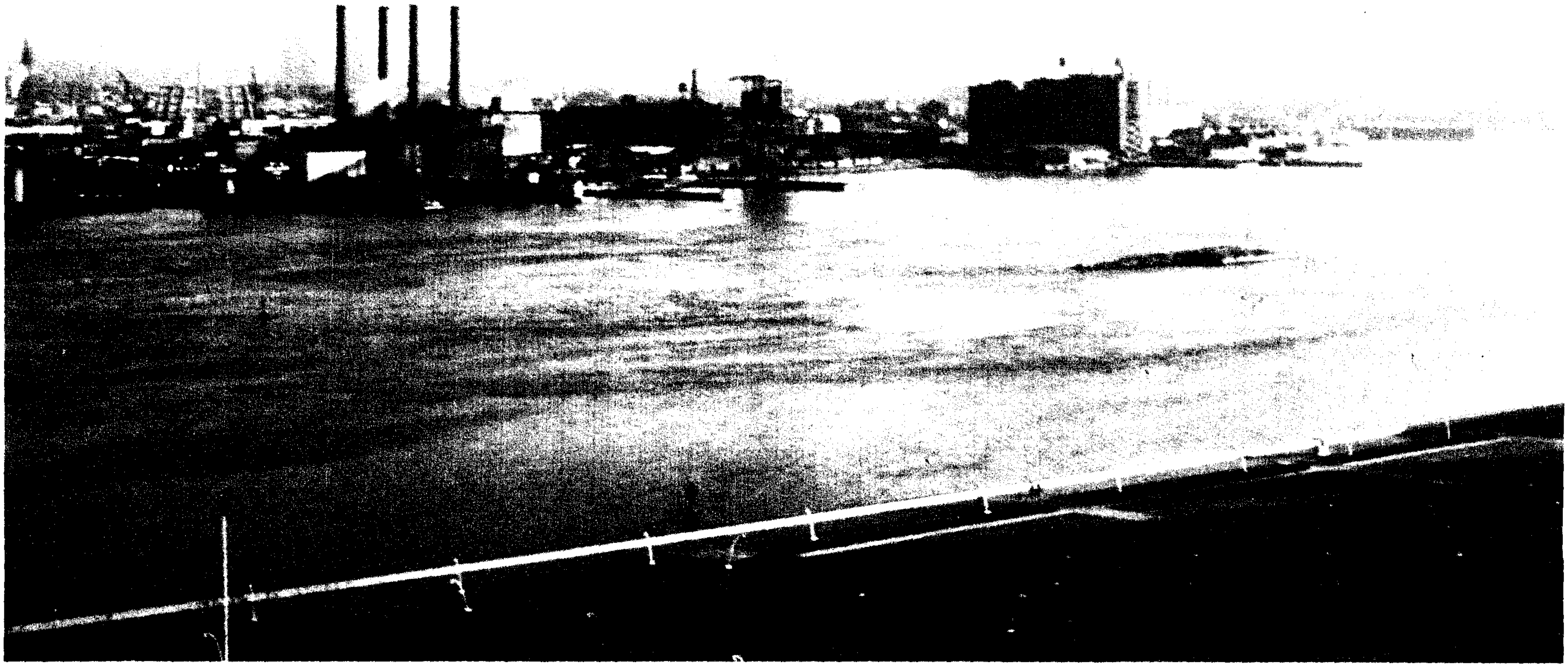
—EVELYN HARVEY

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ROBERT CAPA



Ava (l.) glides away from Rioli, then (r.) turns toward him in advance-and-retreat flamenco style. She plays gypsy turned actress, who meets nomad tribe, joins in nostalgic dance

The UN Is Dying



Who's to blame? Not Russia, but the free world, says a leading pro-Western diploma

THE United Nations is dying. It is high time we faced up to that fact and tried to prevent this incalculable tragedy for the nations of the free world.

You may not think this is diplomatic talk from a diplomat. But I'm not speaking now as a representative of the Philippine government; I'm speaking as a private citizen. Like many others, I've put a lot of hope in the UN; unlike many others, I've had a chance to observe the organization close up. I was at the founding conference in San Francisco in 1945. I've been a delegate from my country at every Assembly since. In 1949, I was the first Asian to be elected president of the General Assembly. Now, after nine years, I feel it is my duty both to my country and to the UN to sound an alarm.

The UN is wasting away of political malnutrition. Who's to blame? The Russians? No. Undoubtedly they and their friends would be delighted to dance on the UN's grave. Certainly they've been doing their utmost—via vetoes, walkouts and aggression—to kill it. But the heart-sickening truth is that the UN's demise is being brought on by the free world.

We are steadily sapping the UN's strength—by by-passing it, by cutting away at its political prestige, and by deliberately failing to tap its mine of potential power. We talk lots of sweet talk about it, but refuse to give it the political vitamins it needs. For example:

- In Indochina, a war rages. The United Nations, solemnly entrusted by the world community with keeping the peace and punishing aggressors, is told to keep its hands off.
- In Geneva, a peace conference is called to deal with the Korean war, a UN war. The UN is left sitting on the side lines.
- Tunisia and Morocco demand self-rule. The French say to the UN: "None of your business"—and Western legalists solemnly nod their heads. The United Nations becomes a mockery to North African nationalists.
- South Africa refuses to live up to its obligations to put certain trust territories under the UN.
- Many countries blithely announce that they won't pay any attention to UN resolutions unless the resolutions happen to suit them.

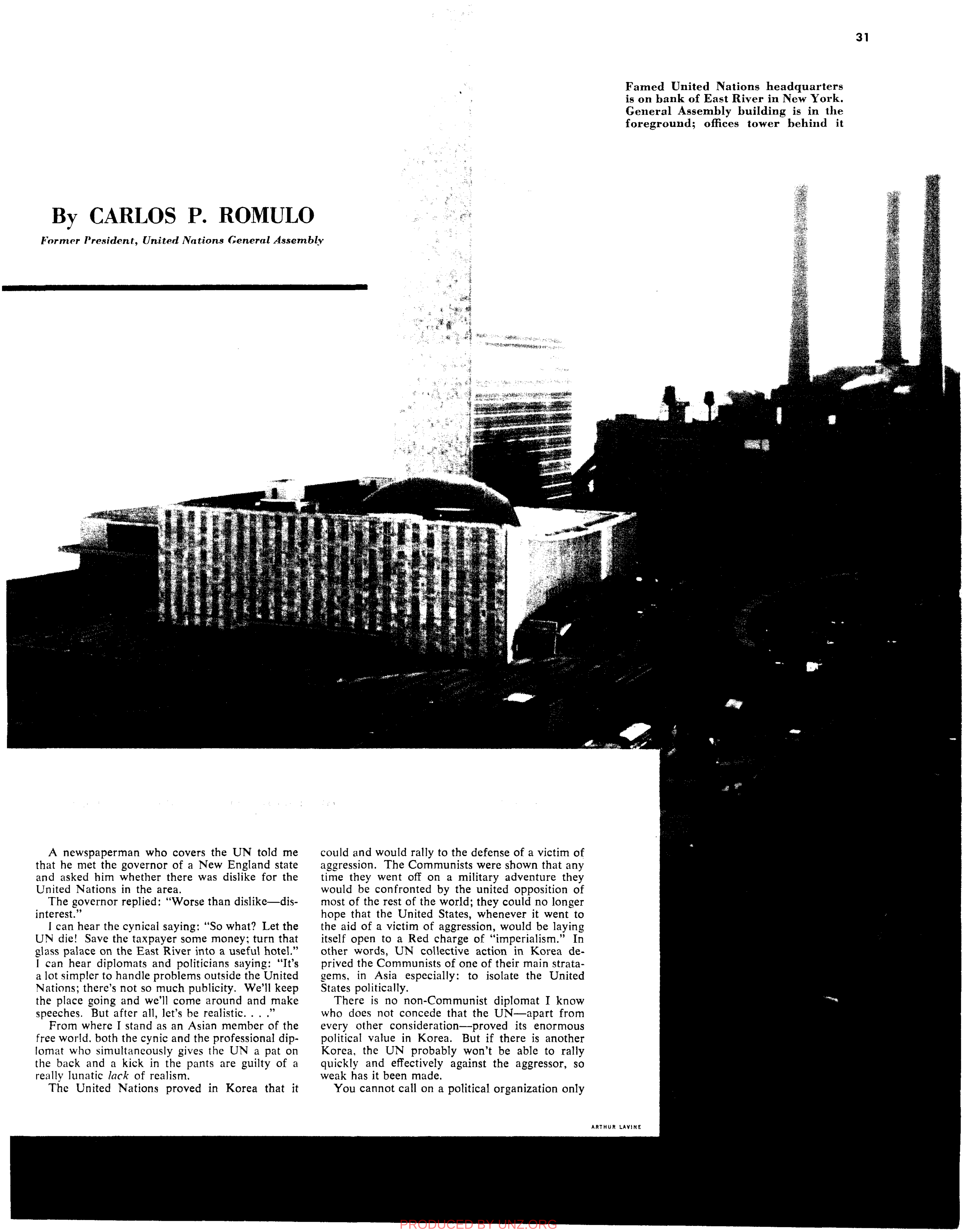
In short, members of the United Nations are more and more taking the great political issues outside the framework of the organization, rendering the UN little more than a debating society.

Another dangerous symptom is the waning of public interest in the UN—especially in the United States, whose popular support is vital for the organization. That apathy is reflected in the invitations that come across my desk to make speeches before American audiences. In 1947, I received 114 requests for speeches; 89 groups picked the UN for the topic. Last year, out of 79 invitations, only 11 wanted to hear what the UN was doing.

Famed United Nations headquarters is on bank of East River in New York. General Assembly building is in the foreground; offices tower behind it

By CARLOS P. ROMULO

Former President, United Nations General Assembly



ARTHUR LAVINE

A newspaperman who covers the UN told me that he met the governor of a New England state and asked him whether there was dislike for the United Nations in the area.

The governor replied: "Worse than dislike—disinterest."

I can hear the cynical saying: "So what? Let the UN die! Save the taxpayer some money; turn that glass palace on the East River into a useful hotel." I can hear diplomats and politicians saying: "It's a lot simpler to handle problems outside the United Nations; there's not so much publicity. We'll keep the place going and we'll come around and make speeches. But after all, let's be realistic. . . ."

From where I stand as an Asian member of the free world, both the cynic and the professional diplomat who simultaneously gives the UN a pat on the back and a kick in the pants are guilty of a really lunatic *lack* of realism.

The United Nations proved in Korea that it could and would rally to the defense of a victim of aggression. The Communists were shown that any time they went off on a military adventure they would be confronted by the united opposition of most of the rest of the world; they could no longer hope that the United States, whenever it went to the aid of a victim of aggression, would be laying itself open to a Red charge of "imperialism." In other words, UN collective action in Korea deprived the Communists of one of their main stratagems, in Asia especially: to isolate the United States politically.

There is no non-Communist diplomat I know who does not concede that the UN—apart from every other consideration—proved its enormous political value in Korea. But if there is another Korea, the UN probably won't be able to rally quickly and effectively against the aggressor, so weak has it been made.

You cannot call on a political organization only in times of military crisis. You must keep it active between crises, gaining in functions, experience, prestige. Otherwise, when the call comes, such an organization will be too much in disrepute, too atrophied to answer. What would we think if the manager of a prize fighter gave his man steak on the day he was supposed to go into the ring, but kept him on bread and water the rest of the time?

There are other equally cogent reasons for keeping up the UN's strength.

Kill the United Nations and you kill the last organization where the two sides in the world maintain the daily diplomatic and political contact which itself is a force for peace.

Kill the United Nations and you remove the last chance that the transition from colonialism to self-rule—one of the world's critical problems—will be peaceful and sane, instead of bloody.

Kill the United Nations and you blow up a dam that already has prevented four local wars from spreading—Korea, Indonesia, Kashmir, Palestine—and could do the same in the future.

Kill the United Nations and you convince the millions now receiving from it medicine, milk and plows that there is no hope for the hungry and homeless—except, perhaps, in Communism.

Kill the United Nations and you increase tremendously the chances that man will one day wipe himself off the face of the earth.

The grim fact is that the UN is in a state of coma, and there isn't much time left to revive it. Don't dismiss this diagnosis as an exaggeration. I wish it were. Take a close look at the patient's chart. Study what's been happening over the last few years: walkouts, boycotts, outright neglect of the UN, defiance of its resolutions.

There was a day when such behavior was the specialty only of Russia and her allies. But, more and more, nations of the free world are shortsightedly pulling some of the same tricks—and Communism will be the long-range winner. We can't force the Russians to behave. But surely we non-Communist nations, as friends, can blow the whistle on one another.

The Right Answer to Red Aggression

First, look at the record on Korea—in many ways a fine record. The UN decision to resist Communist aggression across the 38th parallel was undoubtedly the high point in the history of collective security. It demonstrated precisely the courage and wisdom that were wanting in other years, in the crises of Manchuria and Ethiopia and Austria and Munich, to give some examples. For the first time in history, a world community responded to aggression the way its Charter intended—with joint military action by its members. Millions, especially in Asia, backed this resistance under the UN flag where they would have shuddered at intervention by individual Western nations.

But the free world frittered away much of the political and moral advantage it had gained. The UN role in the war was dramatized in only the most halfhearted fashion. The Communists spread the lie that this was an imperialistic American intervention, not a UN campaign. Not enough was done to counteract the lie.

The United States, of course, shouldered a disproportionate share of the burden in Korea. But try telling the relatives of Turks, Britons, Aussies, my own countrymen, and men of many other nations who died in Korea that it was anything but a truly international operation! Not enough was done to drive home this historic, indisputable fact.

The free world compounded the error when it turned to peacemaking in Korea. Bad enough that it fumbled its effort to dramatize the UN role during the fighting and the armistice negotiations; at least it made the effort. But the slap in the face received in the Berlin arrangements for the Geneva peace conference was one of the most damaging—and unnecessary—blows ever dealt to UN prestige.

HARRIS & EWING

Carlos P. Romulo is the Personal Envoy of President Magsaysay of the Philippines to the U.S. He served as president of the United Nations General Assembly in 1949 and was Philippines foreign secretary in 1950-'52. An author and former editor, he won a Pulitzer prize in 1942 for his Far Eastern dispatches. During World War II, he became a brigadier general in the U.S. Army and was an aide to General MacArthur

At Geneva the United Nations was given a back seat. To be sure, the UN had previously authorized the United States to negotiate arrangements for the Korean peace conference—and most diplomats, including myself, are glad the conference was called. But the failure to draw the United Nations into the Geneva talks as a political organization, and capitalize on its presence there, was a major boner.

Was it necessary, in making arrangements for the Geneva parley, to ignore almost completely the UN's stake in the Korean conflict; to obscure the fact that the United States and its allies would go to Geneva as representatives of the world organization? Was it necessary to wait almost a week to send formal notification of the Berlin decision to UN officials? Why wasn't the General Assembly called, notified of the Geneva plans, and asked to emphasize that the Allies were going into the conference as representatives of the world organization? The political value would have been immense.

Indochina illustrates in another way what has been happening to the UN. After Korea, it became the scene of the world's most serious and dangerous fighting, yet the United Nations was rendered powerless to intervene.

France called the war a domestic problem she herself must handle, although she was forced to look to the United States for help. But Indochina was a threat to world peace—not just a French colonial headache. I am not saying that UN military intervention was ever the answer to the problem of Indochina. I do say that putting the UN spotlight on Indochina long ago would have shown the world what Communism was doing there.

Surely Indochina is the sort of conflict the UN had in mind when it created the Peace Observation Commission as a watchdog agency to rush to trouble spots. But the commission has never been called on—just another piece of UN machinery corroding in the barn for lack of use.

The commission was supposed to be part of a revolution in the UN approach to keeping the peace. I remember how purposefully, in that ambitious fall of 1950, the Western-aligned nations undertook the task of revamping UN machinery so it could deal more effectively with future Koreas. Those General Assembly resolutions had a pioneer ring. Mainspring of the program, titled Uniting for Peace, was a provision to circumvent Russia's veto power. The Security Council had been able to commit the UN to defense of South Korea only because the Russians committed the strategic error of boycotting the meeting. So the United States proposed that if a veto ever blocked majority action to meet a future aggression, the veto-free General Assembly could meet within 24 hours to take action.

Another provision was designed to ensure that a future UN army would not have to be mobilized in the same catch-as-catch-can fashion as the UN army in Korea. The UN's 60 members were asked to tag and train special units of their armed forces for possible UN service. A special UN group would then be able to draw up detailed plans under which these pledged forces could go into action next time an aggressor struck.

How UN Program Is Made Ineffective

What has become of this ambitious program, which was formally approved by a huge majority of the UN? The idea of earmarking units for UN use is virtually dead because few nations were willing to make such a commitment. (The Philippines, I am proud to say, was one of the few countries that pledged a special unit.) The special planning group has done no planning. The Peace Observation Commission has never sent any peace observers even as far as the nearest airport, though there has been plenty of trouble in the world for it to observe. Most important, the provision allowing the Assembly to deal with an aggressor if a veto paralyzes the Security Council—still a vital piece of international legislation—will be completely valueless so long as the big powers keep crowding the UN out of the diplomatic arena.

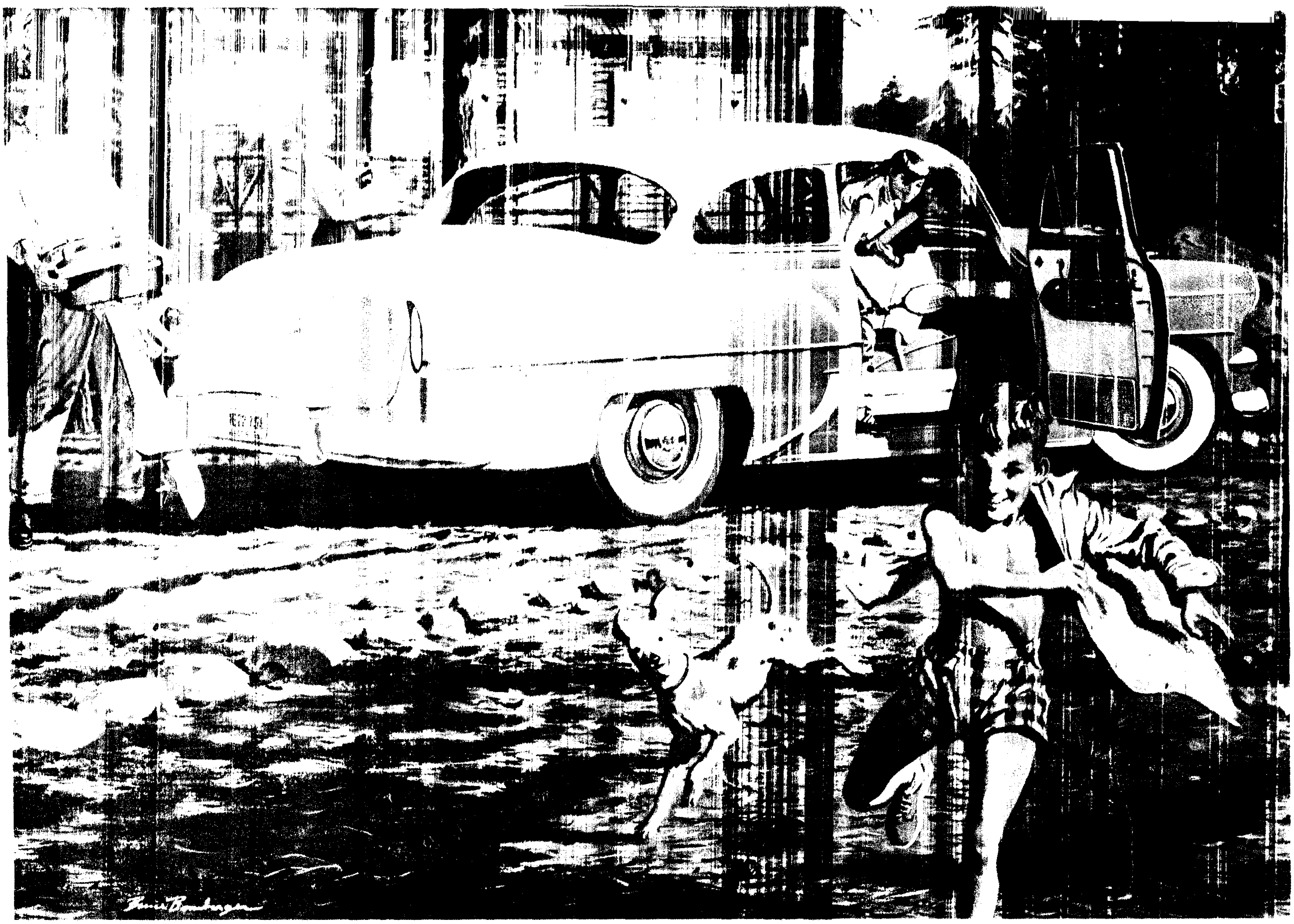
The United Nations suffers because it isn't used. It also suffers nowadays when it *is* used—because its decisions frequently are ignored. This state of affairs is not altogether new or unexpected. Not long after the lines were drawn in the cold war, it became plain that Russia and her allies were ready to resort to the veto or to open defiance whenever a majority decision didn't suit them. But what about the non-Communist nations? Their stake in the UN is great, yet their record is getting worse all the time.

South Africa ignores appeals to turn over Southwest Africa to the UN Trusteeship system; France walks out when the Assembly decides to take up its disputes with the North African Nationalists in Tunisia and Morocco; Israel and its Arab adversaries pay no attention to a whole string of UN resolutions; India and Pakistan still wrangle over conditions for a UN-decreed plebiscite in Kashmir, despite the clear intent that the Kashmir vote should have been held long before now; colonial powers drag their feet in readying dependent areas for independence. Each UN decision that is flouted or sabotaged diminishes the chance for fulfillment of future decisions.

In vast areas of the world that are plagued by hunger and misery, the UN has a special meaning. To the underprivileged millions, the United Nations is an agency that promises a better life. It provides help in obtaining more food; in wiping out TB, malaria and trachoma; in digging a well, building a canal, putting up a cement plant.

On a recent plane trip from Manila to the States, I was shown a Calcutta newspaper by an Indian fellow passenger. You don't read much nonpolitical UN news in the Western press, but half the Calcutta paper was devoted to the UN, and most of the stories dealt with aid to economically poor areas—a graphic illustration of what the United Nations means to the average Indian and his counterpart in Burma, Syria, Ethiopia, Libya and elsewhere.

There is disturbing evidence that this vital UN program for raising the living standards of subpar areas is losing some of its momentum. Imagination is giving way to overcaution. Goals are being trimmed where they should be expanded. If the trend continues, the repercussions could be



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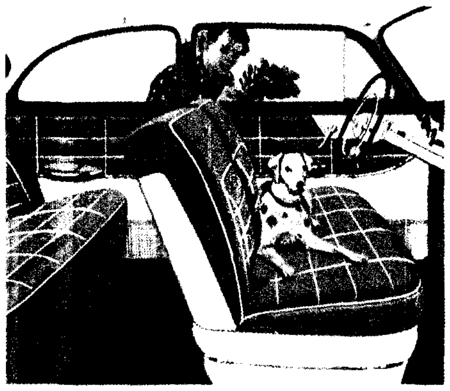

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EMBLEM OF EXCELLENCE

COLLIER'S **"Furgish, why can't you go away on your vacation like everyone else?"** JOHN GALLAGHER

catastrophic. If the people in underdeveloped areas become disillusioned with the United Nations, millions not now on the side of Communism will turn to it for bread.

These are gloomy facts. But to pretend they do not exist would be foolhardy. Is there any hope? There is.

The United Nations is no more and no less than the member governments make it. If they give it political, economic and military backing, it will recover. If they do not, it will die. It's as simple as that. We know that the Soviet bloc has no intention of helping to build up the UN. That's all the more reason why we of the free world must do so. There are many steps the free countries can take if they recognize that it is to their self-interest to have a healthy United Nations.

For a Stronger "Police Force"

The power of the United Nations to halt aggression must be strengthened. And it *can* be strengthened, even though the East-West split has killed the idea of a Big Five UN police team. It is high time UN members followed the recommendation of the Uniting for Peace resolution and earmarked special units, ready for duty with the United Nations at its call. A potential aggressor would know then that he could expect what the Communists got in Korea—only more so. If an emergency came, there would be no hysterical scraping around for troops; they would be at the ready. (Incidentally, the establishment of the special UN units would make it less likely that one UN country would have to carry almost the entire burden of halting aggression, as the United States did in Korea.)

There should be closer liaison between the United Nations and such regional defense systems as the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. Regional defense groupings are provided for under the UN Charter, but they must be a support for the United Nations, not a substitute for it.

The Collective Measures Committee should be awakened from its long sleep and set to work mapping stand-by plans for use in case of aggression, showing how the commands would operate, the contributions expected of large countries and small, the rights and duties of the victim state, and so on.

Building up the UN's military power for use in emergency is important, but just part of the job. The political prestige of the United Nations must be built up, too. To save the UN, the Western Powers must adopt a policy of steering political problems through it, even if it hurts. In the political field, the United States must take the lead. It must not always ally itself with the colonial powers who cry "interference in domestic affairs" every time the issue of nationalism in one of their territories arises.

The people who do not yet govern themselves must be made to realize that the United Nations belongs to them, too. The instinctive drive for self-government cannot be stamped out; if suppressed too long, it will just boil over. Let's recognize that fact; the Communists do.

There must be much closer relations between top-rank UN officials and high-level diplomats of the member nations—if only to ensure that the UN as a political organization is kept informed of the plans of the powers.

To raise the prestige of the Security Council from the depths to which Soviet vetoes have sunk it, it would be a good idea to take advantage of the Charter provision suggesting that every so often the heads of state or their top deputies attend Council meetings and hold a general review of world problems. What a lift it would give the free world to see Eisenhower and Churchill at the United Nations Security Council table talking plain language to Malenkov!

We at the UN got a taste of what one important man with an important idea could do to lift the morale of the organization when President Eisenhower unwrapped before the Assembly his plan for an international atomic bank to be used to exploit the peaceful potential of atomic energy. The reaction of one of my diplomatic colleagues, a man not given to wild enthusiasms, was typical. I was chatting with him at one of those diplomatic dinners that everybody in the trade has to go to, and, though it was months after the Eisenhower speech, the President's plan was all my friend wanted to talk about. "One or two more performances like that, one or two more solid ideas like that, and the UN will be back in business," he said.

Plenty can also be done on the economic level. The UN program of technical assistance is all right as far as it goes, but it does not go very far. More money should be put into it.

Of course, the big bite for international aid has always come out of the United States Treasury; we other nations know that. But someday technical assistance, or Point Four, or whatever you want to call it, must be taken off the shoulders of Uncle Sam and assumed by the world community. The UN program is a beginning, because it is a program to which all countries can and should contribute, including those receiving aid. And it is a pool of the best technical brains of the world, not of just one country.

Speaking of technical competence, there is something the foreign offices back home can do right now to help the United Nations. In the early days of the UN they used to send their top brains—or at least their top rankers—to UN meetings. There used to be so many foreign ministers in the delegates' lounge on opening days of Assembly sessions that mere ambassadors would fade demurely into the background. But in the last few years, I'm afraid, there has been a tendency to downgrade diplomatic representation at the United Nations. The UN should not be just a training ground for diplomats or a dumping ground for political favorites. It should be regarded by the foreign offices as one of the world's top diplomatic assignments.

Another way to inject some life into the United Nations would be to take the show on the road a little more. For millions of people, New York is a faraway, unreal place; diplomatic meetings there have no personal meaning to them. But I remember that on the two occasions when the General Assembly met in Paris, the UN suddenly became alive for Europeans. The switch of scene was good for the Europeans and good for the diplomats, who had to think and act, for a change, against a European backdrop. The UN should be shown to its constituents more often. In particular, there should be an important UN meeting in Asia. Maybe the facilities won't be so plush, but it is time Asians had the opportunity to establish a feeling of identity with the United Nations.

Evangelism Also Is Needed

In addition, the UN could use a large dose of old-fashioned evangelism. If the United Nations is worth having, it is worth plugging. UN officials shouldn't take it for granted that the skeptics, especially in the United States, are necessarily enemies. There should be more effort to clear up the misunderstandings which, I feel, underlie much of the opposition to the United Nations.

UN officials shouldn't be timid about meeting the unconvinced face to face, about talking UN to organizations which are on record against it. I know Americans well. I know that they are fair, and that they form the right judgments if they have the facts to go by.

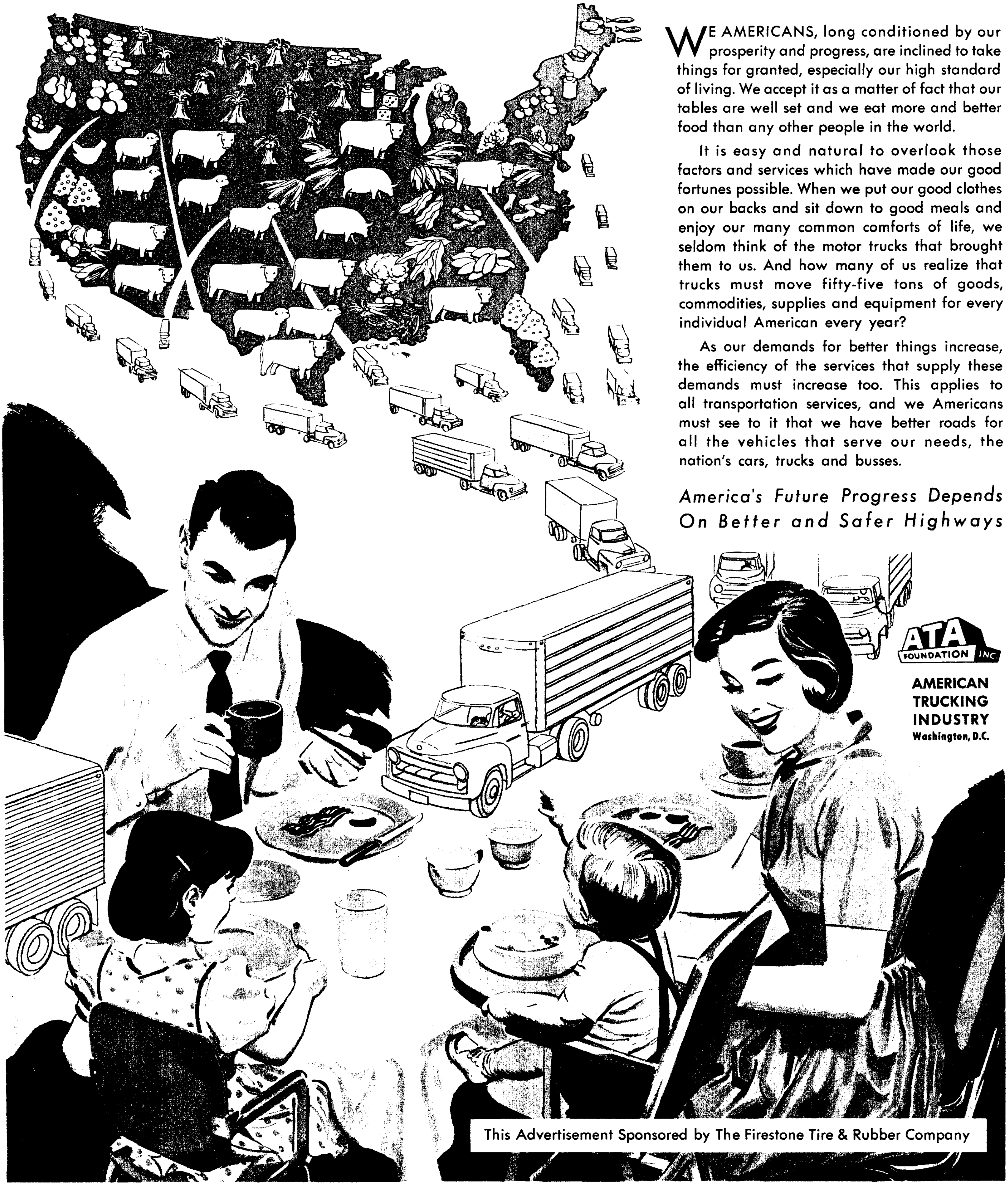
Some people have alleged that the United Nations was oversold. I don't believe that for a minute. Maybe it was mis-sold. Maybe people were told the UN could do a lot that it was never meant to do; maybe people never got the essential idea that the UN was what *they* made it.

But the real potential of the UN is twofold: it is an organization that could keep the peace if given the backing—and do it without world government—and it is an organization that could raise the hopes and living standards of untold millions. These aspects have been undersold.

The truth is not that the United Nations has failed, but that it hasn't been given a chance. ▲▲▲

COLLIER'S **"Pssst, come here quick. . . . Mrs. Broering just flattened her old man"** VIRGIL PARTCH

Your Breakfast Came By TRUCK



WE AMERICANS, long conditioned by our prosperity and progress, are inclined to take things for granted, especially our high standard of living. We accept it as a matter of fact that our tables are well set and we eat more and better food than any other people in the world.

It is easy and natural to overlook those factors and services which have made our good fortunes possible. When we put our good clothes on our backs and sit down to good meals and enjoy our many common comforts of life, we seldom think of the motor trucks that brought them to us. And how many of us realize that trucks must move fifty-five tons of goods, commodities, supplies and equipment for every individual American every year?

As our demands for better things increase, the efficiency of the services that supply these demands must increase too. This applies to all transportation services, and we Americans must see to it that we have better roads for all the vehicles that serve our needs, the nation's cars, trucks and busses.

America's Future Progress Depends On Better and Safer Highways

ATA FOUNDATION INC.

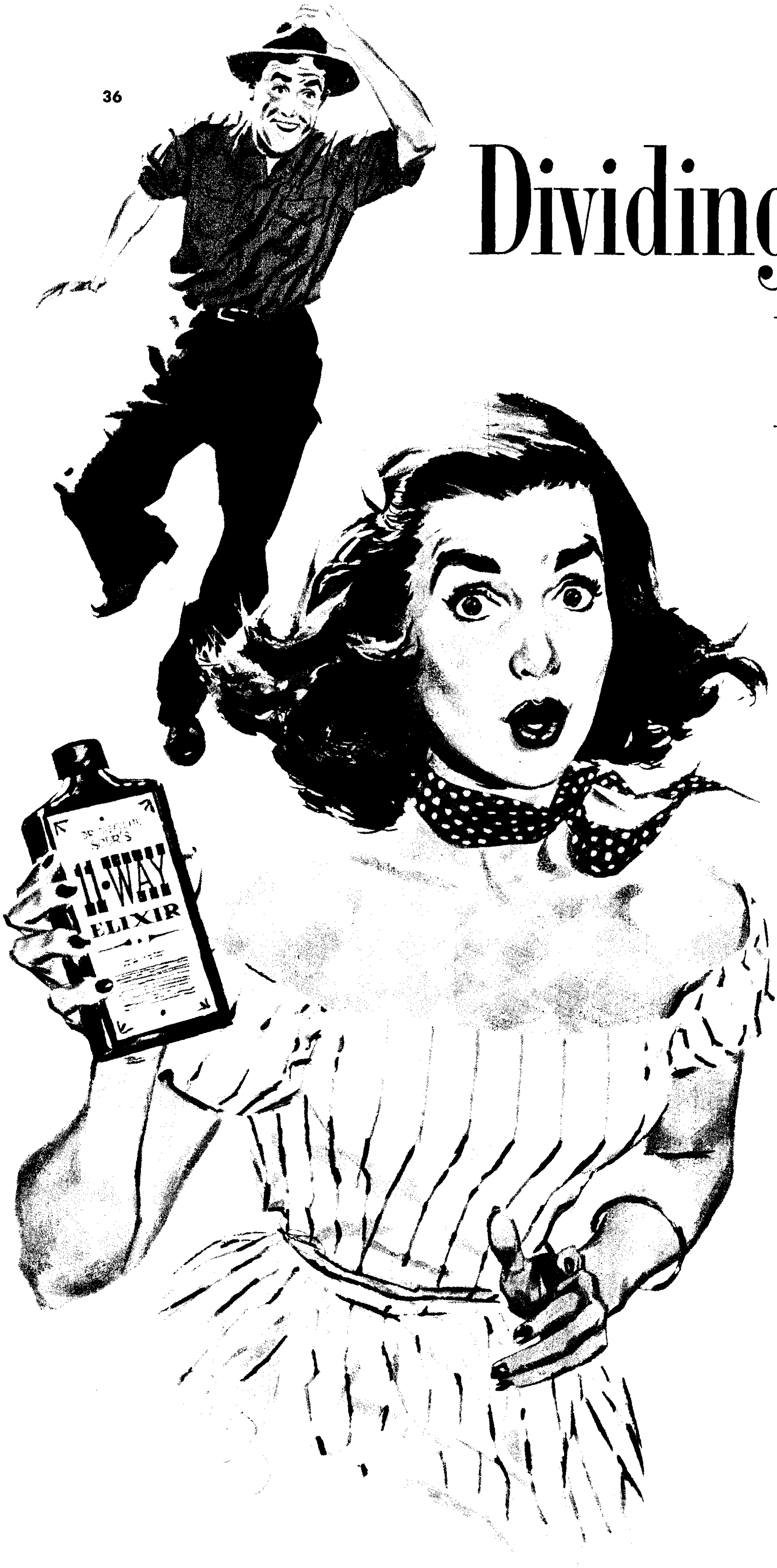
AMERICAN
TRUCKING
INDUSTRY
Washington, D.C.

This Advertisement Sponsored by The Firestone Tire & Rubber Company

Dividing CLAUDIE'S RICH AUNT

By DILLON ANDERSON

If I didn't make Claudie prominent, I'd never get my hands on his money



Claudie was drunk as a boiled owl, and looking at Lilly Lee in such a fond way it scared her

POOR Claudie, he never could seem to learn about relatives. The whole time we spent in Texas—drifting around from pillar to post—Claudie's kinfolks there amounted to a sort of prop in his mind.

"Claudie," I used to explain to him, over and over, "there ain't but two kinds of relatives—those you're ashamed of and the ones that are ashamed of you. If you've done better than they have, they're apt to be a burden to you from the very day they show up."

"I haven't done better than anybody, Clint," he'd argue.

"But if you had, would you want any poor relations hanging around?"

"I guess not," he'd admit.

"All right. Now suppose they've done better than you. Wouldn't you be apt to look like a burden to them?"

This would always bring it out about his Aunt Minnie Gastrick that lived up somewheres in Oklahoma. She was the widow of a dead Osage Indian, and Claudie claimed she had more durn money than you could run and jump over. And no matter what I'd say, Claudie would always hang onto this one idea; he was sure his Aunt Minnie was fond of him, even though he hadn't seen her since he was a kid in knee britches back in Alabama.

Well, it was from this same Aunt Minnie Gastrick that Claudie got a letter along about the middle of that long summer we fished on Little Ellum Fork of the Trinity River. We were on Billingsley's Bend in Little Ellum near Denton, Texas, and we were stranded. Our car had broke down and our trailer house had a flat tire; we couldn't even get in to Dallas until we had caught and sold enough catfish to get our car fixed up. Then, as the summer wore on, the fishing got slower, and we were in the dusty doldrums until the day Claudie heard from his Aunt Minnie Gastrick.

Lilly Lee, the oldest Billingsley daughter, that could run like a rabbit, brought him the letter one morning. She came running down the path to our clearing on the bank of the creek, yelling, "Lookie, Claudie's done got a letter."

Lilly Lee was so pretty when she ran that we didn't even open the letter until she was out of sight going back to the Billingsley house. Then Claudie noticed a big catfish had hit our trotline and started whipping it back and forth across Billingsley's Bend.

"While you're getting him off, kindly let me see the letter," I said, and he handed it to me. It was all on one sheet, and it read: *Dear Claudie, Cousin Stella*

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BUGG

Sure AS ICE FLOATS

Sure
Seagram's
Seven 7 Crown
BLENDED WHISKEY
A whiskey of distinctive character smooth, rich, full-flavored without a trace of heaviness

ICE IS NICE...because, among other things, it floats in drinks and makes them cold. And millions agree that ice is nicest when it's floating in a tall cold superfine drink made with Seagram's 7 Crown — America's favorite whiskey.

Say Seagram's and be Sure

SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY. BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

Gaylord the Ghost
AH—TENDER LEAF TEA
SYVERSON
THE FLAVOR HAUNTS ME!
Tender Leaf BRAND TEA

Yes, here's *iced tea*—so flavorful, so refreshing, so wonderfully satisfying—you'll *never* switch brands again! It's the new leaf, the young leaf, the *flavor* leaf that does it. Pick the Bright Red Box with the Smiling Cups—*Tender Leaf Brand Tea.* Loose or in tea bags—it makes the *richest* iced tea you ever tasted!

is visiting with me here, and she gave me your address down there in Texas. You were always such a sweet little boy that I've often thought of you as my favorite nephew. You're the one born that awful dry year, aren't you? But since I married and moved to Oklahoma so long ago, I haven't heard much about you. Have you amounted to anything? Are you prominent? The reason why I am writing is because I am an old woman now, and I am not very well. I have no children, and I want to make out a will, but I am not going to leave my money to any shiftless relatives; would you? Please drop me a line and tell me how you are, Claudie. Your loving aunt, Minnie Gastrick, Pawhuska.

AFTER he'd come back and read the letter, I said, "Claudie, there's a touch of destiny in all this. If there's anything to you, that letter ought to bring it out." For his Aunt Minnie's sake I was almost ashamed of all that Claudie had amounted to in Texas.

"Tell me something about this aunt of yours, Claudie," I said. "What all do you remember about her?"

"She's very religious, and she's always been a big prohibitionist. I remember that much. She put her Indian money in some kind of company that made her rich, they say."

"How prominent do you expect she'd want you to be, Claudie?" I asked him.

"Damned if I know, Clint," he said. "Why?"

"Well, you know that if you are going to make the grade for Aunt Minnie, I'll have to figure out a way, and I was just trying to size up the job." I looked at Claudie, sitting there on a willow stump, good-natured and all, but dumb as a fence post. I studied Claudie a while—heir to all that Gastrick money if he could so much as look prominent to his Aunt Minnie from a distance. But when I thought of the job it would be to make Claudie prominent, I found I was all worn out.

Along about noon Lilly Lee brought us a batch of old Denton newspapers, so I rested and read them all afternoon while Claudie watched the trotline and waited for me to think up something that would put him in solid with his Aunt Minnie. . . .

The next morning I woke up with an idea bubbling up in my mind like clear water in a live spring. Claudie made us some coffee, and while I drank it I sat there and figured everything out.

"Bring me them newspapers, Claudie," I yelled. "Right now, before you run the trotline."

He came running with the papers I'd read the afternoon before, and I found what I was looking for. It was a picture of a fine figure of a man that covered nearly a fourth of the page. It had his name there in big print, and below that it read:

PROMINENT WELDER AND LODGE OFFICIAL CURED

Samuel L. (Sam) Willis suffered with a kidney ailment for eight years before he found relief in Eleven-way Elixir. "I had lost thirty pounds," he says, "and I was in a run-down condition for years without knowing why. No appetite; swelling of my feet; spots before my eyes and pains low in my back. Nothing seemed to help until I found Eleven-way Elixir. From the time I finished the first bottle I felt better. I wouldn't be without it and neither would my wife now. It cured her gas pains in no time." (Adv.)

THE ELEVEN-WAY
ELIXIR COMPANY,
Dr. Lafayette Sour,
Denton, Texas,
President and Chairman
of the Board

"Say, Claudie," I told him, "you've seen them Eleven-way Elixir billboards all over the state. A very well-known tonic. It's made right here in Denton."

"Uh-huh," Claudie said. "Aunt Minnie always took Eleven-way Elixir. She usta have bad stomach trouble that she took it for."

"That's perfect," I told him. "I can just see the sign now, Claudie, under your picture in the paper. *Prominent citizen of Little Ellum community cured.* That ought to qualify you right into your Aunt Minnie's will."

"But I'm all right, Clint," he answered. "All that's wrong with my appetite is I sometimes want more to eat than I get."

"I've seen you when you didn't look so good," I told him. "Plenty of times. Sort of peaked and sallow in the face—watery-eyed, too. A sluggish liver could cause that, or a gall bladder that needed toning up."

"I feel all right though, Clint," he said, studying his hands.

"Hands a little numb?" I asked him.

"A little," he admitted.

"Well, if you ask me," I went on, "you don't look any too good right now. Let me feel your pulse."

He let me, and after I'd counted a while I shook my head and said, "Feels pretty sluggish to me. Say, wait a minute! Let me hold on some more and catch that little skip again."

"Little what?" he asked, and I saw his lower jaw sag.

"Little skip," I explained. "Every so often it don't beat. It just skips. Oh, there it is; skipped two in a row. But I wouldn't bother, Claudie. So far it's always started up again." I let this soak in awhile; then I said, "How do you feel now?"

"I might be a little sick to my stomach—but I didn't have any breakfast," he answered.

"I sure am sorry," I told him, looking worried, since I was by this time. "Why you holding your side?"

CLAUDIE began to slobber some. "Hurts there more'n anywhere else," he said.

"Stay right where you are, Claudie," I said. "I'll run up to the Billingsley place and see if they haven't got some kind of strong medicine for you."

"Get me some Eleven-way Elixir, Clint," he called as I left.

Old lady Billingsley had some all right—a nearly full bottle—and I let Lilly Lee run on ahead of me. She wanted to help me give it to Claudie.

He was worse off than ever when I and Lilly Lee reached him. She held up his head, which was bobbing around like a cork on a line with a limber pole, and she poured all the Eleven-way Elixir that was in the bottle right down him.

In a few minutes Claudie came to a little, and I could tell he felt better because he asked for some more of what he'd had and then spoke of being hungry. At this Lilly Lee jumped to her feet and ran back up the path to get Claudie something to eat.

After she'd passed the bend in the path, I looked back at Claudie and saw that he'd been watching her run too, and the color was beginning to come back into his face. I showed him the bottle that had helped him so much, and when he saw that it really was Eleven-way Elixir, he grinned big and said he was cured.

But when he got up to walk around and try out how well he was, he staggered down toward Little Ellum Creek; then, with trying to keep from falling in, he reeled back my way and went down on his hands and knees in some bull nettles that were growing close by. Then he got up and started to sing, and by the time Lilly Lee got back with a plate of fried eggs and corn pone, Claudie had the woods ringing with the song. I could tell by this time that Claudie was drunk as a boiled owl. He was singing so loud and so bassy, and looking at Lilly Lee in such a fond way, that it scared her and she ran back toward the house.

ABOUT noon I told Claudie, "Now, all we've got to do is go to Denton and report your cure to Dr. Lafayette Sour. You'll be all written up and—"

"Then we'll send the clipping to Aunt Minnie," he said, happy as a pig in the warm sun.

I showed Claudie's letter to Jonathan Billingsley, Lilly Lee's father, and he said he was awful happy to learn we were about to be heirs. He'd be glad, he told me, to watch the trotline for us while we went in to Denton to see Dr. Sour. We left right after noon.

Now, after I'd seen those big billboards—dozens of them all over the state—with Eleven-way Elixir painted on them in six-foot letters; and after I'd seen all the accounts in the newspapers about the way it would cure just about anything that went wrong with a person's system, it was hard for me, at first, to get used to this place in Denton where they made the tonic itself. It was not a big factory at all; it was a little square brick building on an alley.

Just inside the Eleven-way Elixir place was a desk with papers all over it—bills of all kinds—and farther to the rear there was a big black pot, shaped about like the ones you render lard in, but high as a man's head. Alongside the pot there were several ten-gallon tins marked *Grain Alcohol* and one big bottle with a label that said *Dr. Lafayette Sours' Eleven-way Elixir Concentrate (Formula Secret).*

I and Claudie stood there looking over the layout until a fat colored man walked in the back door with a big case full of empty bottles on his back.

"We want to see Dr. Lafayette Sour," I told him. "We want to report a cure."

"Dr. Sour's done gone to the drugstore, but he won't be gone long," the colored man said as he started opening the alcohol tins. We watched him as he poured the alcohol out of four tins into the big black pot; next, he poured in the bottle of Dr. Sour's Eleven-way Elixir concentrate. Then he threw a hose in and turned on the water; a dense cloud of yellow steam came off.

"Tenth batch today," he said. "Since Dr. Sour done fired all the other help and moved down here, I'm near about workin' myself to death." Then he started filling Eleven-way Elixir bottles out of a little hydrant there at the bottom of the pot, and after he'd filled a dozen or so, Dr. Sour himself came in.

He was a long, lean fellow with caved-in cheeks and a high voice, and he seemed at first not to want us around much. But when I told him how Claudie had been cured the day before, he shook hands with us and said he believed it was the worst case he'd heard of to be cured so fast.

"When," I asked him, "do you wish to take Claudie's picture?"

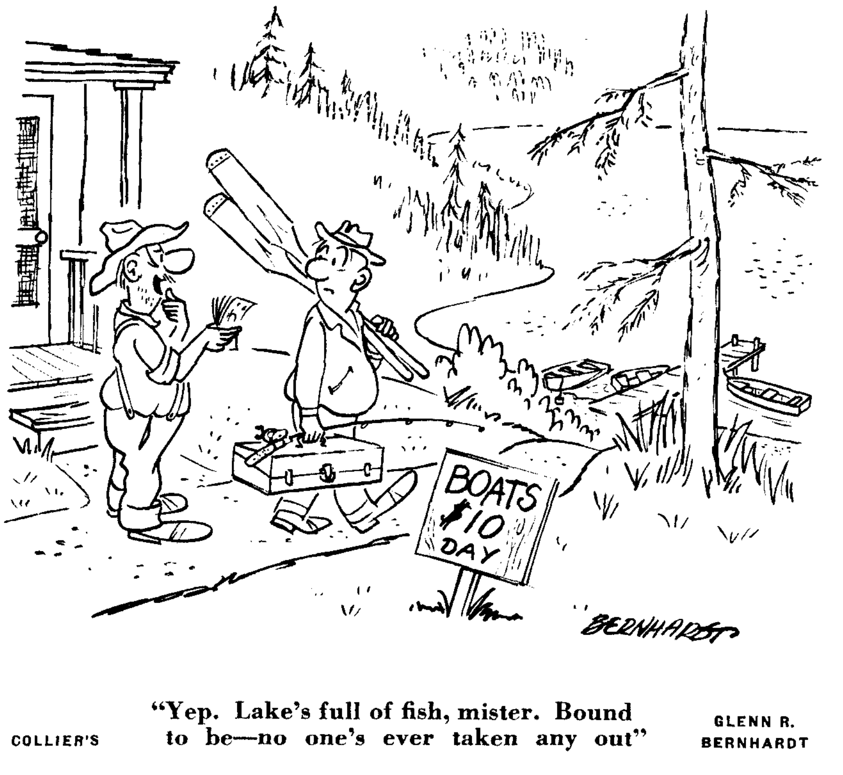
"Oh, we're not doing any testimonials now," Dr. Sour stated. "We've got plenty already."

"But this one is pretty important to us, Doctor," I said. "We'll give it free, and we might even pay for having Claudie's picture taken." And Claudie added, "If I can get wrote up pretty quick."

Now I don't often speak up wrong, but this time I could tell I had, and so had Claudie. Dr. Sour was mad. "I will not be coerced, nor will I be bribed. You men are about to offend my ethics," he said.

I could see he had us, but Claudie couldn't. He said, "I've come to have my picture took."

"Today, we mean," I added, as Dr.



COLLIER'S **"Yep. Lake's full of fish, mister. Bound to be—no one's ever taken any out"** GLENN R. BERNHARDT

New Colgate Dental Cream with GARDOL*

Works instantly to stop
Bad Breath!

One brushing with New Colgate Dental Cream leaves your mouth cleaner, fresher for 12 hours or more—helps keep you socially acceptable. Tests show Colgate Dental Cream stops bad breath *instantly* in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth.

CLEANS YOUR BREATH...

Works constantly to stop
Tooth Decay!

One brushing with New Colgate Dental Cream guards against tooth decay for 12 hours or more. Night and morning brushings guard your teeth all day—all night. In this way, Colgate's Gardol works around the clock to stop the action of decay-causing enzymes. In full-year clinical tests, X rays showed far fewer cavities for the hundreds of people in the group using Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol. In fact, no new cavities whatever for 4 out of 5.

while it GUARDS YOUR TEETH!

GARDOL...
Colgate's
miracle ingredient
makes it
doubly effective!

HOW GARDOL WORKS:

Every time you brush your teeth with New Colgate Dental Cream, Gardol binds itself to your teeth . . . remains active for 12 hours or more. That's why Gardol, Colgate's long-lasting anti-enzyme ingredient, gives the surest protection against tooth decay ever offered by any toothpaste—leaves your mouth cleaner, fresher for 12 hours or more!

Gardol's protection won't rinse off or wear off all day. Thus, morning and night brushings with New Colgate's with Gardol give continuous protection around the clock.

*COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK FOR SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE

ONLY COLGATE'S GIVES YOU FULL GARDOL PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY!

Sour looked Claudie up and down. And then the doctor snickered at me and said. "Well, maybe we can use one more. The photographer's next door."

When I and Claudie got back to the Eleven-way Elixir headquarters I spoke to Dr. Sour about when Claudie's testimonial would come out. I was glad to find that he was so reasonable and not speaking any more about ethics, but he wouldn't let us pin him down for sure about just when he would write Claudie up and run it in the newspaper.

"It might be too late if it ain't pretty soon," Claudie told him.

"What do you mean, too late?" Dr. Sour said.

"For certain purposes, he means," I added, trying to stave the doctor off. But Claudie had already put his foot in it; the doctor could tell by now he had something we wanted.

"Gentlemen," he said, and paused, "just why is it you are in such a hell of a hurry to get this testimonial run?"

"We have our reasons," I told him.

"And suppose I didn't run the testimonial until you told me about them," he said.

"Excuse me a minute, Doctor, while I speak with my associate alone," I said, and I took Claudie off to one side.

WE TALKED it over and decided that the doctor had us where the wool was short. All we could do was make a clean breast of it and see if he wouldn't pitch in and help. So we went back and told him about Claudie's aunt that was so rich and not feeling at all well, but of course we didn't tell him her name. We finally got Lafayette to agree to run Claudie's testimonial that same week, but it cost us a third of whatever Claudie was going to get when his Aunt Minnie passed on to her reward.

At first the doctor wanted us to cut him in for a half, but we talked him out of it by all agreeing first that I should have a third. Then, until the doctor agreed to cut his part down to a third, Claudie was standing there with less of his Aunt Minnie than either I or the doctor had. "After all, Lafayette," I said, just before we clinched the three-way trade and shook on it, "who the hell's aunt is this, anyhow, that's going to pass away?"

After we finished the deal and wrote it up, Lafayette gave us five full bottles of Eleven-way Elixir fresh right out of the vat. We split one of them three ways then and there, and it seemed to help everybody's feelings a lot. The doctor agreed that when he wrote Claudie up he would do his best to make him prominent. "Religious, too, Lafayette," I told him, "if you find a way to ring it in."

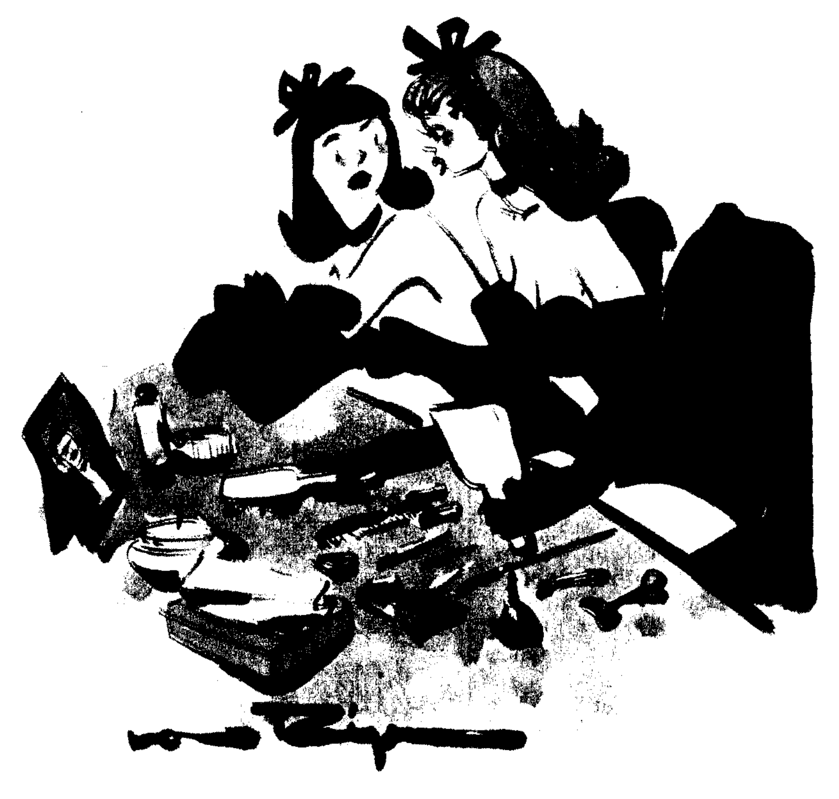
Lafayette then got very confidential with us and told us enough that we could see he had his troubles too. The fact was, he pointed out, the Eleven-way Elixir Company had once been very prosperous and made all kinds of money, but ever since prohibition was done away with, the business had gone down and down. The company was just barely holding its own by selling in Oklahoma and the dry counties in Texas, and the bills of all kinds were piling up. Lafayette said that, as a matter of fact, for the past six months he'd been no more than one jump ahead of creditors all over.

We split one more bottle of Elixir with Lafayette before we left, and that was enough. Claudie sang while he drove, all the way back to Billingsley's Bend. . . .

The week passed, and Claudie's testimonial did not come out in the paper. Then the next week we noticed that no Eleven-way Elixir testimonials at all showed up for several days, and we both began to feel sorrier and sorrier for Dr. Lafayette Sour—and for ourselves somewhat also. The doctor was going broke, that was true; but there was no way that we were exactly prospering either, what with time passing, Claudie's Aunt Minnie getting older by the day up there in Oklahoma and wondering to her dying day, maybe, whether Claudie had ever amounted to anything in Texas. It was awful.

Then, on Friday of the second week, Lafayette, our Denton partner, came through for us. It was Lilly Lee that found Claudie's picture in the paper first, and she brought it down early in the morning.

"Look, Claudie's in the paper. He's all wrote up," she hollered as she came running toward the trailer house. "Says he's prominent."



"Somebody told him I was after his money . . . the stool pigeon!"

COLLIER'S

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

Prominent Church Worker Gets Relief, the headline read, and the rest of the testimonial went about as far as the doctor could go with only Claudie to write up. The picture of Claudie was real good, and his name was right too. It was a high and happy morning we had there on the banks of Little Ellum Creek the day that Claudie got prominent. We even opened up a fresh bottle of Eleven-way Elixir.

Later we cut the clipping out, and nothing would do with Claudie but we should go into Denton and mail it special delivery to Claudie's Aunt Minnie at Pawhuska. Afterward, we went around to the newspaper office and bought a dozen copies of the paper. We cut Claudie out and sent clippings to a lot of his other relatives—picking the older ones, of course, just in case.

Then we went by the Eleven-way Elixir headquarters to speak to our friend Lafayette, but the sight we saw there would have broken the heart of a wooden Indian. The front door was closed and a big printed sign was nailed on it saying, NOTICE TO CREDITORS. Lafayette was sitting on the steps under the sign with his head in his hands.

"Buck up, Lafayette," I said. "It can't be that bad."

"The company is bankrupt," he said, and I noticed his breath was strong with Eleven-way Elixir. Bankruptcy was the one thing it wouldn't cure.

"This is the end," Lafayette went on. "I've got nothing left." Then he said what made him feel worse than he did about himself was thinking of his stockholders. "I've failed them too."

"You must be forgetting about Aunt Minnie Gastrick," I said to cheer him up. "You know, Claudie's aunt. You've still got a third of her."

But Lafayette only groaned more when I said it. There wasn't anything that I and Claudie could do but leave, and we drove back to Billingsley's Bend feeling so sorry for poor old Lafayette that it about put a damper on Claudie's new prominence. . . .

It must have been a month or more—I know we'd had a light norther—before we got the letter postmarked Pawhuska, Oklahoma. Claudie almost tore it up opening the envelope. Sure enough, it was from Claudie's Cousin Stella, and she told him in it how his Aunt Minnie had passed away the Saturday before.

"I'm writing you, Claudie," I read out loud, *"because for some reason Minnie made you the main heir in her will. Nobody understands why. All she left me was the house and furniture here in Pawhuska. Everything else goes to you. So you'd better come on up here and take over your fortune."*

Lilly Lee was hanging around when I read this part, and she flew up the path with her bare heels scattering the dew as she ran. In a jiffy the whole Billingsley tribe turned up there in the clearing. They couldn't have been any nicer to us if we'd been European royalty of some kind. Some of the older Billingsleys seemed to take it pretty hard when I picked Jonathan Billingsley to borrow ten dollars from—to buy gasoline and cylinder oil for the trip to Pawhuska.

We drove first into Denton to get our partner, Lafayette Sour, but Mrs. Sour said he was asleep and she wasn't about to wake him up for us.

"We've got no time to wait," I told her. "But when he wakes up, tell him Claudie's aunt has passed away and we're all in the money."

We had an awful lot of car trouble: we spent the ten dollars on repairs, and we had to sell at cut rates all of the Elixir we'd brought along. But we made it. We got there about noon the next day.

Aunt Minnie Gastrick's house was a big two-story white one with iron dogs and a birdbath in the yard, and inside it was all plushed out with heavy furniture and a lot of deep dark-colored rugs.

We went in and found Cousin Stella there with the lawyer. He was a bushy-headed old codger with glasses pinched on his nose, and Cousin Stella told him through thin lips who Claudie was. She looked like a woman that had been singing in a choir all her life but was about ready to quit it for good.

Then, after Cousin Stella had put on a little crying spell, the old lawyer pulled out the will and showed us it was legal.

Cousin Stella dried her eyes and said she wanted to quote a little Scripture from Timothy, so we all bowed our heads and she quoted: *"But they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition."* Nobody said, "Amen."

"Kindly sit down," the old lawyer said, "and I will read the last will and testament of Minnie Gastrick."

We sat, and he read some details about how Aunt Minnie was sound in her mind, possessed of a first-class memory and how she wished to be buried decently. I thought I'd bust, he was reading so slow. Claudie was hanging on the front edge of a straight chair with his face all lighted up like the front of a Dallas moving-picture house.

FINALLY we got to the part of the will we'd been waiting for. The lawyer read: *"I have no children, but I have a favorite nephew who has done well down in Denton, Texas. And so, to my favorite nephew, Claudie Hughes, I give and bequeath all the rest and residue of my entire estate."*

"What's that?" Claudie asked out loud, but the lawyer simply read on in a voice flat as a flitter: *"It consists of twenty-three thousand shares of the capital stock of The Eleven-way Elixir Company."*

Then the lawyer rolled up the top of a desk and showed us the piles of pretty, green stock certificates. They were all decorated around the edges with fine little curlicues, like cigar coupons are, and when the old lawyer started handing the green certificates to Claudie, Cousin Stella went into another bad crying spell.

By the time we'd got started back toward Denton, Claudie had caught on. He was about ready to go back and join Cousin Stella in a crying spell.

"No, Claudie," I said. "There is one fact you haven't noticed. Look what it says on every one of these certificates—right up at the top: *FULLY PAID AND NON-ASSESSABLE.* I suppose you know what that means."

I saw he didn't.

"That means it won't cost you a cent to have all this pretty paper. Your Aunt Minnie was no burden to you dead or alive." —DILLON ANDERSON

"Summer Picnic,"

by

Douglass Crockwell

Number 97 in the series, "Home Life in America"

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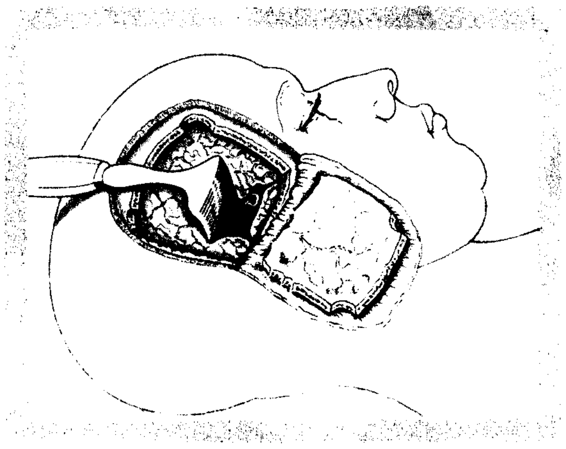
JOHN GILMORE

Retractor exposes site of the pituitary gland

IS THE SECRET OF CANCER Locked in the

By ERIC NORTHRUP and JOHN GILMORE

It may be. A daring brain operation—still experimental—brings amazing relief to

Is tiny pituitary gland the villain? Surgeon holds it over bowl after completing operation

U.S.-trained Dr. Rolf Luft has taken part in 43 pituitary-cancer operations in Stockholm

A DARING feat of brain surgery, aimed at a tiny gland buried in the floor of man's skull, is medicine's latest and boldest attack on cancer. The operation, still experimental and fraught with danger, is so formidable that only a handful of men in this country and abroad have attempted it. Their target is the pituitary gland, or hypophysis—a pea-sized blob of pinkish gray tissue that controls growth, sex and most of the body's other vital functions.

Recent evidence indicates that this potent little organ may support certain types of cancer. Seeking proof, neurosurgeons, internists and other specialists have teamed to uproot the pituitary gland—remove it in entirety from patients who have entered the "terminal" or death stage of prostate, breast and other forms of cancer.

In many cases the results have been amazing. Men and women who had been virtually condemned to death, their bodies racked by pain and wasted by malnutrition, have won reprieves of many months. Relieved of suffering and supported by hormone injections, a few so improved that they returned to their families and jobs.

The men who have performed this remarkable operation feel that they are on the trail of a discovery that may transform the cancer picture. But they also know that hundreds of patients and years of accumulated data will be needed before anyone can talk in terms of a cure for cancer. If it were up to them, they would print in big red letters across this article—WARNING: *This is only an experiment. It cannot yet be considered a treatment for anyone's brother, sister, husband or aunt.*

Nevertheless, sufficient progress has been reported to make public this first full story of the drastic new cancer-fighting technique.

Uprooting man's hypophysis is now being tried by small groups of clinicians and researchers in at least five points on the globe—Stockholm, Paris, Havana, New York, Baltimore.

At the forefront of this exciting human experiment are two Swedish scientists, Drs. Herbert Olivecrona and Rolf Luft, who during the last three years have performed hypophysectomy—removal of the pituitary gland—on 43 men and women in the final stages of cancer. Eighteen are still alive. Although ten of them are slowly losing the battle for survival, the other eight are well enough to resume full- or part-time employment.

One patient, a farmer's wife in her middle forties, was suffering constant and excruciating pain from a massive ulcerating cancer of the breast when brought to the Stockholm doctors. The malignancy, a raw wound that covered her entire chest from neck to navel, was badly infected.

Less than 72 hours after the hypophysectomy, the patient's pain had almost disappeared. Within a month, small islands of healthy skin tissue had begun to appear in the ravaged areas, and there were definite signs that the cancer had been checked. A year later, the woman was back home doing her normal farm duties.

Like all dedicated cancer workers, Drs. Luft and Olivecrona are ultracautious about their first-round victories. They point out that in no case is there evidence of total cure, that the danger of sudden recurrence of the disease is always present. But the fact that they routed or stopped rapidly spreading malignancy after all other known methods of treatment failed has impressed medical experts the world over. Specialists at The Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, The Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research in New York, and other leading research centers here and abroad are mobilizing their skill and equipment in the new assault against cancer.

The pituitary gland, focus of their attack, was long one of the body's unsolved mysteries. Tucked away in a tiny "skull" of its own at the base of the brain, it passed virtually unnoticed for centuries until Andreas Vesalius in 1543 tagged it with its absurd name.

Pituita is Latin for phlegm, and Vesalius thought, mistakenly, that he had discovered the source of nose mucus. Later the gland was written off as one of nature's useless leftovers, like the appendix.

The Body's Chemical Mastermind

Certainly no vital organ could appear less impressive. The pituitary gland is a dull-colored oval of spongy tissue, smaller than the tip of your little finger and weighing less than a cuff button. Yet recent investigators—many of whom prefer the name, hypophysis (Greek for "undergrowth")—have discovered that this mere smitch of a gland is virtually a second brain. A chemical mastermind, it directs and supervises most of the body's crucial processes from birth to death.

The interior of the hypophysis is a weird maze of oddly shaped cells in which ceaselessly whirling molecules carry on the business of producing hormones—special compounds earmarked for service to various organs and tissues of the body.

To date, nine key compounds have been discovered in the busy pituitary laboratory. One of these "chemical messengers," somatotropin, contains the magic factor of human growth. It has a general, roving assignment—to stimulate the development of all living tissues. The others have local jobs. They act as signal men that spark and regulate production by the thyroid, adrenals, gonads (sex glands) and other of the body's hormone factories.

Thus the tiny master gland exercises direct or remote control over an amazing variety of functions:

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY LENNART NILSSON

Brain?

"hopeless" cancer victims

growth, sexual development, metabolism (the conversion of food to energy and tissue), body temperature, blood pressure, water elimination, milk production, childbirth, and perhaps a score of other undiscovered operations.

Normally, the hypophysis works like a hidden control box, smoothly, silently synchronizing a vast and intricate communications system. But any damage, infection or injury to the microscopic pituitary cells may cause bizarre results. An overactive gland, by kicking too much growth hormone into the blood, can produce an eight-foot giant or burden a normal man or woman with huge, unsightly features, gigantic hands and feet. Too little of the precious compound can stunt a person's stature to 26 inches. Abnormal output of the hormones that control the sex glands, thyroid or adrenals can enlarge a man's breasts, add 600 pounds of fat to a normal frame, grow a thick black beard on a woman's face or impose all the signs of advanced age—wrinkled skin, loss of hair and teeth, mental senility—on a teen-age boy or girl.

Because of its far-reaching influence on organic processes, medical scientists for years have sought clues that might link the pituitary gland to cancer. In 1948, at Stockholm's general hospital, the Serafimerlasarettet, Drs. Luft and Olivecrona began to examine the evidence and to consider hypophysectomy as a possible treatment for cancer.

They recalled that in the thirties, Dr. Leo Loeb, a pathologist at Washington University, St. Louis, had shown that breast cancer can be deliberately induced in laboratory animals by an overdose of pituitary hormones. Later experiments by other researchers showed that cancer could be virtually turned on or off by adding or subtracting pituitary hormones.

The Swedish doctors knew that this evidence, overwhelming as it might seem, was far from conclusive. Medical experience in other fields had shown that reactions in experimental animals are not always duplicated in humans.

But a number of scientific deductions, based on modern concepts of cancer, added weight to the animal experiments. Cancer is first and foremost a mystery of growth. Suddenly, and without warning, some body cells become wild and unruly, begin to grow and multiply at a furious rate, invade the surrounding tissues and eventually migrate

Sweden's Dr. Herbert Olivecrona gives local anesthetic preparatory to removing patient's pituitary gland from base of brain. The gland apparently supports some types of cancer

The theory behind the amazing new pituitary operation: cancer may be

via the blood and lymph systems to form new rebel colonies of malignant, cannibalistic cells.

No one knows just why healthy cells turn malignant. But many investigators suspect that a chemical disturbance within the cells upsets their delicately balanced control system. Since the hypophysis—in partnership with the other endocrine organs—is the prime regulator of all body chemistry, Drs. Luft and Olivecrona thought it logical to assume that the master gland might be involved.

Cancer Cells Need Supplies

Recent studies have shown that although cancer cells are tougher than their neighbors, they are not—as was once believed—wholly autonomous. To continue their marauding, they need certain chemicals and hormones supplied to the tissues by the blood stream.

This theory pointed straight at the growth hormone. For adult men and women, this key pituitary compound is no longer essential. But there is every reason to believe that it may be a dietary staple for the rapacious uncontrolled growth we call cancer. If so, the Swedish doctors asked themselves, might it not be possible to *starve* these vicious cells to death by removing the pituitary gland and cutting off all supply of the hormone?

The two doctors found another important lead by descending the endocrine ladder to the adrenals—two small triangular organs perched atop the kidneys—and the gonads (ovaries and testes). These glands produce steroids, a family of compounds including the male and female sex hormones, known to exert a strong influence on some forms of cancer.

Cancers of the breast and prostate, organs frequently bombarded by the sex hormones, are often treated by removing the testes or ovaries, or by X-ray irradiation, to inactivate steroid production in these glands. A third technique, often called "chemical castration," calls for administration of counterhormones: male hormones to female patients, and vice versa—to stall or neutralize the offending steroids.

These methods—castration, irradiation, hormone therapy—often bring relief and freedom from pain for months at a time. But almost invariably the cancer returns.

One reason for this failure is the fact that the troublemaking steroids are never fully removed, even by castration. The adrenals continue production of steroids and often take up the hormone function of sex glands that have been removed or inactivated. Furthermore, recent evidence has shown that in some persons there exist tiny bits of gland tissue—abbreviated adrenals—that take over steroid production when both the adrenals and gonads have been removed.

To the Stockholm team, and to a handful of cancer men at other leading centers, the hardiness of the steroids was one more argument in favor of hypophysectomy. Since the sex glands, adrenals and other hormone producers are dependent upon the pituitary gland, why not remove the hypophysis and thus knock out all the steroids at once?

The thought was challenging, but with it there arose a disturbing problem—how to keep the patient alive while starving out the cancer. Dissections of laboratory animals and autopsies on humans revealed that destruction of the hypophysis led to collapse and atrophy of most of the body's organs.

Dr. Luft, who had mastered much of his endocrinology at top U.S. medical centers (Johns Hopkins, Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons, Massachusetts General Hospital), knew that persons could live comfortably without their ovaries or testes. A missing thyroid could be replaced by thyroid extract. But synthetic or purified hormones had not yet been developed that could substitute for the all-important adrenal glands, producers of the body's top chemical defenses against stress, injury and disease. According to the record, a man could not survive 72 hours without his adrenals.

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Don Tobin

COLLIER'S "But if Mother wanted it, *she* could find a way to afford it" DON TOBIN

This major roadblock to hypophysectomy was broken in the spring of 1949 with a dramatic announcement from Rochester's Mayo Clinic that one of the most important adrenal hormones, cortisone, had been successfully synthesized. Results of cortisone treatment on patients suffering adrenal insufficiency were good.

Early in 1951, Drs. Luft and Olivecrona decided to go ahead with hypophysectomy. Because of the dangers involved, they agreed to operate on only hopelessly advanced cancer cases. But even before they tackled their first case, there was more exciting news from the United States. Working with cortisone, Drs. Charles Huggins and Delbert M. Bergenstal of the University of Chicago Medical School had succeeded in removing the adrenals of two prostate-cancer sufferers and keeping the patients alive for months!

The outlook for hormone management—Luft's department—thus was hopeful, but there remained the problem of the operation itself.

Dr. Olivecrona, a world-ranking brain surgeon who had worked with America's late, famed Dr. Harvey Cushing, was no stranger to the hypophysis. His scalpel had often trimmed away grossly overgrown sections of the master gland which, due to tumor or infection, had spilled out of their container and pressed upward on the brain. But removing the entire organ was another matter. Nature herself had conspired to prevent humans from prying into the secret of the precious gland by locking it away in a bony capsule, the *sella turcica,* so named because it resembles the deep depression of a Turkish saddle.

At the top of this cavity, a diaphragm of tissue seals in the gland, which a thin stalk, composed of 50,000 nerve fibers, connects with the brain. To sever this stalk it would be necessary to work through a tangle of important nerves and blood vessels. A surgical slip of a fraction of an inch might sever the optic nerve, causing blindness, or pierce a major artery, hiding the operative field in hemorrhage.

Once this obstacle course was run, there would still remain the problem of reaching down into the "Turkish saddle," working blind, and extracting every last bit of the gland adhering to the walls of its protective cage. Even a few shreds of active pituitary tissue left behind might compromise the results of the hypophysectomy.

In the spring of 1951, Dr. Olivecrona began to operate. His technique was dramatic. With unhesitating precision, he raised a flap of bone from the patient's forehead, lifted the frontal lobe of the brain, directed his probing instruments along the floor of the skull, pulled aside the right optic nerve and snipped the stalk of neural tissue from which the hypophysis is suspended. Then, piercing the diaphragm that seals the gland into its cup, he used a tiny spoonlike instrument and surgical nippers to remove the hypophysis piecemeal. To complete the operation, he scraped the walls of the chamber, then packed a pledget of cotton, soaked with a cauterizing fluid, into the empty saddle and held it there for a few minutes before closing the wound.

Many who went under Dr. Olivecrona's knife were in such an advanced stage of physiologic deterioration that survival of more than a few weeks was a welcome surprise. At least a year of metabolic studies on surviving patients and a series of post-mortem tissue examinations would be required before the effects of the operation could be evaluated.

But from the beginning, one very encouraging fact stood out: all patients, without exception, withstood the surgery well. Dosed with cortisone to prime them for the shock of the knife, and given enough cortisone and thyroid extract after the operation to replace the missing hormones, they showed none of the typical effects of pituitary deficiency.

While the Swedish team was pushing the new attack in Stockholm, other workers—thousands of miles apart—were pioneering in the same direction.

From the Boucicaut Hospital in Paris came a report by a French group, headed by neurosurgeon Jean LeBeau and endocrinologist Marcel Perrault, on the case of a woman secretary, aged forty-three, who was admitted in November of 1951 with a huge, rapidly growing cancer of the right breast.

Late in November, Dr. LeBeau operated. Almost immediately the patient's pain vanished, her appetite climbed, and the tumor, although it did not shrink, became static. The right breast was amputated in a follow-up operation. Six months later—in May, 1952—the secretary was in excellent general physical condition and about to return to her job.

Men Considered Inoperable

At The Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, Dr. William W. Scott, chief of the Brady Urological Institute, had watched patients die of advanced inoperable cancer of the prostate—a leading killer of men. He decided to try hypophysectomy on some of these hopeless cases, and called in neurosurgeon A. Earl Walker and endocrinologist John E. Howard.

The first operation, attempted in 1948 before the advent of cortisone, was unsuccessful. In November, 1951, they tried again, this time on a seventy-two-year-old man afflicted with a widespread prostatic cancer which had caused severe loss of appetite, urinary obstruction and paralysis of one side of his face. He was badly emaciated, suffered so constantly from acute back pain that he had to use opiates, and seemed to be failing rapidly.

Sixty days after the operation, all the patient's pain was gone, the urinary symptoms had disappeared, his appetite was excellent and he had gained 18 pounds. The local prostatic growth had decreased markedly in size.

This patient died five months later—not from cancer, but from a blood clot *controlled by starving the rampaging cells to death*

that lodged in a pulmonary artery after an exploratory operation for acute appendicitis.

Four other operations followed, all on men past sixty years in acute stages of physical decline. One lived only three days after surgery. Another survived 34 days, but died of advanced paralysis when the malignancy hit his spine. A third won a nine-month reprieve, and the most recent case lived almost 13 months. This latter case, operated on in November, 1952, won prompt and complete relief from pain, his appetite improved, his weight increased and a stubborn arm fracture healed. The cause of his death was not cancer, but a stroke.

A Housewife Returns to Work

One of the most recent groups to investigate the new technique of cancer treatments is at the Radiological Institute of the Mercedes Hospital in Havana—Drs. José A. Schutte, Jorge A. Picaza, Zoilo Marinello and Juan Marquez. These men have performed six hypophysectomies—for cancer of the breast, ovaries and uterus. Their earliest and only reported case, a middle-aged housewife, was so badly affected by a cancer of the breast that had invaded her side and neck that she could not move her arm or head or open her mouth. She was being kept under constant morphine. Operated on in December, 1952, she is now almost completely free of all cancer symptoms and has resumed her household activities.

A tally of these first returns in the new anticancer campaign made it obvious, more than a year ago, that the pituitary gland is definitely implicated in malignant growth. But very little was known about the specific way in which the hypophysis affects the development of cancer. Was there a direct connection, via the growth hormone which sparks all body tissues? Or was there only remote control—relayed by the adrenals and the sex glands?

Experiments with purified growth hormone at Stanford University, the University of California and McGill University in Montreal offered convincing evidence that this compound directly affects cancer growth—in rats. Huge doses, to simulate an overactive pituitary gland, caused numerous malignant tumors. Total withdrawal, by removing the hypophysis, prevented tumor formation, overriding the effects of coal-tar derivatives and other surefire cancer-producing drugs.

But there was only one way to find out whether the pituitary gland works independently—irrespective of its partnership with the steroid-making organs—in the development of cancer in humans. That was to perform hypophysectomy on dying cancer victims whose adrenals and sex glands had already been removed.

Since adrenalectomy—removal of the adrenal glands—is a new and rarely performed operation, finding such patients was not easy. The opportunity finally arose at New York's Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research, where the most advanced studies on hypophysectomy are now being conducted. Led by Drs. Olof Pearson, chief of the Metabolic Laboratory, and Norman Treves, institute specialists removed the pituitary glands of eight cancer patients who had previously undergone castration and adrenalectomy.

The first report on this work—on two of the cases—has just been submitted to a medical conference. The results show that in both cases the hypophysectomy caused a definite shrinkage of the cancer and substantial improvement in the patient. The more interesting of the two, a woman in her late forties, was brought to Sloan-Kettering dying of a rapidly growing cancer that had spread from her breast to her spine. In a desperate effort to halt the disease, doctors had tried everything—X rays, hormones and surgery, including removal of her breast, ovaries and adrenal glands. These measures brought only temporary relief.

Last August, she lay doubled up in agony, unable to leave the bed or to straighten her body for the examining doctor. Her weight had dropped rapidly and her blood—thinned out by cancerous destruction of bone marrow—was slow to clot. A broken leg, sustained months before, refused to knit.

Then the hypophysectomy was performed. As reported on May 1st to the American Association for Clinical Investigation, this patient had gained 22 pounds, most of her pain had disappeared, the blood anemia was gone, her leg fracture had welded satisfactorily, and she was strong enough to walk again. X rays and urine calcium tests showed that the bone cancer had definitely receded.

The facts of this case, and others not yet officially reported, provide solid evidence that the hypophysis exerts a direct influence on cancer through the somatotropic or growth hormone. To nail down the evidence, Dr. Pearson, a brilliant young researcher, devised an ingenious postoperative experiment.

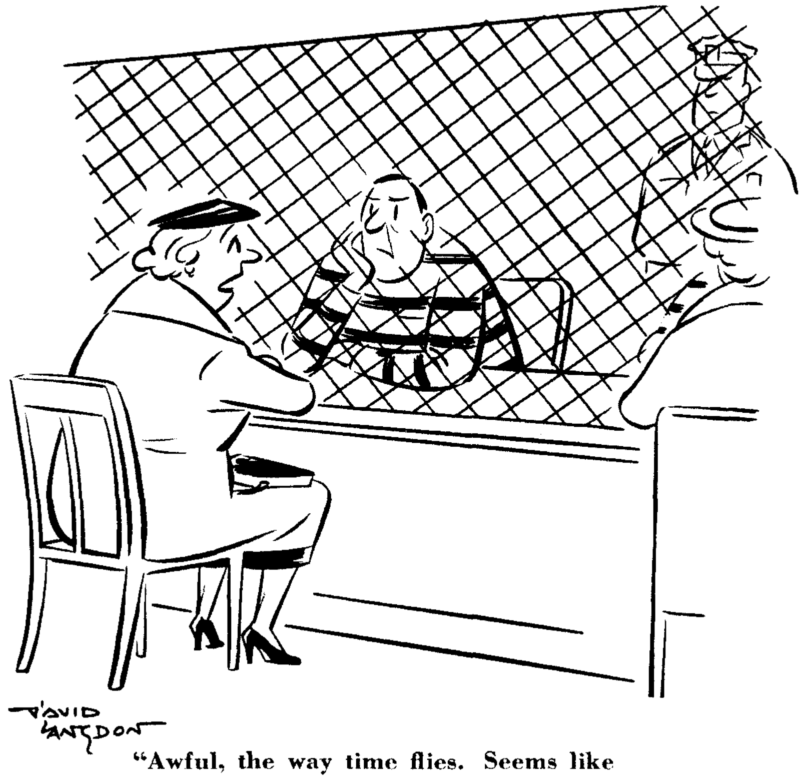
If somatotropin, and not some unknown factor, is the compound that helps to feed malignancy, he reasoned, then a small amount of it returned to the blood stream should reactivate the cancer. The urine calcium test, sensitive to the slightest rise or fall of bone destruction, made it possible for him to inject minute, safe quantities of the growth hormone for a period of 18 days without endangering the patient. Although no symptomatic effects were noticeable, the urine calcium level shot up, indicating increased bone destruction by the cancer. When the growth hormone was withdrawn, the calcium level dropped.

Pituitary Surgery Will Continue

The Sloan-Kettering findings offer striking support for the daring surgical procedure that was begun, with so much apprehension, in Stockholm, Paris and Baltimore. Interest in hypophysectomy is still spreading, and before long we can expect to see scores of top scientists probing the tiny gland, seeking answers to questions that continue to balk efforts to defeat cancer.

Today's investigators admit that much of the pituitary laboratory remains shrouded in mystery. We still don't know why the gland affects certain types of cancer tissue—breast, prostate, uterus—yet by-passes others. Pituitary hormones have been used to spark or starve lung, liver and stomach cancers in test animals, but not in humans. Nor have we traced the specific pathways or chemical alliances whereby these hormones influence normal or malignant cells. Researchers are trying to find out how other hormones and tissue compounds act to suppress or stimulate the hypophysis.

Until such questions are answered, it won't be possible to complete the pituitary-cancer story. But the first big step of the investigation—hypophysectomy—has already given us a powerful weapon for striking at cancer after it has passed the stage when the best of today's treatments, X ray and local surgery, are futile. Moreover, scientists hope that by removing the gland they may learn enough to find a drug or counterhormone that will eliminate the need for surgery and provide tomorrow's citizens with a major defense against cancer. ▲▲▲



"Awful, the way time flies. Seems like only yesterday since last visiting day . . ."

COLLIER'S DAVID LANGDON

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and some people ask for what they want
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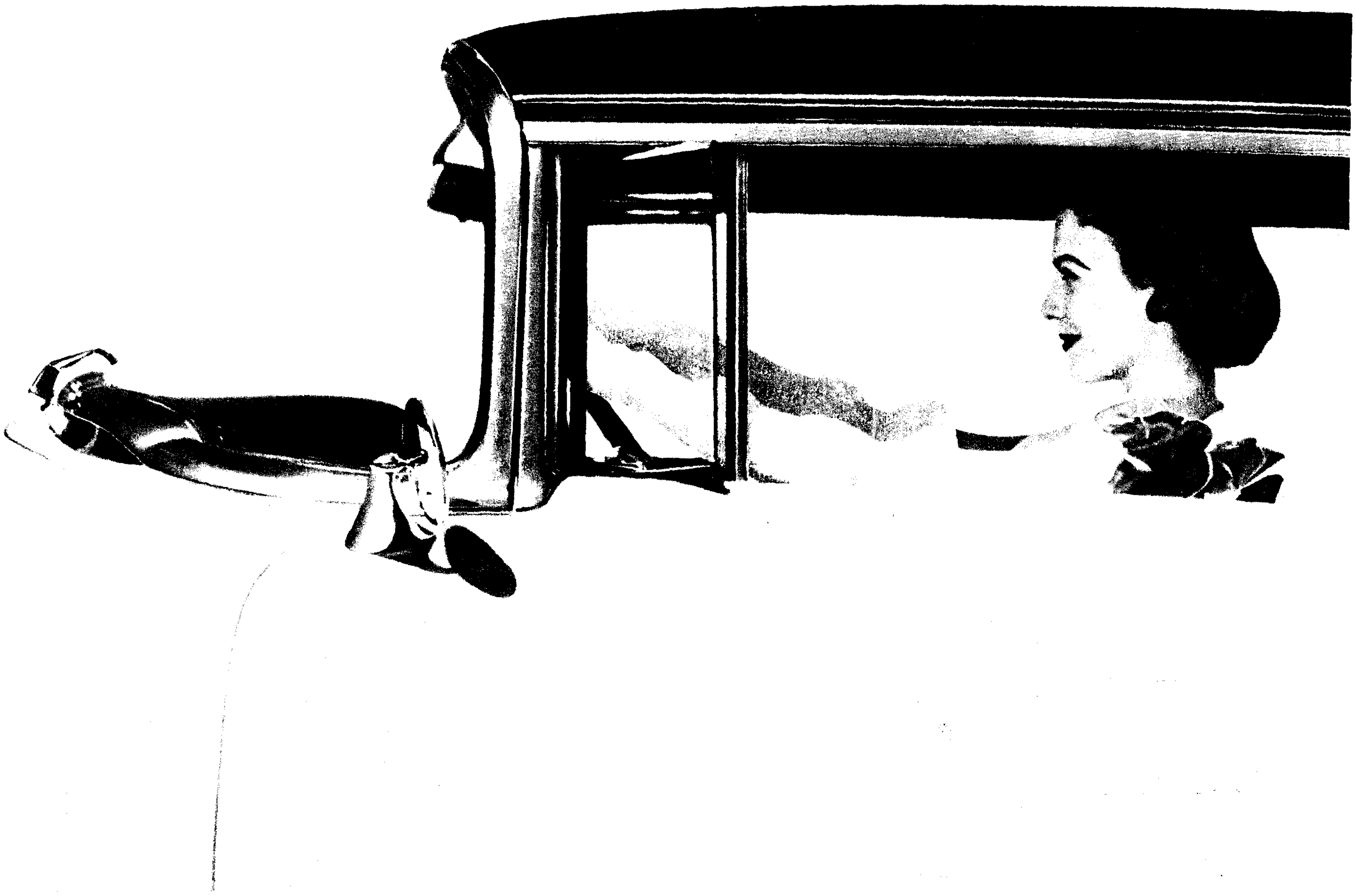

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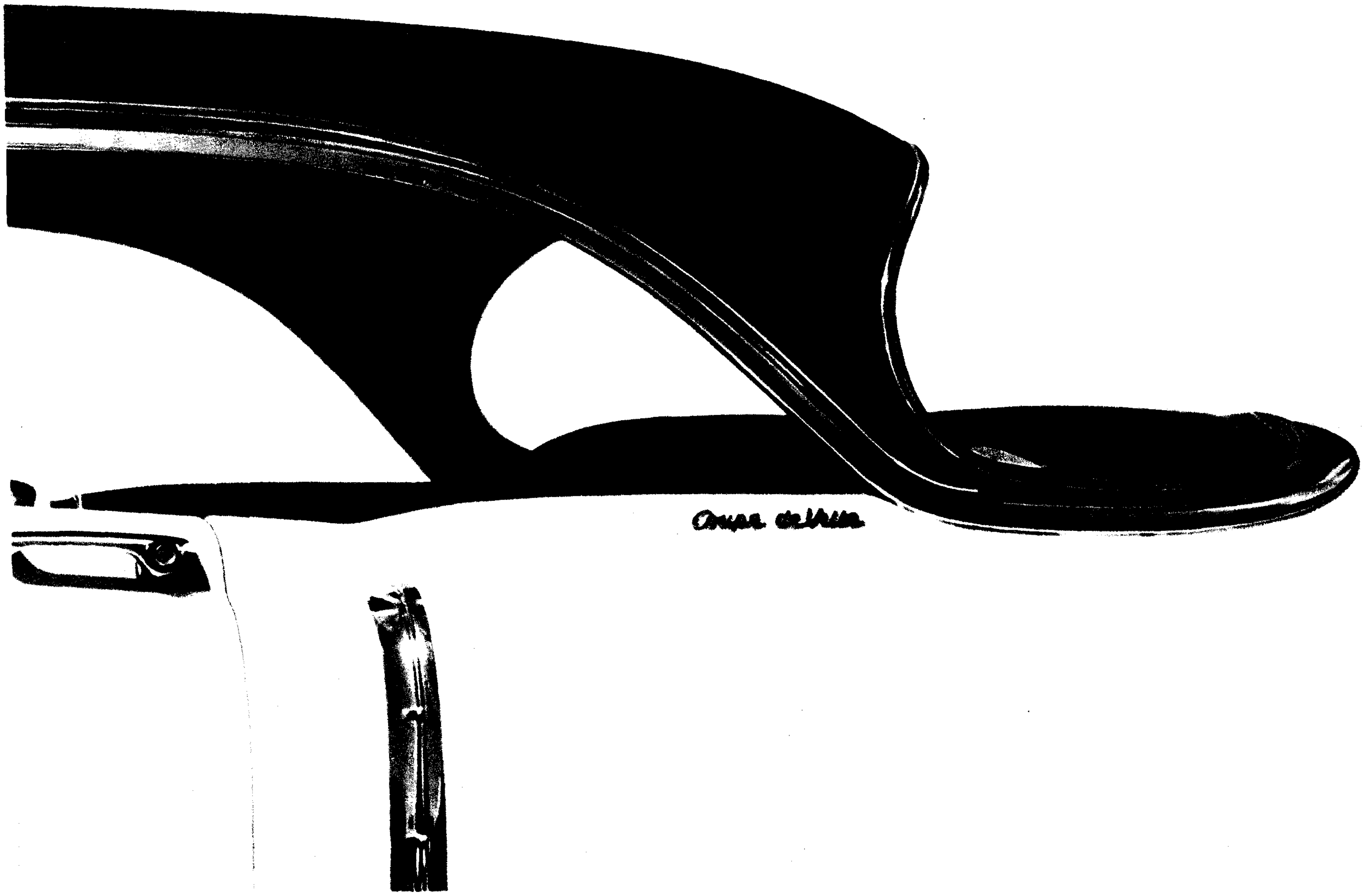

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THE PLIGHT OF THE HONEST COP

"There Are Bad Boys

Over a million run afoul of the law every year—and the number is rising. Police are

THE figure of the bulky cop emerged suddenly from the shadows of the tenement walls, moving swiftly on the group of adolescents loitering under the street-corner light.

"Scram—the cop!"

The group broke wildly in all directions. One luckless lad got a cuff from the back of the cop's hand as he passed. "G'wan, you no-good hoodlums!" the red-faced officer yelled. "How many times must I tell you to stay off this corner?"

From a safe distance came the taunting response of youthful voices: "Copper—dirty copper!"

"The old methods of so-called stern justice and discipline have failed. The old police insistence on a pound of flesh for juvenile misconduct has not accomplished any favorable results. Rather it has developed fear and hatred toward the police among youth, and has, indeed, tended to increase juvenile crime."—John W. Polcyn, Chief of Police, Milwaukee.

On another beat in the same city, on the same night, Patrolman Mike Sullivan moved with unhurried pace on a group of boys hanging around a street corner. His appearance caused no panicked scurrying among the boys. Patrolman Sullivan said firmly but without rancor:

"Listen, fellers, you'll have to break it up and find a better place to get together. You're blocking traffic here. I know it's hard to find a decent place to hold a huddle, but you'll just have to find one."

"Okay, Mike," the boys said, and they disbanded.

"Your approach to the juvenile in your work and in your neighborhood can often mean the difference between a future good citizen and a confirmed cop-hater. Let's not kid ourselves—there are bad boys and bad girls, but no damning on your part is going to change them one iota. On the other hand, a friendly approach in your contact with kids may cause them to see you as an interested human being, one who is only doing his duty as the hired referee in this game of life."—Thomas R. Jones, Superintendent of Police, Minneapolis, in a memo to his men.

Patrolman Sullivan fetched a notebook from a bulging hip pocket, and penned a memorandum to the new Juvenile Bureau of the police department; he knew the bureau would assign one of its specially trained young men to investigate and to try to bring the group of boys into contact with available facilities that might allow them to blow off steam without getting into trouble.

Patrolman Sullivan's handling of this seemingly insignificant incident reflects a new look in American police service—a look ahead that is destined eventually to revolutionize local law enforcement. It signifies the gradual shift from the traditional police emphasis on catching criminals toward *preventing* crime by checking juvenile delinquency. It is bringing to the fore a new police specialty—juvenile officers—that may in time do more to reduce crime than all the scientific criminal-catching gadgets of the last century.

and Bad Girls..."

By ALBERT DEUTSCH

meeting the challenge with a revolutionary new approach. Here's how it is working out

Leading police and child-welfare experts who are pushing this trend know that the great majority of convicts now filling our adult prisons to overflowing started their criminal careers as juvenile delinquents. They know that timely and well-directed intercession can detour many a troubled child from the road that leads to prison. They know that the cop is a key figure in any such plan.

Grim Statistics on Teen-Agers' Crimes

They are aware of the disturbing figures showing a 30 per cent increase in American juvenile delinquency between 1948 and 1952, and another substantial rise in 1953. They have seen the grim statistics revealing that youngsters under eighteen commit more than half of all automobile thefts, nearly half of all burglaries, about one out of every seven rapes and one out of every 25 homicides. And they know that the number of children of juvenile age (about ten to seventeen years) is expected to be nearly 45 per cent higher in 1960 than it was in 1950—so that even if the delinquency rate remains at the present percentage level, there is sure to be a very considerable numerical increase.

The police represent a first line of defense against child delinquency. Every year they handle more than a million juveniles involved in alleged violations of the law. Only a fourth of these youngsters ever reach the juvenile courts; the rest are disposed of through "street-corner courts"—released with a reprimand by the cop, brought home to their parents, referred to social agencies or discharged after a stay in the police station or other place of detention.

That split-second decision by the cop with a child in his custody can make or break a human being. If the policeman's decision is clouded by prejudice, blind anger, sadism or ignorance of human behavior, it can spell disaster for the child—and, cumulatively, for the community. The good cop—and there are many—must know when to be firm and when to be gentle. He must possess wisdom, compassion, an understanding of children and a fine sense of public responsibility.

Juvenile Court Judge George Edwards of Detroit told me of a case that had come before him a year ago. A policeman walking his beat at two in the morning noticed a store door broken open. His flashlight revealed the figure of a fifteen-year-old boy crouching behind the store counter, gripping a revolver. The officer might have been justified in shooting first, asking questions afterward. He had a wife and three children waiting for him at home. Instead, he commanded the youth to drop his gun. The boy grimly held on. Another command failed to get a response. For the third time the officer barked: *"I said drop that gun!"* This time, the boy's gun fell to the floor. Many policemen would say their fellow officer was foolhardy in taking a chance of getting shot. But the officer said: "I just couldn't shoot that kid, even if he did have a gun pointed at me." It turned out to be the boy's first offense. He was put on probation, made an excellent adjustment and is doing well, Judge Edwards noted.

But too many policemen still share the cynical attitude of the cop who recently quipped:

"Sure, I believe in giving the juvenile delinquent a pat on the back—provided that it's low enough and hard enough to do some good."

Survey Reveals Better Police Methods

Nonetheless, a survey of police handling of juvenile delinquency in a dozen cities leaves me deeply impressed by the strides being made in the application of the modern concept of training delinquent children not with the primary idea of punishing them for misbehavior—though stern discipline is sometimes needed—but rather by meting out such measures as are most likely to help the child and the community by aborting criminal careers.

Today there are more than 300 local police departments with special juvenile police assigned to handle child delinquents and to take active roles in community programs aimed at preventing crime.

New York's police department, the largest force in the country, boasts the largest juvenile bureau, headed by Deputy Commissioner James B. Nolan, a soft-voiced, veteran cop with a trace of the old sod still on his tongue. Although Nolan himself rose through the ranks from a foot cop, he has required a college degree of every new officer coming into the Juvenile Aid Bureau since he took command in 1944. As a result, today nine out of every ten of the JAB's 200 policemen and policewomen have at least a bachelor's degree, and many have graduate degrees from schools of social work. Methods of handling juvenile cases have changed accordingly.

In the old days, a juvenile apprehended by a policeman would be handled like a pint-sized criminal. He would be taken in a regular police car or Black Maria to the station house, where he would be put into the lockup until another paddy wagon transported him to jail along with adult suspects. If the offense were a minor one, the policeman might take the boy home, with his uniform or plainly

GARRY WINOGRAND

Any juvenile-delinquency program begins with the officer on the beat and the way he handles street-corner gangs. These youths were posed on New York's tough East Side

marked scout car flashing a signal to the neighborhood that the boy was in trouble with the law.

The procedure in a modern police department with a well-staffed juvenile bureau is vastly different. That followed by the Los Angeles Police Department's Juvenile Bureau is representative.

Any beat cop who observes or suspects criminal acts by a person under eighteen years of age first takes whatever immediate action is necessary to protect life and property, then reports the case to the Juvenile Division. The juvenile is detained or released to the parents. (If transported, it is in an unmarked police car and by nonuniformed officers.) Juvenile officers then survey the case, interviewing school personnel, parents and associates, and usually the family's minister, doctor or neighborhood welfare leader.

A Day in the Life of Patrolman Olsen

How does the well-trained juvenile cop go about his job? I traced an entire workday of activities with Patrolman Albert J. Olsen, a member of the New York City police force for seventeen years, and a member of the JAB since 1946. Olsen has a Master of Social Service college degree, and is married, with three children.

Olsen's first act of the day was to visit a public school in his district to interview a seven-year-old pupil, Arthur, who had had a quarter snatched from his hand as he was bearing it for deposit in the school bank. Arthur named as the juvenile hijacker an eleven-year-old named Richard, who also had been charged with preying upon other boys. After interviewing Arthur, Olsen talked with Richard without identifying his informant. Richard denied all. The officer then visited the nearby home of Richard's parents, and, later, the home of another youngster who had complained of having been victimized by Richard. There was nobody home at either place, and Olsen made arrangements to get both interviews another time.

The officer then sought out a radio-car patrolman regarding another case. The patrolman had picked up two boys accused of breaking into a candy store; he had made out a JAB form and sent the youngsters home.

Olsen visited the home of one of the boys, Eric, whose mother declared that her son, aged fifteen, had never been a problem, and that he had been seeking an after-school job.

Olsen then went to the second boy's home, in the same neighborhood. On the way, he noticed a "boy wanted" sign in a laundry-store window and phoned the information to Eric's mother. At the second boy's home, Olsen encountered a messed-up situation. The family, with four children, was jammed in a two-room flat in a dilapidated tenement building; one girl, eighteen and unwed, was four months pregnant. The mother was a chronic alcoholic so overwhelmed by her own woes that Olsen found it hard to get her to talk about her son's problems.

The boy, George, fifteen, denied participating in the alleged break-in of the candy store. He had never been in trouble before, according to Olsen's check, and he was doing well at school. Olsen's impression of George was favorable. He made a note to see a witness to the alleged offense to gather more information, and also to see about getting some free psychiatric treatment for the lad's mother.

Patrolman Olsen next visited the home of James, a fourteen-year-old accused of participating in an unprovoked group assault on a man at a street corner. Nobody was home.

The juvenile officer then went to James's high school, where he learned that the boy belonged to a recently organized group that went about picking fights "just for the hell of it." The school authorities described James as an over-grown adolescent who often bullied smaller boys.

Olsen stopped off to talk to a druggist on the street corner the boy's group used as a hangout, then visited the home of Ralph, a second boy allegedly involved in the same assault case. He spoke to the father, a man of dignity and intelligence, who expressed surprise that his son, no problem at home, should be engaged in street fighting. Olsen made an appointment for Ralph to visit him at his precinct office, and called it a day. He jotted down a reminder to follow up on the group with a view to breaking it up before its members got into serious trouble.

Later, I checked to see what had been the outcome of the three cases Patrolman Olsen worked on that day. All had been handled humanely and with dispatch. Subsequent investigation of the coin-snatching incident showed that neither Arthur nor any other boy at the school could positively identify Richard as the culprit. The case was dropped. In the alleged candy-store burglary, Olsen was satisfied after thorough checking that neither Eric nor George had done anything wrong; witnesses said that the boys' presence on the scene apparently was innocent. The officer referred George's family to social agencies which could help them, and closed the case.

Deutsch

Collier's Author Gives His Views to Senators

Hendrickson

A few weeks ago, Albert Deutsch, author of the Collier's series on The Plight of the Honest Cop, was invited to appear before the special Senate committee which is investigating juvenile delinquency, under the chairmanship of Senator Robert C. Hendrickson of New Jersey. Mr. Deutsch was asked to testify as an expert on the problem, and to offer recommendations for legislation. Here, greatly condensed, are excerpts from his testimony which are pertinent to the article on these pages:

MR. DEUTSCH: . . . I will confine myself mainly to two aspects of juvenile delinquency—the institutional aspect and the development of police handling of juvenile delinquents. I have had occasion to make two journalistic surveys of these problems. I found in most cases our training schools for juvenile delinquents were suffering from seven deadly sins: regimentation, mass handling, monotony, cruel and unusual punishments, political influence, underpaid and overworked staffs, and public niggardliness and neglect . . .

SENATOR HENDRICKSON: . . . Mr. Deutsch, have you any specific recommendations that you would make as a result of your surveys which will help us carry out suitable reform?

MR. DEUTSCH: . . . I would strongly recommend federal grants-in-aid for training and research in institutionalizing of juvenile delinquents . . .

SENATOR HENDRICKSON: Now you were going to turn to your other field.

MR. DEUTSCH: An article I have done on the police handling of juvenile delinquency will be published in Collier's in the next month or two. I talked to a great many people in the field, visited about a dozen cities and talked to juvenile authorities from coast to coast. I was greatly impressed by the development—which I think is of great significance—of a new specialty in our police forces, the juvenile policeman. The old, rough, tough policeman is gradually being succeeded by men who are imbued with a special understanding of children, who are taking their place beside social workers, psychologists, psychiatrists and schoolteachers in a united, co-ordinated effort to combat the juvenile delinquency problem . . .

SENATOR HENNINGS: . . . Thank you so much, Mr. Deutsch, for your fine contribution to the work of this committee.

Not Altogether an "Innocent Victim"

The gang-beating proved less clear-cut than it had seemed at first: the victim apparently had started the fight, and a foot patrolman who went to the man's assistance reported that he had been very abusive. James promised to stop bullying other boys, and Ralph promised to stay away from the incipient gang that was involved in the incident. The case was closed.

The Juvenile Aid Bureau in New York is perhaps the most professionally oriented in the country. Nolan frankly admits he made many mistakes when he took over the newly organized JAB in 1944. Although he always liked kids and gave much thought to problems of delinquency, he had his share of traditional police prejudices against the "soft" and "impractical" attitudes of social workers. Gradually, as he came into closer contact with them, his respect for these professionals heightened. Several years ago the JAB program was raked over the coals in a survey conducted by Dr. Alfred J. Kahn for the Citizens' Committee on Children in New York City—one of the country's most effective groups active in child welfare—but many of the criticized conditions have been corrected since.

Generally, the relations between the nation's police departments and social agencies remain cool, if not downright hostile. In many cities, social agency heads complain that the police adopt a "know-it-all" attitude and, instead of discussing co-operative ways of handling a problem, tend to give authoritarian directions.

Lacking sufficient training in child psychology and community problems, police often oversimplify the complex problems they cope with—sometimes with disastrous results. Too many policemen are convinced that the main cause of child delinquency is bad parents. They may come into the home of a child in trouble, and deliver long and angry lectures to bewildered parents. Sometimes ill-trained

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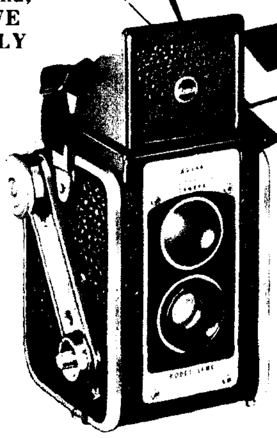

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juvenile officers will stomp into a home, hold a quickie interview with whoever happens to be around, and, without more ado, lay out a plan of action not only for the delinquent but for his whole family. Like untrained people generally, they are apt to lose their tempers when their advice is ignored or disputed.

The trained social worker, on the other hand, is likely to be skilled in the art of handling individuals and families without injecting himself further into a complex problem than his own limitations allow. Possessed of some understanding of human interactions, he is apt to be more patient—and therefore more successful.

In most cities, child-welfare experts complain that when policemen, including juvenile officers, weigh disposition of child-delinquency cases they tend to place too much emphasis on the seriousness of the offense, and too little on the individual child's personality. The child-welfare people point out that a boy who commits a serious offense might yet be salvaged by skillful casework, probation service or psychiatric treatment—whereas he might be damaged further by commitment to a reformatory. Conversely, institutional care might be best for a particular boy involved in a seemingly minor offense.

In some cities, the clash between juvenile police and social agencies is quite bitter. Testifying last December before the Hendrickson Senate Subcommittee investigating the juvenile delinquency problem, Captain John F. Ryan, head of the Washington, D.C., Police Department's juvenile bureau, commented: "The policeman and the sociologist are two different human beings. We don't talk the same language. We don't think the same things. . . . This is a fact which you will find as you go around the cities of America."

Mistakes of Some Sociologists

Going around the cities of America, I did find some communities where excessive suspicions of sociologists and social workers still persist among police officers. This suspicion is fed by unfortunate and unrealistic attitudes on the part of some social workers. They often tend to be condescending to the police. They are apt to regard all cops as representing outmoded punitive concepts, ignoring the fact that significant changes have been taking place. In their concentration on the juvenile as a person, they often fail to give due recognition to the problem of public safety which the policeman must consider, too. They also fail, often, to recognize the vital matter of community opinion and pressures that impinge painfully on the police.

Nonetheless, in an encouraging number of cities I found police officials going more than halfway to co-operate with child-welfare and family agencies in a common attack on juvenile delinquency. This constructive approach was especially true of Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Los Angeles, Kansas City (Missouri), Philadelphia and Detroit.

The Detroit Police Department, under Commissioner Donald S. Leonard, has a unique and valuable arrangement with sociologists for obtaining scientific information on juvenile problems. Senior Inspector Sanford Shoults, Director of Youth Activities, often sends records to Dr. William W. Wattenberg, professor of psychology at Wayne University, for analysis and interpretation, so that the police can keep abreast of basic facts about the local delinquency problem. Usually, Shoults asks Wattenberg and his colleagues specific questions that he'd like answered, such as: Are there any clues as to why repeaters repeat? Is it possible to trace any patterns in vandalism among Detroit's youth, or to tell us anything about the causes of destructive behavior? Wattenberg and his colleagues usually come up with useful leads.

An Efficient Agency at Work

The Detroit Youth Bureau is one of the oldest, as well as one of the best-functioning, juvenile police agencies. The bureau has three juvenile policemen attached to each of the city's fifteen police precincts, plus five specially trained cops at Youth Bureau headquarters who lecture to school children, teachers and parents on good citizenship training and methods of reducing delinquency. Also operating out of headquarters are 11 policewomen under a sergeant, who investigate alleged girl delinquents and patrol special trouble areas. The Youth Bureau is alert particularly for incipient gang wars.

Some months ago, rivalries between the pupils of a public school and a nearby parochial school resulted in several pitched battles after the three-o'clock closing gong sounded in both schools. Inspector Ralph Baker, commanding officer of the Youth Bureau, worked out a plan with the two school principals for staggering the daily dismissal time so the rival groups didn't cross each other's paths. This device afforded time to do an educational job on the boys in both schools, finally ending the conflict.

Inspector Baker, on the basis of his years of experience and the reports he receives, disagrees with many other police officers who say parental neglect is the only cause of delinquency.

"Actually," he says, "there are many causes, as all real experts know. There are general environmental factors, home factors, school factors, lack of community facilities, group tensions, slums, social insecurities, and emotional disturbance in the child himself. Delinquency, here as elsewhere, crosses all social and economic lines."

Detroit, like many other cities, has been troubled recently with pint-size riots among high-school children during and after sports events. In many cities I visited, police officers in charge of juvenile details blamed overemphasis of high-school sports for creating tensions that sometimes find violent outlets when rival teams meet. In Detroit there has been a movement to bar high-school night games, where adolescent tempers are most apt to reach the point of no control.

Even with this relatively new center of juvenile jinks, Inspector Baker is inclined to decry the present tendency to make invidious comparisons between children today and those of previous generations. Juvenile gangs, he points out, also were numerous and dangerous in Detroit when he was a boy.

Baker also pooh-poohs a widely prevalent notion that the most effective way of curing delinquency is to provide more recreational facilities for chil-

lelinquency, but they're no cure-all

dren. "Our officers," he says, "are often called to investigate delinquent acts in the playgrounds and recreational buildings themselves. I am not suggesting that recreation is not good for kids. We do need more of it. But let's not fool ourselves that it represents a panacea for juvenile delinquency."

Yet, while the role of recreation is often exaggerated, no expert doubts that it has value. Many juvenile bureaus operate or sponsor recreational programs for children in connection with their crime-prevention activities.

These programs range from a modest annual outing for slum kids to the million-dollar-a-year Police Athletic League (PAL) program operated under the auspices of the Juvenile Aid Bureau in New York City. PAL's funds are raised by voluntary contributions. The organization maintains Youth Centers for indoor recreation in congested areas; summer play streets and playgrounds; seasonal tournaments in various sports; and such special activities as taking groups of children to professional sports events, Hudson River boat rides and to the PAL camp in the Adirondack Mountains. Another successful children's recreation program is the Deputy Auxiliary Police (DAP) organization of the Los Angeles Police Department, operated by about 40 regular police officers, assisted by civilian volunteers.

A major obstacle to the development of juvenile police is the tendency in some police departments to use their crime-prevention bureaus as convenient dumping grounds for aging patrolmen no longer considered fit for pounding a regular beat. Also, the juvenile bureau is regarded with a jaundiced eye by many old-line patrolmen who deem it a "bulletproof job" without the hazards of beat duty, and one that generally does not require night or week-end work.

On the other hand, more ambitious officers may shun juvenile assignments because they are regarded—often with good cause—as blind alleys in so far as promotions are concerned.

What the Public Should Realize

Detroit's Youth Bureau is one of the few that hold out attractive promotional possibilities. Inspector Baker, its commanding officer under Director Shoults, rose from a lieutenant's rank to his present inspectorship within the bureau. Lieutenant Francis Davey, one of the bureau's best men, joined it as a patrolman, then ran a precinct vice squad as a sergeant, then returned to the bureau, and was promoted to a lieutenant's rank, then did a stint in charge of a precinct station before again returning to juvenile work. His demonstrated ability in handling other police assignments has increased the Juvenile Bureau's prestige in the eyes of other cops. Police Commissioner Leonard himself is fully sold on the vital place of the juvenile police. "We could move much faster," he says, "if the public could realize that every delinquent snatched from a criminal career means tax money saved and misery reduced."

A big lift to the movement was afforded in August by the U.S. Children's Bureau when it conducted, with the co-operation of the International Association of Chiefs of Police, a three-day conference on juvenile police problems at East Lansing, Michigan, attended by law-enforcement and welfare leaders from all parts of the country. A report was drafted setting up standards for effective juvenile police activities, along with areas of co-operation with social agencies. A privately financed special Juvenile Delinquency Project, sponsored by the Children's Bureau and directed by Bertram M. Beck, is conducting a vigorous campaign to promote greater community interest in well-staffed juvenile bureaus.

From a Police Chiefs' Report

The International Association of Police Chiefs last year approved a report which said: "We believe that any law-enforcement agency which has sufficient man power should maintain a juvenile bureau staffed with men and women who should be carefully selected for their fitness for dealing with juvenile problems. These persons, unless they have already had executive experience in social work or have received formal education in this field, should be given necessary in-service training. Indeed, the absence of a juvenile crime-control unit in any large department is an indication of a failure to keep abreast of the times."

A significant step in this field was taken seven years ago with the creation of the first special-training school for juvenile officers—the Delinquency Control Institute (DCI) at the University of Southern California. Directed by a former Cleveland juvenile court referee, Dan G. Pursuit, the institute provides twelve-week courses twice a year for up to 20 law-enforcement officers sent there for special training by police departments throughout the country. The officer-students get intensive training in such subjects as child behavior, environmental and personality factors in juvenile delinquency, what is known about prevention and treatment, and the use of social agencies in the community. I had a bull session with the student body at the DCI last fall and was deeply impressed with the enthusiasm, idealism and intelligence of the officers who, on their return to their several communities, would not only apply what they had learned but would spread the gospel to their fellow officers.

And so the new look in police work steadily takes on larger dimensions and sharper focus as stress shifts from the punitive to the preventive approach.

Yet, even under the best of circumstances, the police alone will never be able to conquer the delinquency problem. Police Chief William H. Parker of Los Angeles observes:

"Police work cannot repair the damage created by unhealthy environment, unwise parents and unfortunate physical or mental conditions. Increases or decreases in juvenile crime result mainly from conditions over which law enforcement has little control."

But in those areas of crime control where the police do play a vital part, there are good tidings in the development of a new force—the juvenile officer.

Albert Deutsch's next article on law-enforcement problems will be published in a forthcoming issue

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I Choose You

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

"Hi," Sadie said with relief. "Are you hungry?"

"Starved. That bacon looks wonderful." Carol sat down and began to eat the breakfast Sadie had prepared, a carefully compounded meal of vitamins and starches. Sadie was always complaining that Carol was too thin, that a professional singer ought to eat more.

The little stranger on the stool seemed very pale and almost hostile in her faded pink dress and heavy shoes. Carol looked at her helplessly. "Did you have fun with Dad this morning?" she said.

"Sure," Jenny said, her voice so flat that Sadie said hurriedly, "Al sure looked happy when he dropped her off. 'Take good care of my daughter,' he said. 'Till her mother wakes up.' "

THE girl stared at her glass of milk, and Carol tried to eat her breakfast. In a moment she said abruptly, "Jenny, we're going shopping for lots of clothes this morning. And your grandmother's going to be with us. She's so anxious to get acquainted with you."

Jenny still said nothing.

Sadie cleared her throat. "Won't it be swell to get a lot of new clothes, honey?" she said.

"Yes, ma'am."

"And tonight," Carol said. "Did Dad tell you what's happening?"

Jenny nodded indifferently. "We're going to eat out. At a place where you sing."

"The Peacock," Sadie said. "It's a supper club. Did you know that your mom is a real famous singer? Known all over the country—New York, Miami, the West Coast—"

"Oh, Sade," Carol said, "hush up."

Jenny was staring at her so intently that Carol smiled encouragingly. "Dad thought it would be fun for you to hear me sing tonight. Besides, it's sort of a home-coming party, dear. Your grandmother, us, Sadie—your family."

How carefully Alan had thought it out: "Her first night home, darling. She's got to have her family on a night that important." How did he know so much about loneliness—he who had always had love and a home?

Carol spoke to the child carefully, "As Dad told you, Sadie is just like one of our family. She'll be glad to help you too."

"Sure I will," Sadie said eagerly.

Jenny did not respond. Deliberately, Carol finished her coffee, and then she said, "Jenny, dear, I'll have to practice my new song before we shop. Would you like to go outdoors with Sadie?"

"Sure," Jenny said, and jumped down off the stool.

"About a half hour," Carol said to Sadie. "I've got it pretty well whipped into shape."

"Come on, honey," Sadie said, and took Jenny's hand.

For a few minutes, Carol watched them through the window, saw the tense, awkward little girl walk stiffly past the beds of daffodils and narcissuses, her hair flaming in the sunlight.

If only I can meet her halfway, Carol thought. If only she doesn't shut Alan out too.

Her husband was only thirty-two but had already made a name for himself as a fine surgeon. Alan had inherited money, had been born into one of Chicago's oldest families. Now he was beginning to race his mother in his enthusiasm for civic duties. They were both board members of several of the same institutions; and it was his mother who had interested him in the Banting Home, where she had been on the board for twenty years.

Her husband, a young man with all the world's possessions at his finger tips—with the old bleakness, Carol thought again that she had not been able to give him a child, the gift he wanted most.

Before she began working on her song, she telephoned Mrs. MacDonald.

"Hello, darling," the older woman said eagerly. "Did my grandchild get there all right?"

"All safe and sound. She's looking over the garden with Sadie," Carol said, smiling.

"We're still shopping?"

"Of course."

As Mrs. MacDonald talked on about party and school dresses, Carol felt herself relaxing for the first time since meeting Jenny in the kitchen. Her mother-in-law was sixty-seven, had been a widow for almost ten years. When Alan had brought them together, Carol had been prepared for the handsome, poised looks, for the big house and the many servants, but not for the wholehearted way in which this woman had welcomed her into the family.

When Mrs. MacDonald had hung up, Carol went to the piano and ran through her new song quickly. Before Alan, singing had been her identity in the world, her only reason for existing. Now, there was no longer the frantic need to be recognized by a worldful of people, to be applauded and photographed wherever she went. Her singing had become—through Alan's love for her and his admiration and respect for her talent—merely something she enjoyed doing and did well.

Driver's Dilemma

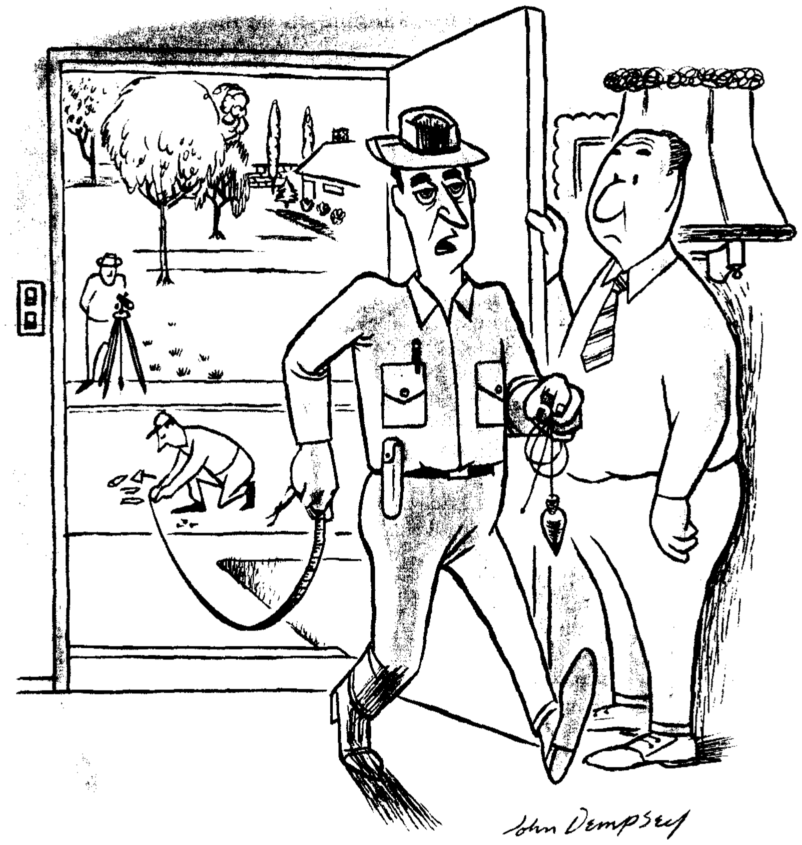
Arriving at a light
The instant it has turned
To amber can be quite
Disturbing, I have learned.

You see, I rather hate
The choice that I must make:
Shall I accelerate
Or tread upon the brake?

—RICHARD WHEELER

They had been married three years. Dr. Alan MacDonald had walked into the Bronze Room with a party one night, and had come back every evening after that during her six-week engagement there. He had followed her to Detroit, to Cleveland and New York, courting her, and she had fallen deeply in love with him. After their marriage he had urged her to go on with her career for as long as she liked—or until they had children.

Singing her song now, Carol knew with a sudden clarity why she had been so frightened of taking this little starveling into her home: it was because she did not know how to take her into her heart. . . .



COLLIER'S "New superhighway, Mac" JOHN DEMPSEY

The shopping trip was a dismal failure. As Carol and Mrs. MacDonald picked out dresses, shoes, coats and underclothes, Jenny watched indifferently, as if all the clothes were for someone she did not know.

At first Carol was excited. When they had assembled a complete outfit for Jenny, she said eagerly: "Come on, dear, let's get all dressed up now!"

She helped the child into a forest-green linen dress, new socks and shoes; she adjusted the matching hair ribbon. "Lovely," Mrs. MacDonald said happily, and Carol waited for Jenny to look at herself in the long mirror, waited for her guarded eyes to light up with the sight of the pretty new clothes.

But Jenny barely glanced at herself. As she turned toward the saleswoman, who was holding her old clothes, she said, "I'll carry them. May I have a bag, please?"

"Oh, we'll have them sent," Carol said. "We're going to carry all the new clothes, so you can have them at home right away."

"No. I want my old stuff," Jenny said harshly. "I'll carry it."

WITH startling abruptness, as she looked at the child's set expression, Carol remembered herself in the orphan home, sneering inwardly at the cheap, ill-fitting dresses passed out twice a year from the big charity crates that had been sent in. Jenny resents us, she thought grimly. She thinks this is charity too, and she doesn't want it. She felt the raw hurt that remembering her childhood always brought. She had managed, for years, to keep from thinking of it. Was this redheaded waif going to force her back?

They had a painfully awkward luncheon. Jenny picked at her food, mumbled brief answers to Mrs. MacDonald's eager questions.

Finally, Carol said helplessly, "Shall we go, Mother?"

Jenny was out of her chair like a shot, and Mrs. MacDonald said with a smile, "Want to race me to the car?"

Jenny looked at her coolly for a moment. "Are you laughing at me?"

Mrs. MacDonald got up instantly and put her hand on the child's hair. "No, darling," she said very gently. "It was sort of a joke. Let's walk to the car together."

They drove to Mrs. MacDonald's house, and then on home, in silence. Carol felt exhausted. At home, she and Sadie carried all the boxes up to the newly furnished bedroom. Jenny followed, clutching her bag of old clothes.

When the boxes were piled on the window seat and Sadie had gone back downstairs, Carol turned to look at Jenny. The sight of the child with the package hugged tight against her made Carol feel half furious, half panicky. There was a strange animosity between them; she felt the child was almost an enemy. With frantic brightness she said, "What about a little nap? You'll be up late tonight, you know."

"Sure," Jenny said, "okay."

Carol was able to leave the child calmly, but as soon as she had closed the door the tears came, and she went quickly to her room.

Sadie was there, packing the bag that Carol always carried to the club. "Hey, baby," she said, "Jenny doesn't mean to be such a cold potato. She's a good kid, if you ask me."

"She hates being here," Carol said. "I know she doesn't like me. Poor Alan! Sade, it's not going to work out!" She sat on the edge of the bed and wiped her eyes with the back of her hand.

"Sure it'll work out," Sadie said. "You've just got to give her time. Remember what a tough little customer you were once—that day you walked in for your first job?"

"Was I this tough, Sade?" she said.

"Sure you were—you thought! It was a wonderful job of acting—like Jenny's doing now." Sadie laughed and handed her a handkerchief. "You were lots older than this kid and not so skinny, but there's a real resemblance! And what a swagger you put on when you walked into the Emerald Room that day."

They smiled at each other, remem-

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bering. Carol had been sixteen but looked nineteen, a tall slim girl with stunning red hair and creamy skin. It had taken her years of planning to perfect her runaway escape from the Detroit orphan home. She had been sent there at five, with only a misty memory, like a dream, of a beautiful mother who had disappeared.

She had hitched rides to Chicago, had studied the newspapers in her Y.W.C.A. room to find the name of the best supper club in the city. Then with an almost insolent calmness, she had applied for a job as a waitress—and she'd been lucky. Not only had she got the job, but one of the waitresses had been a teacher and big sister to her almost from the start. Her name was Sadie White, and she was the first divorced woman Carol had ever met. In books they were all beautiful and doomed, but Sadie was homely, good-natured and one of the best waitresses in town.

Sadie had offered her the first unquestioning love Carol had ever known, and she had snatched at it greedily. It was Sadie who had recognized the sweet, haunting quality in her voice and had urged and threatened until Carol had finally asked the manager for a tryout.

Sadie had even bought the evening dress Carol wore the night she opened. At seventeen, Carol had been a hit at the Emerald Room.

Her new life had begun then: singing lessons, afternoon school sessions in grammar, literature, history—subjects she had skimmed over in the crowded classes at the institution. She and Sadie had found a small apartment to share, and Sadie had been her adviser and maid and secretary and protector.

"It took you almost two years," Sadie reminded her now, "even to tell me about that orphan asylum—me, your best friend. And, baby, you were lots older than this kid. What do you want from her the first day—the works?"

THE telephone rang, and Sadie handed it to her and started out. "I'm going to press some of Jenny's new dresses," she said. "See you later."

Alan's voice was exuberant on the telephone. "Darling, I just have a second. How's our daughter?"

"Oh, fine," Carol said automatically. "It's been so exciting, Alan." Then, carefully, she said, "But she's such a silent one."

"Darling, she's shy. Scared." He laughed. "So was I, this morning. You'd have laughed. Talk about a new father with his first baby!"

He sounded so happy that Carol shivered. What if Jenny's armor were too thick, too permanent? How hurt Alan would be if they could not get through to Jenny and hold her, if she wanted to go back to the Home.

When Alan had hung up, Carol went to wash her face. As she saw herself in the mirror—pale, preoccupied, worried—she thought of Jenny's face, the closed-in, faraway look she had had all day. And she remembered the secret, intense thoughts she herself had had at Jenny's age—quiet, beautiful daydreams that had been her shield against the world.

In one dream, she had had a pretty, loving mother to take care of her, and in another she had had a laughing father to kiss her and take long walks with her, hand in hand. In another of the dreams, there was a bright, cozy kitchen, and in it she and the pretty mother cooked and baked and swept together. And in the best dream of all, there was someone who wanted to listen to her prayers at night—someone all her own to listen carefully—not as the matron listened, hurriedly and automatically, to twenty-five little girls saying "Now I lay me down to sleep" in chorus.

Those daydreams, Carol thought now—they symbolized all that I ever wanted in the whole world. And how jealously I guarded them.

She went quickly down the hall to Jenny's bedroom and knocked on the door. After a moment, the girl called hesitantly, "Who's there?"

"It's Mother," Carol said, and opened the door and stepped in.

Jenny was sitting on the window seat. The big, beautifully dressed doll Alan had brought home yesterday had not been touched; its delicate dress and shoes pointed up the fact that Jenny had changed back into her old clothes.

Carol was overwhelmed by tenderness and pity, but she managed to be casual. "Hi, dear," she said. "Shall we get your new clothes unpacked?"

Chattering gaily, she unpacked the boxes, hanging up the dresses, putting the underclothes away. Jenny did not offer to help. When she had finished, Carol turned to look at her. "Say," she said, "have you ever baked a cake?"

Jenny blinked. "No, ma'am," she said, surprised and a little wary.

Carol's smile did not waver. "Neither have I," she said, "and the kitchen is all ours today. Wouldn't it be fun?"

She held out her hand, and after an instant Jenny got to her feet. As they went downstairs together, Carol felt giddy with this first small triumph. "Let's try Dad's favorite cake," she said. "Chocolate. The worst that can happen is we'll have to eat it quick before he sees it!"

Jenny giggled faintly.

In the kitchen, Carol doubled one of Cook's huge aprons and tied it around the child's thin body with a flourish. Then she put on an apron herself and opened a cookbook. "Honey, get the milk and butter from the refrigerator," she said casually. "Oh, and eggs—it says here. I'll see if I can find the egg beater."

IN a moment, the table was littered with ingredients. Carol lifted Jenny up onto the kitchen stool and gave her a mixing spoon. She began reading directions aloud, cracking eggs, sifting flour into the largest bowl.

"Shall we make it two layers, or three?" she asked.

"Three," Jenny said as she stirred. "Like a birthday cake."

Her face was flushed, and her eyes for the first time showed excitement. She peered into the bowl, up at Carol, and then back at the batter she was mixing. Enveloped in the white apron, she suddenly looked pert and adorable.

"What dress are you wearing this evening?" Carol said after a moment.

Jenny stopped stirring. Carol went on working and then Jenny's big spoon began to move again. Finally she said in a low voice, "I don't know."

"The organdy?" Carol said. "It's awfully pretty."

There was another pause, and then Jenny said cautiously, "The silk one's fancier. Is—is that a fancy place? Where you sing at?"

"Sort of," Carol said. "By the way, Sadie wants to help you dress. I won't be here by that time, you know."

"Oh," Jenny said. "You have to go early?"

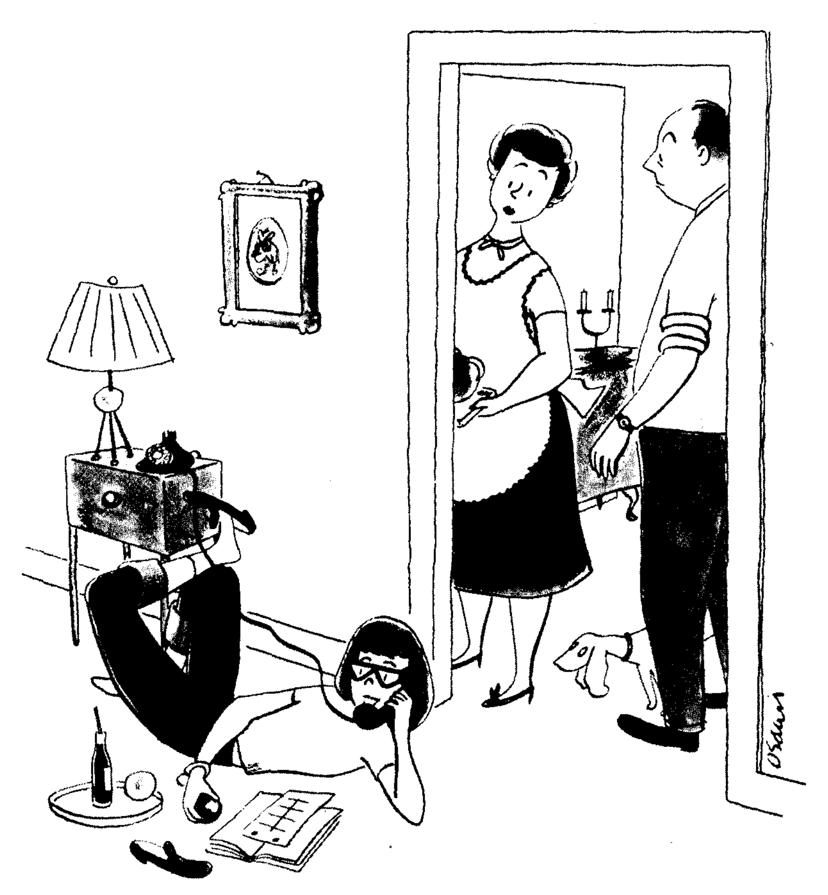
"Yes. Sadie usually helps me dress, at the club, but this evening she wanted to stay here and help you."

"Will *he* be going too?" Jenny said.

"Dad? Of course. He's escorting you and Grandma."

She poured the batter into the cake

TIZZY



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pans and put them in the oven. "There," she said. "Got your fingers crossed?"

Jenny nodded, smiling.

"Let's lick the bowl," Carol said. She ran a finger around the rim and licked it thoughtfully. After a second, Jenny did the same.

"Hey, it's good," Carol said, and laughed.

And in a moment Jenny began to laugh too. "We won't have to eat it before he comes home," she said.

They both had chocolate smeared around their mouths and on their aprons. There was a dark blob of batter on Jenny's forehead, and Carol bent to wipe it off.

The little girl stared up at her, her eyes so wondrous that Carol paused a moment with her hand on Jenny's hair. Then, quickly, she kissed her cheek. "When are you going to call me Mother?" she said softly.

Jenny seemed to wince. "I don't know!" she said, and slid off the stool and ran out of the kitchen.

CAROL and Sadie came home from the club in a taxi a little after two in the morning, and went directly upstairs to Carol's dressing room. As usual, they spoke in whispers as Sadie helped her out of her dress.

"Alan got an operation this morning?" Sadie asked.

"Yes. At eight o'clock," Carol said. "That's another reason I wanted them to leave early."

"The kid looked like she wanted to stay," Sadie said, chuckling.

"I guess she liked it, but—" Carol did not finish. Her throat ached, and for some reason she felt very lonely, though usually an evening's performance exhilarated her.

She had sung to their table, which Alan always enjoyed. But she had really sung to Jenny, seeing in the child's eyes a dream of beauty and opulent color she remembered too well out of the secret, bitter well of her own childhood.

Alan had been sitting at Jenny's right, the familiar love and pride in his eyes as he had looked from Carol to their daughter and back again. Mrs. MacDonald had sat on the other side of Jenny, watching her grandchild with quiet delight.

Carol had joined them for supper. Jenny had not eaten much or had much to say. She had watched Carol so shyly and steadily that Carol had thought: How can I feed such hungry eyes? Please, God, tell me how!

Now, as she recalled that moment, Carol looked up at Sadie, who was laying out her nightgown and robe. "Thanks, Sade," she said mechanically. "Good night."

She finished undressing and started into the bedroom. But instead, she turned and walked out into the hallway toward Jenny's room.

The door was ajar. She pushed it open, seeing the tiny night light on the dresser, the little-girl room she and Alan had planned—he with such joy, and she with foreboding.

She stood there for a moment, trying to accustom her eyes to the dimness. And it seemed to her that she was standing in the doorway of a room where her own childhood lay asleep in the sanctity of dream. How long had it been since she could bear to contemplate that dream? It had always been of love: mother and father, togetherness whole and sweet, bound up by the wonderful word "forever."

With sudden wonder she was able to see for the first time the soft beauty of that childhood dream; always before, any memory she had allowed herself had been bitter. She walked on tiptoe to the bed and bent over it. She was stunned to discover Jenny's eyes were wide open and there was a delighted grin on her face.

Jenny sat up with a jerk. "I didn't talk when you came in because you might've been scared," she whispered. "Because you thought I was sleeping."

Numbly, Carol sat on the edge of the bed. "Couldn't you fall asleep?" she asked.

"I didn't want to!" Jenny said. "Too much to think about. Gee, you looked beautiful. Like a princess—honest! It wasn't hardly for real. I mean—you know how it is when you're only dreaming?"

"Yes, I know," Carol said.

"And I just never had to wake up," Jenny said gleefully. "When we came home, he told me stories for a while. Oh, and all of us had milk and cookies after I took a bath."

"Grandma and Daddy and you?"

"Yeah. And she helped me wash my back. And he tucked me in. And then I could just lay here and think about everything that happened, as many times as I wanted to!"

Jenny clutched her knees and rocked happily until Carol said, "Time to go to sleep now, dear. It's awfully late."

"Okay," Jenny said, and promptly lay down again. "I'll shut my eyes right after you go."

Carol stood up. She wanted to kiss Jenny good night, but she didn't dare. Instead, she said shyly, "Did you say your prayers?"

Jenny's smile disappeared. "No."

"Oh, don't you say prayers?"

Jenny looked at her thoughtfully. "Well, I always used to pretend," she said, "when Mrs. Wheller came in every night. She always said, 'Time for prayers, girls. Sit up and clasp your hands.' So all thirty of us sat up and let 'er rip."

Staring up at Carol, she added defiantly, "I used to just move my lips. Some of the kids said buzz-buzz or bang-bang or something, and in a minute it was over and we could lay down again, and the lights went out. Mrs. Wheller didn't listen, anyway. She was too busy checking up on stuff."

ALMOST before she knew it, Carol said, "Want us to say prayers together, on our knees? That's the way I used to want to, when I was little."

Jenny was out of bed immediately. "Okay, you say it," she said. "And I'll pray real hard to myself!"

Carol got down on her knees beside the bed and clasped her hands. Earnestly, Jenny imitated her. She was so close that Carol could smell the soap and the talcum powder Mrs. MacDonald must have used freely at the bath that night.

It was Carol's first time on her knees in prayer, though when she had been a child not a night had passed that she had not shut her eyes and visualized herself thus with someone close by to listen. "Dear God," she said hesitantly, "thank You for this happy day. Bless our family. Now we are a real family."

Somehow she managed to steady her voice, and with a new feeling of peace she went on: "O God, we thank You so much for our daughter. We thank You that out of the whole world of children, we were permitted to choose her to be our child. We thank You for our happiness. Amen."

When Carol opened her eyes, she

discovered that Jenny was staring at her almost incredulously. "You wanted to choose me?" she said. "You said it in a prayer—that's like crossing your heart!"

"Yes, cross my heart," Carol said. "Cross Daddy's heart."

"Oh, you picked me, me!" Jenny flung her arms around Carol and kissed her face over and over. For several moments she clung and pressed her cheek against Carol's.

Then Carol said, very gently, "Now I'm going to tuck you in for good, my darling."

Jenny got into bed instantly and lay on her back, but she was laughing silently, and her eyes were so luminous with delight that Carol sat down next to her and said, "You're so wide awake. How will you sleep?"

"I won't," Jenny said joyously. "Tell me a bedtime story. Tell me about when you were little."

Carol hesitated and looked at her, waited for the old memory of bitter hunger to come. But for some reason, she felt only tenderness. I can share it now, she thought, share my whole lifetime—with my daughter.

"Did you have freckles?" Jenny asked.

"Skillions of them."

Jenny laughed. "Goody! Were you like me some other way too? I mean, besides red hair?"

"I was very much like you," Carol said, so quietly that Jenny suddenly lay very still.

And then Carol told her about the place that was in those days called an orphan asylum, and how the little girl named Carol Scott had been able to bear everything but Special Days.

Special Days came the first Sunday in every month. All the children lined up on that day, scrubbed and combed and dressed in the best of their charity clothes, and waited for the people to come and pick. The men and women would come then, and walk slowly among the boys and girls, staring at each one. They would pause sometimes to whisper to one another or to the matron: then they would walk again, slowly, like a horrible endless procession of judges. Every once in a while a couple would stop and point to some child, and one of them would say: "I choose you!"

Every Special Day, the ladies and their husbands would walk past Carol Scott. They would call to some other girl or to some boy—behind Carol, or next to her. But never, never did anyone say to her the magic words: "I choose you!"

AS SHE finished her story of those Special Days, reliving the fear and hatred she had felt, Carol was aware that Alan was standing in the doorway of Jenny's bedroom. She had no idea how long he had been there, how much he had heard. But as she looked at his square, familiar face, his tall body in the rumpled pajamas, she knew, finally, why she had never told him about Carol, the orphan: she hadn't wanted to confess that she had never been loved or wanted by anyone until he had come along.

But how unimportant that bitter childhood memory seemed now. It was over at last, and there was another little girl to think of, a child who could, with love and care, be spared that bitterness.

Jenny was holding her hand tightly, and Carol smiled at Alan and told the rest of her story to both of them: how the little girl had grown up and run away to work, how she had made friends with Sadie and discovered inside herself a gift for singing that made the world want her.

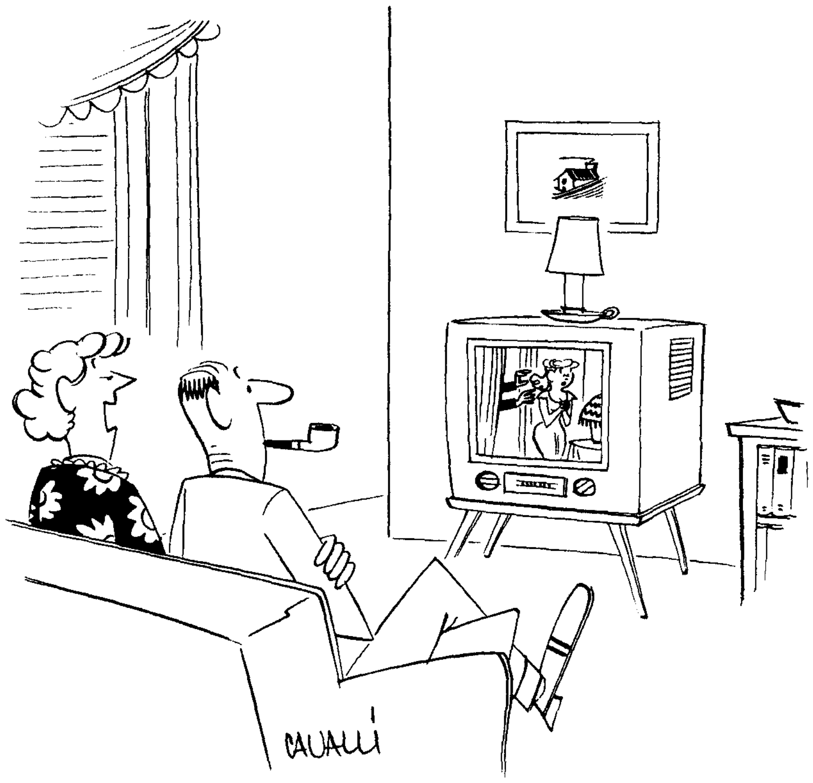
Finally, she had to stop talking. She had wanted to go on, to tell of how love had come at last to the girl, love and happiness, and even a daughter. But she couldn't go on.

"Please don't cry, Mother," Jenny said. She was sitting up, patting Carol's hand.

Then Alan came quickly across the room. He knelt in front of his wife and turned her face toward his.

"No, don't cry," he said gravely. "Jenny and I—we both choose you."

—JO SINCLAIR



COLLIER'S "Doesn't this remind you of our first date? Same time of year, same beautiful evening, same movie . . ." DICK CAVALLI

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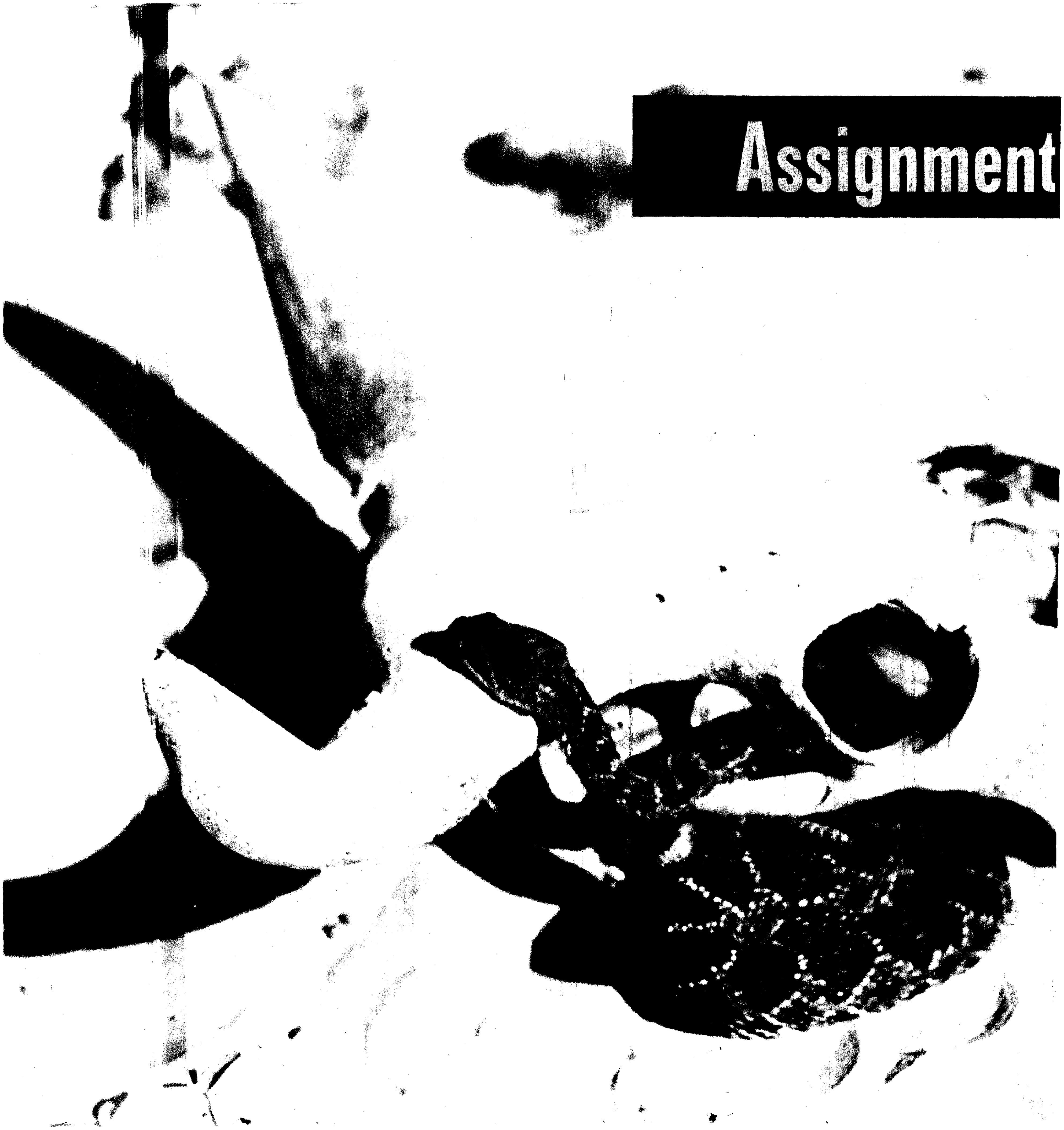
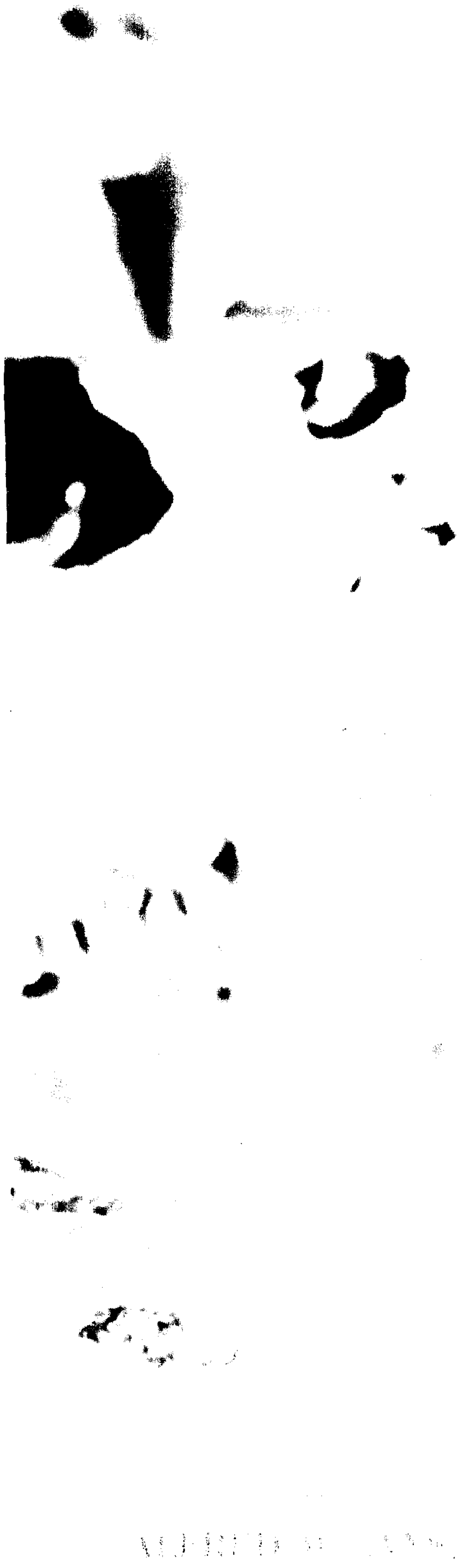


Assignment

Rattlers lurked in the desert. Water moccasins slithered through the swamps. Copperheads lay silent in the woods. Come along with eight nerveless men—and a writer-photographer team—who hunted them

BRING BACK 300 LIVE SNAKES



MOST people fear snakes from the day they're born. Ask the person nearest you, "Do you like snakes?" It's a safe bet that he'll shudder and state flatly: "No!"

"The fear of snakes seems built into most humans," says Dr. Donald Hebb, professor of psychology at Montreal's McGill University. "It may be akin to such basic fears as dread of the unknown and darkness. One of the most terrifying experiences for the average person might combine darkness, water and snakes. Like a snake-infested swamp at night . . . utterly horrifying."

Yet one recent night, eight men entered a Texas swamp that was thick with snakes. The eight were not terrified; they were snake hunters under the leadership of R. Marlin Perkins, director of Chicago's Lincoln Park Zoo and conductor of NBC's popular TV show, Zoo Parade. The men were collecting specimens for the zoo.

Photographer Mason Weymouth and I were with them to learn what we could about snakes and snake hunting. In 18 days we traveled more than 3,000 miles in Mexico, Texas and Louisiana. In all we caught about 300 snakes, many of them poisonous.

The expedition started on flat, treeless Matagorda Island on the Gulf Coast, a snake hunters' paradise 15 miles from Rockport, Texas. Our guide and chauffeur was Leon Parker, big, sunburned foreman of the 75,000-acre Wynn ranch. "I don't know why anybody would want snakes," Parker grimaced as we got into his truck, "but we sure got 'em." He drove across an expanse of rangeland, peering at cactus clumps. Suddenly he stopped. "There's one."

Everybody jumped down. Perkins and Lear Grimmer, his assistant director at the zoo, moved in on the clump of spines. Cautiously they pulled the paddlelike leaves apart with pincer-equipped rods.

Then . . . *ZZZzzzzzzzzzzzm!* They exposed a diamondback rattlesnake, a circular mass about the size of a dinner platter, with its head raised menacingly.

As Grimmer held the cactus aside, Perkins moved the jaws of his metal snake grabber toward the rattler's head. Instantly the snake struck. It hit Perkins' pole so fast its movement was almost invisible. A little trickle of amber-colored venom ran off the metal. Perkins didn't give the snake a second chance. Expertly he slipped the snappers around the rattler's neck and clamped them shut. Then, at arm's length, he lifted the writhing five-foot snake out of the cactus.

Grimmer held open a heavy sack; this was the dangerous part—putting the snake into the bag without letting it strike Grimmer's hands. Perkins lifted the rattler high, then lowered it tail first into the bag. Once it was inside, he let it go; Grimmer gave the bag a sharp shake, then twisted the top to prevent the snake from crawling up. Carefully he carried the bag to the truck, holding it away from his leg. He grinned happily. First catch!

We decided to search the area afoot. I teamed up with Perkins and as we walked he explained that the rattler was a western diamondback, one of the 29 kinds of rattlesnake found in the U.S.

Rattlers, Perkins said, probably kill more Americans than any other snake. They usually grow larger than the other three native snakes which are dangerous to man—the cottonmouth moccasin, the copperhead and the coral snake—and are therefore able to inject greater doses of poison. A good-sized rattler, Perkins said, has fangs an inch long which lie flat in its mouth until it strikes. Then they are extended—at the last instant before the head touches the victim. And in a split second the rattler injects his venom.

If anyone set out to invent an effective poison, Perkins said, he couldn't do much better than to duplicate rattler venom. It destroys the red corpuscles, breaks down the tiny capillary blood vessels, affects the nerves that control breathing and heartbeat. Finally, it contains a coagulating agent that seals the wound; almost no venom escapes by bleeding. "A rattler bite is nothing to laugh at," Perkins concluded.

He stopped talking and stared into a little gully. In the bottom lay the salt-white skeleton of a steer. Perkins advanced cautiously toward it, then flipped the skull over with his snappers.

Holding the Bag Wasn't Easy

ZZZzzzzzz! The rattler struck. This time Perkins had his snappers tightened around the snake in an instant. It then became my turn to told the bag open. I didn't like it. "Just keep steady and don't move the bag around," Perkins warned. It wasn't easy, especially when the snake's angry head passed inches from my fingers. Perkins dropped his snappers, seized the bag, twisted and knotted it.

As we moved on, Perkins explained why he'd looked under the steer skull. "It was shaded. Artists are always picturing rattlesnakes coiled out in the sun alongside a cactus plant. Fact is, most rattlers would quickly die under the full rays of the desert sun. Strictly a bunch of shade lovers."

"Do you suppose a snake killed that steer?" I asked.

"Could be," Perkins said. "But snakes and cattle stay out of each other's way.

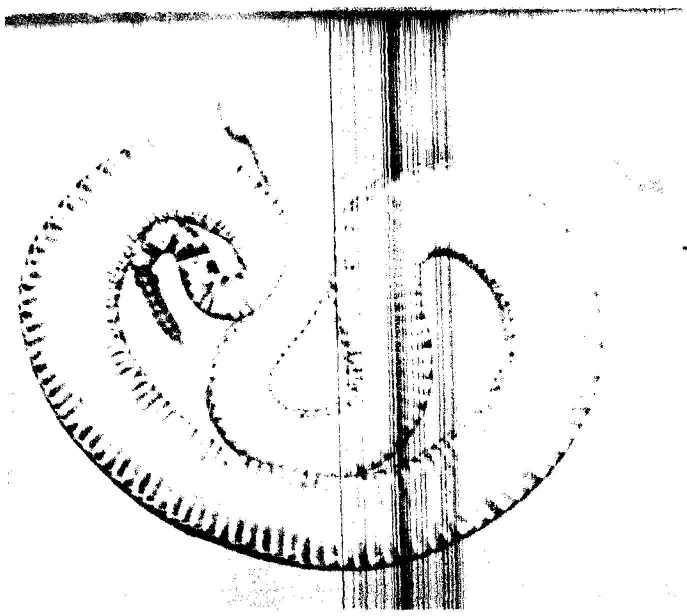
"It's pigs that spell real danger for snakes. They'll stamp or shake a snake to death, then eat it. If they're bitten, the snake venom is often absorbed harmlessly in the pig's heavy layer of fat. You'll never see pigs and snakes in the same area. Some people say Ireland's the best example: plenty of pigs, no snakes."

"What about eating meat from an animal killed by a poisonous snake? Would it kill you?"

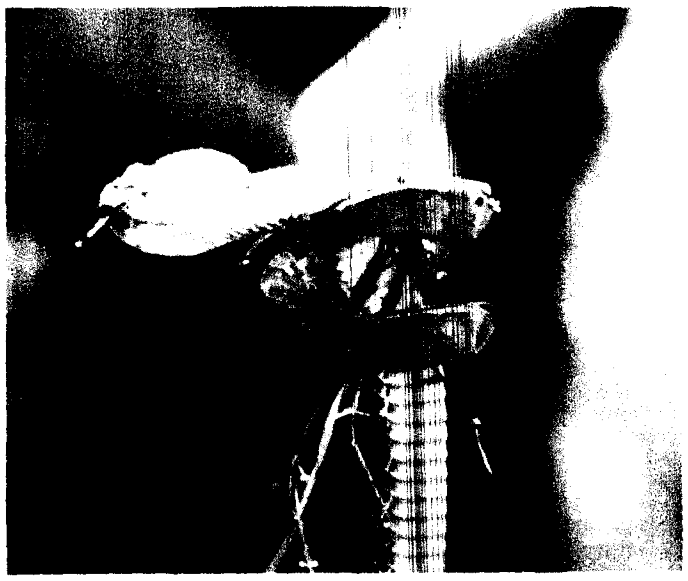
Perkins stopped to mop his face; he

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MASON WEYMOUTH AND THE AUTHOR

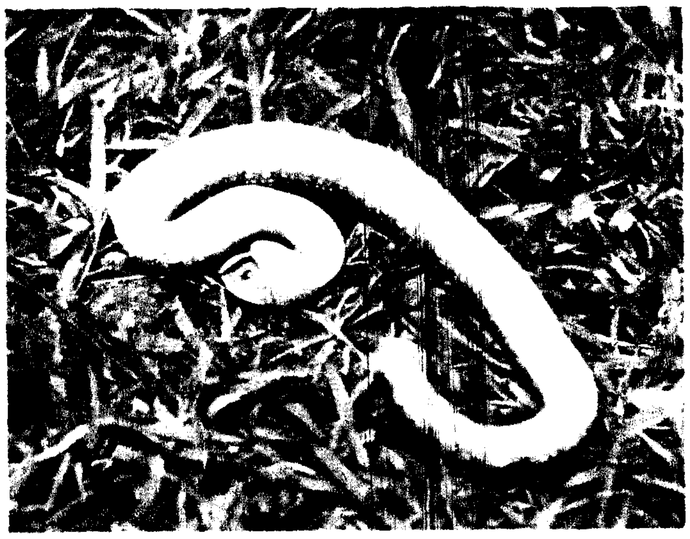
Hunting snakes in a gorge by dim lamplight, the men



Belly of rattler shows ventral plates. To move, it slides skin forward, digs in plates to get traction

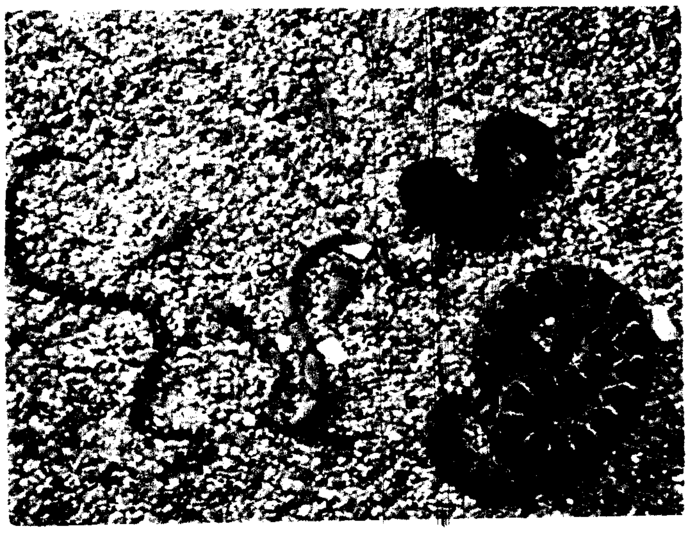


Snake-catching "snappers" grip rattler. Captive's spade-shaped head is typical of poisonous vipers



Belly up, mouth open, a very-much-alive hog-nosed snake plays dead. Possum trick is defense measure

Poisonous snakes in U.S. considered dangerous to man fall into four general types, represented by (l. to r.) coral, copperhead, moccasin and rattler



grinned. "Folklore," he said. "To be harmful, venom from American snakes has to be injected into the blood stream. Dr. J. K. MacNamee, who used to teach veterinary medicine at Alabama Polytechnic Institute, would sometimes lecture with a big rattlesnake on his desk. As he talked, he'd milk the snake's venom into a glass. At the end of his lecture, he'd drink the poison down. Never bothered him a bit."

Perkins looked at me. "Understand," he said, "that's not a recommended parlor trick."

"Could one snake poison another?" I asked.

"Sure," Perkins replied, "though most people don't think so. A poisonous snake could even commit suicide, theoretically."

We finished our hunting and rounded up the other men. As we drove back to the dock Leon Parker leaned toward Perkins and said hesitantly, "You know, I've been watching you fellows all day. Do you suppose you could do me a favor? About two weeks ago some snakes got under my house, and there's just no gettin' 'em out. I finally fenced in the bottom of the house with some screening. At least now I know where they are." Parker looked sheepish. "You couldn't get me under that house at gun point, but you fellows . . . well, you don't seem to be scared of snakes."

Perkins laughed. "We'll take a look," he said.

When we got to the house, Perkins didn't have to ask for volunteers. Wesley Minear, a businessman from Quincy, Illinois, who was along just for the sport, jumped down and squirmed into the 18-inch crawl space under the house. Three others followed: Dr. H. B. Bechtel, of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, a physician whose hobby is herpetology; Dick Reichert, head keeper of Lincoln Park Zoo's reptile house; and Arthur Goetz, assigned to the expedition by the Chicago park district.

For 10 minutes no sound came from under the house. Then there was a shout.

"Hot stuff comin' out!"

The end of a pair of snappers appeared, gripping a curling, twisting, five-foot rattler. A moment later the other end of the snappers emerged in Bechtel's hands.

He and Perkins bagged the snake. "There are two more under there," Bechtel reported. He disappeared back under the house.

Number two was soon captured, but the third rattler was troublesome. After about 30 minutes the party crawled out from under the house.

"It's no go," Bechtel said. "He's there and we could see him, but we can't get hold of him with the snappers, and I'm not about to sneak up and grab him by hand."

Parker closed the opening under the house and asked Perkins what would happen to the snake.

"If he has water, he may live a year or more without food. But if he can't get moisture, he won't bother you too long, especially if it's hot under there."

A few hours later, we were back on the mainland, heading across the state toward Del Rio, Texas, and Mexico, about 300 miles to the west.

"You know, it's funny," Perkins said as we drove along. "We should have caught coral snakes back there on Matagorda. It looked like good coral snake country."

"What's so special about coral snakes?"

Effects of the Coral Snake's Bite

"They're a mixture of beauty and deadliness—small and black with brilliant red and yellow bands, but ounce for ounce probably the most deadly snakes in this country. Their venom doesn't affect the blood, as rattler and moccasin venom does. Coral snake poison, like cobra poison, reacts on the nerves, causing severe paralysis. It's like being very drunk, only much worse. A bad bite causes the victim's heart action and breathing to stop.

"Yet the bite of a coral snake—and a cobra bite, too—usually is painless. Carl Kauffeld, the Curator of Reptiles at the Staten Island Zoo in New York, was bitten by a big cobra not long ago. He told me later that he didn't even know it had happened until he noticed his hand was bleeding. He got fast treatment, luckily, and recovered.

"Corals also differ from rattlers and moccasins in the way they bite. Corals have a sort of bulldog disposition. They grab you and chew into your skin, releasing venom into the wound."

How does it feel to be bitten by a rattler or a moccasin? Perkins should know. He has been bitten three times—by a rattlesnake, a cottonmouth and a huge Gaboon viper from Africa.

"It's as if somebody ground out a lighted cigar on your skin," Perkins said. "The pain usually gets worse with time, and the area around the bite begins to balloon up. When the Gaboon viper got me, I had terrible difficulty breathing, and finally blacked out. It's a pretty unpleasant experience."

Expedition members hold two coachwhips. According to legend, the species pursues intended prey, catches it, then rises up on tail and flogs it to death. In fact, species is harmless

almost stepped on the rattler

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Snake on shoulder. R. Marlin Perkins, director of Chicago Lincoln Park Zoo and leader of expedition, helps Dr. H. B. Bechtel, Johnstown, Pa., identify it as Speckled King snake

At Gonzales, Texas, we went after moccasins in the swamps. In daylight, the swamps might have been pretty. But at night, the cypress tree stumps and the thick Spanish moss made grotesque patterns. The thought of walking through the snake-infested water at night was scary, but not to Perkins. He plunged in, accompanied by Lawrence Curtis, Curator for the Fort Worth Zoo. I followed, reluctantly. We had gone scarcely 10 feet when a snake slithered out from the bank. Perkins turned his light on it. The snake drew back its head and its jaws sprang open. The lining of its mouth was pure white—a cottonmouth.

Perkins grabbed the snake with his snappers and dropped it into the bag.

"See the way he opened his mouth?" Perkins asked. "The startling white is meant to frighten attackers away."

We moved on through the swamp. We caught more moccasins and a variety of water snakes—vicious, but nonpoisonous. John Werler, Curator of Reptiles at the San Antonio Zoo, caught 10 water snakes, and each whipped around and nipped him in the hand. They didn't break the skin, but it wasn't for lack of trying. In all, we took almost 30 snakes in that swamp.

Our next stop, the following night, was the hill country around Del Rio. We split into teams to hunt massasauga rattlers; my partner was Werler, who knew the country well. We stumbled along the steep sides of a gorge, trying to light our way with lamps strapped to our heads. It was a nerve-racking business.

Werler almost stepped on our first catch, a rattler blinded by the light. For the first time I noticed that Werler didn't have a pair of snappers. All he had was a hook about four feet long. He thrust the hook out and pinned the snake's neck. Then he calmly reached down and grabbed the rattler just behind the head. With one hand Werler held the bag; with the other, he shoved the snake in, head first. Then he whipped back his hand and twisted the bag closed. Quite a performance.

For almost a week we hunted around Del Rio. We captured king snakes, mud snakes, Lindheimer's rat snakes, pygmy rattlers . . . even two of the beautiful but lethal coral snakes.

We crossed into Louisiana for the last lap of the trip. The bayou country was wonderfully productive—and early one morning, Perkins made an announcement.

"I figure we've captured almost 300 snakes and more than 200 other specimens. That's about enough. The only snake we don't have that I'd like is a hognose."

We caught one that day, and Perkins gathered everybody around.

"Watch him," he said. "He's harmless, but when I tickle him he rears back and spreads his neck almost as well as a cobra. And listen." *Hsssss.* It was a chilling sound. "Now watch. If the spread hood and hissing don't scare you off, he's got another trick."

Perkins continued to tickle the 18-inch snake. Suddenly its hood collapsed and the hissing stopped. The snake rolled over on its back. Its jaw opened wide and its tongue drooped out.

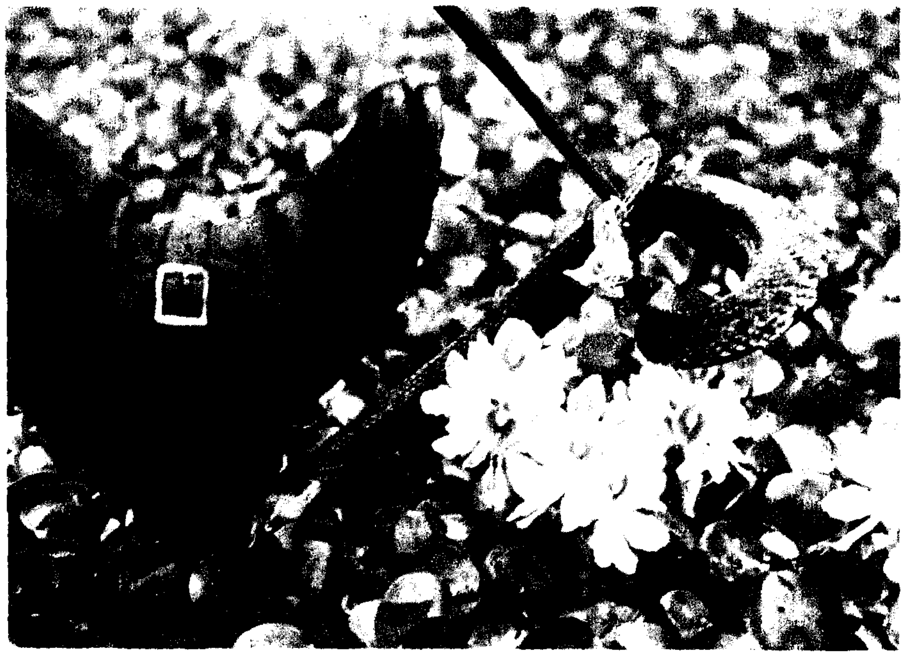
"Only snake I know of that plays possum," Perkins said, pleased.

As we headed back, I said, "Snake hunting is exciting, but I don't think I'll ever get used to riding around with a dozen rattlers bagged up under my feet."

"Don't let that bother you," Perkins said. "One of the toughest animals I've ever dealt with never got used to snakes. He was Bushman, our 550-pound gorilla at the zoo. About five years ago he escaped from his cage. We shooed him into the commissary but then we couldn't get him out. We tried everything.

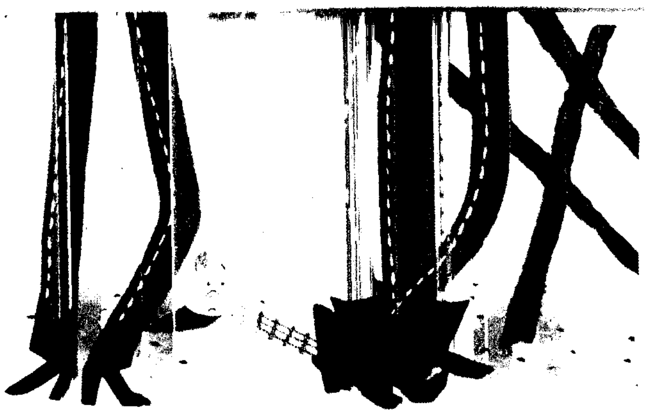
"Finally," Perkins continued, "a keeper went to the reptile house, got three little garter snakes, and slipped them under the door. When Bushman saw those harmless little snakes on the floor, he almost tore the place apart, getting back to the safety of his cage.

"Those snakes just terrified him."

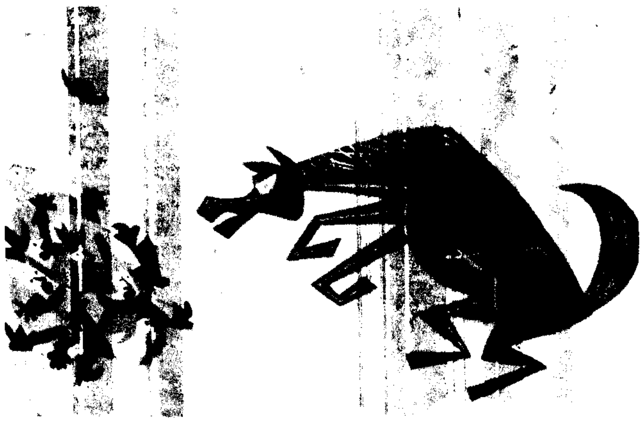


Hyacinths and horror. Cottonmouth moccasin draws back ready to strike boot. White lining of mouth is supposed to startle enemy

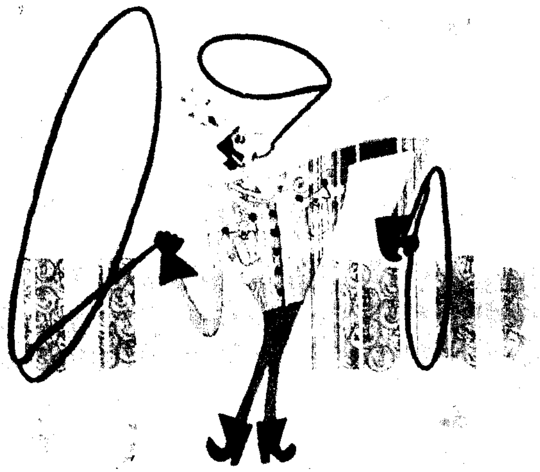
Bagging snakes is most dangerous part of hunt. Wesley Minear (l.) and Dick Reichert (c.) hold sack open for Lear Grimmer with snake



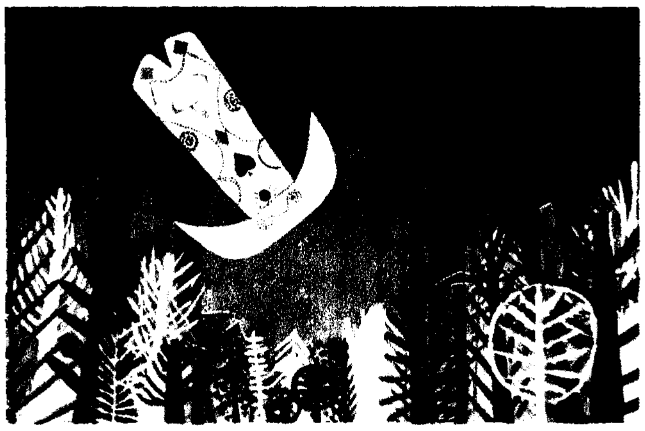
In new UPA movie, streamlined Howdy has first look at rodeo through cowboys' legs . . .



. . . and sees a bucking bronco which scares the crowd and throws every rodeo rider . . .

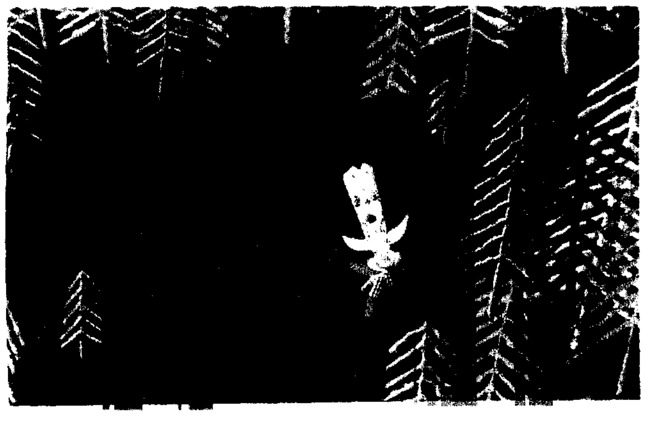


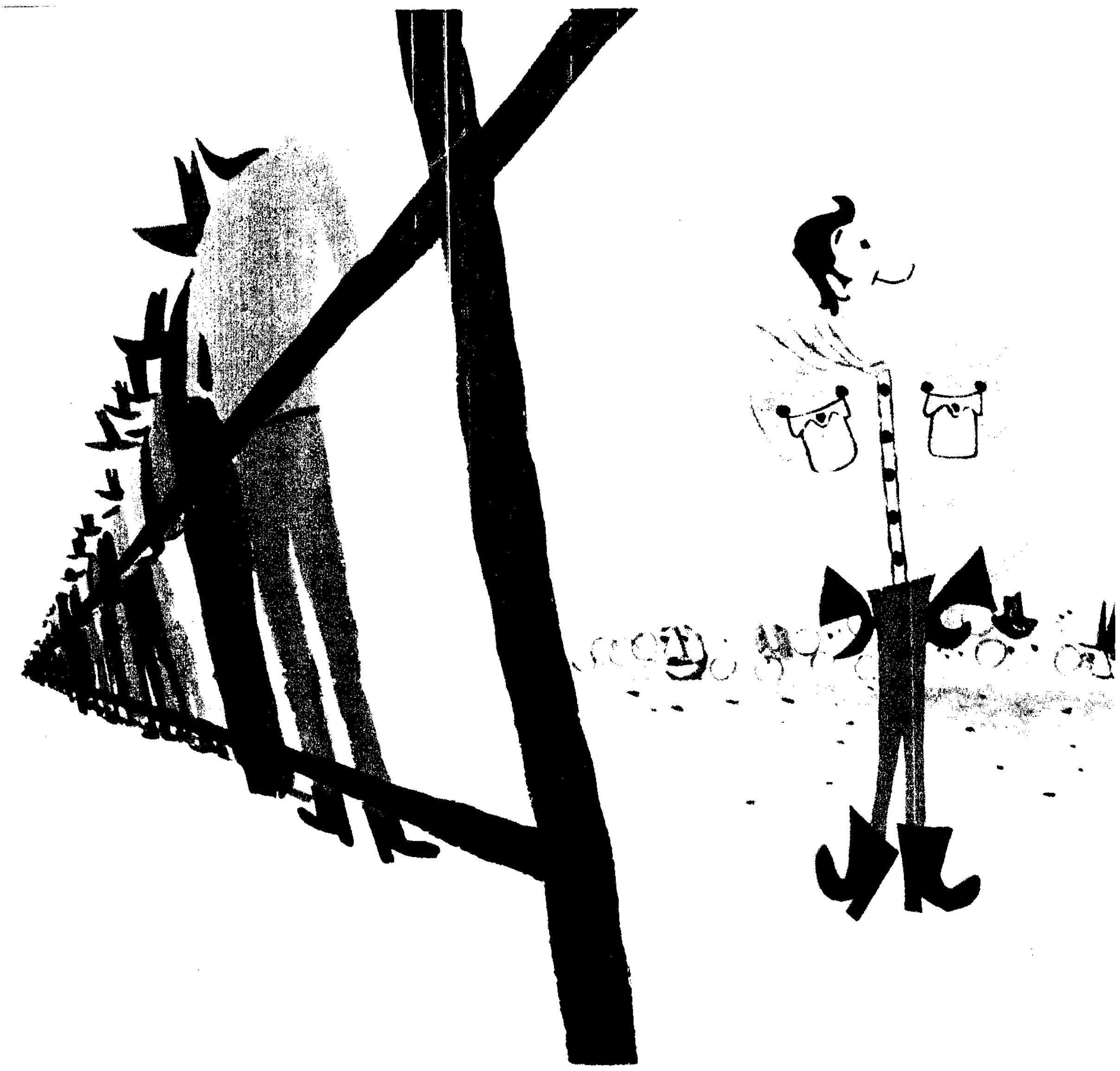
except one. This triple-lasso hero can bust broncos because he owns a magic hat . . .



. . . which the wind suddenly steals and blows into the distance. Howdy chases it . . .

. . . into the forest. Finally, miraculously, the flying hat lands plumb on Howdy's head





Wearing the wondrous hat, Howdy returns to the rodeo and triumphantly leads a chastened bron

Just Call Him

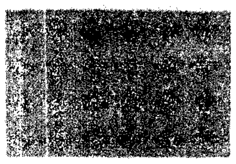
The TV puppet's in the movies—as a broncobuste

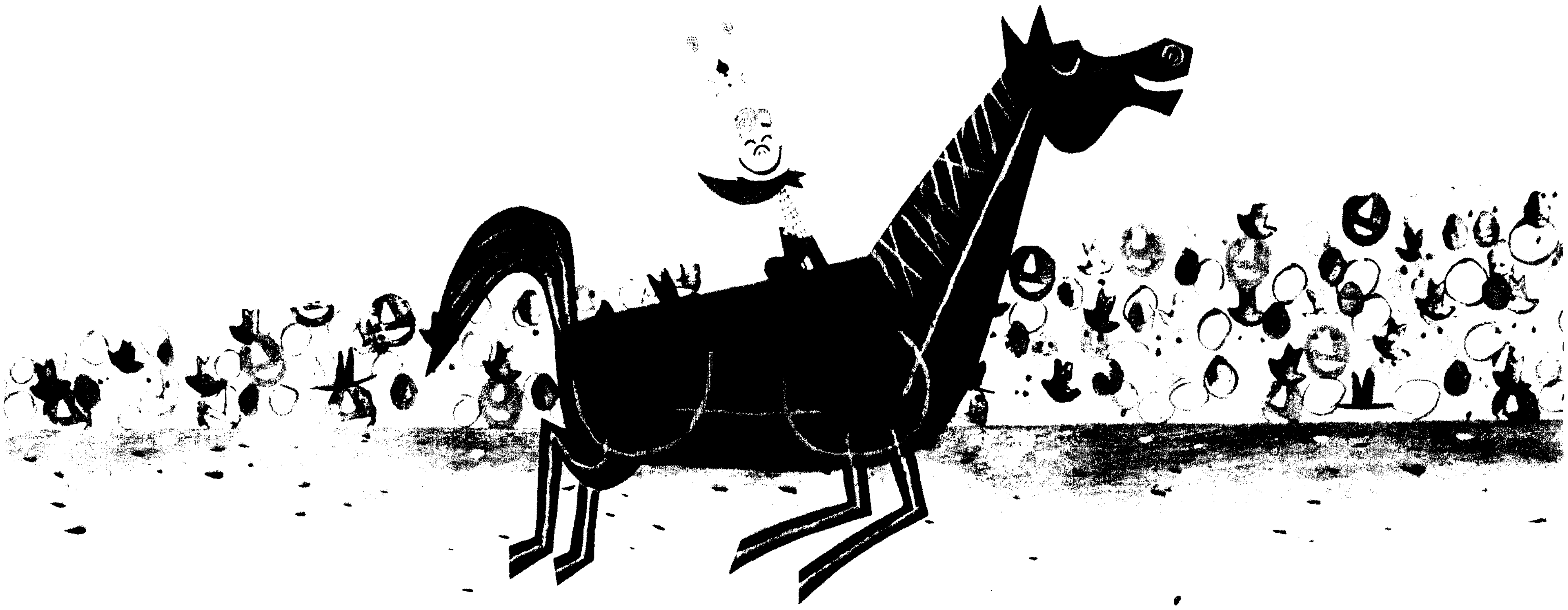
THERE was a time when Howdy Doody, boy puppet and idol to a daily audience of 15,000,000 children, was seen only on television. Today the NBC star, who holds the nation's highest rating in daytime TV and carries eight sponsors for a $7,000,000 annual billing, has extended his vistas considerably: Howdy now grosses an additional $6,000,000 a year for almost 100 children's toy, food and clothing manufacturers who use his giant-jowled face to identify their products. To make a big business even bigger, Howdy's producers decided recently to put their wonder puppet on film for the children's home movie market.

They assigned the project to United Productions of America, a ten-year-old organization of creative artists in New York City and Hollywood who have become pacemakers in the animated-cartoon industry. Movie-goers know UPA for its creation of such whimsical characters as Gerald McBoing Boing and Mr. Magoo. But 60 per cent of the company's output is for private clients: TV commercials, sales aids, industrial and educational films, most of which are produced in New York.

UPA made Howdy Doody's Magic Hat in its New York studios for $15,000, half its standard cartoon budget. Director Gene Deitch and his crew used simple paper cutouts instead of the usual, costly multiple-drawing system, to tell the story of Howdy's visit to a rodeo. Under their aegis, the guileless puppet emerged in a fable of such universal appeal that plans to sell it for home showings were postponed; instead, the cartoon is making its debut in some of the top movie houses.

By using such drawbacks as low budgets to test its own ingenuity, UPA has developed the imaginative, sophisticated art and story techniques which have swept the industry and influenced every major cartoon producer. Traditional favorites like Donald Duck are undoubtedly here to stay, and welcome. But they've had to move over; for it's onward and UPA-ward with the arts. —MARTHA WEINMAN

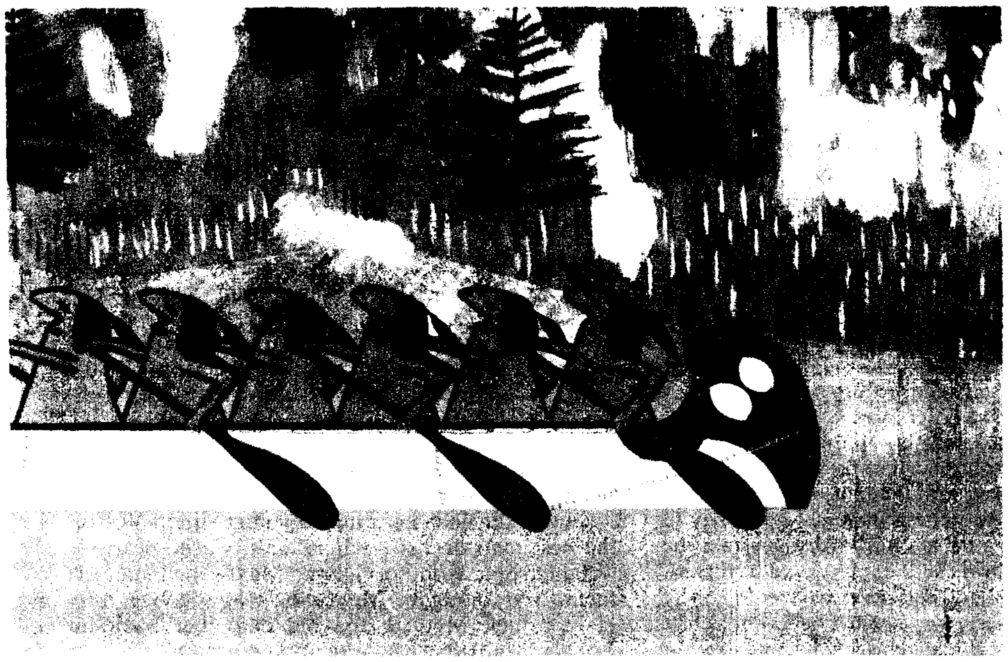




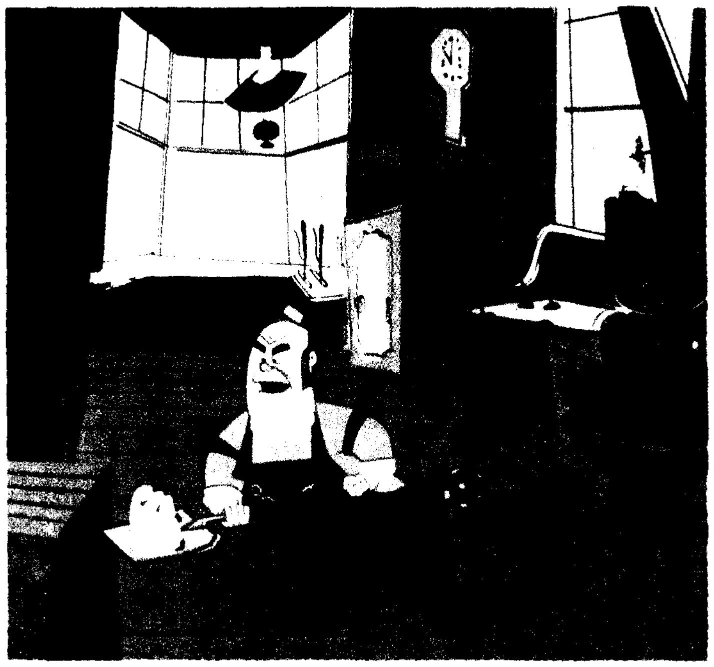
ough its paces. Later he loses hat, finds he no longer needs it to ride the horse. Film has no narration, uses color, action and music to tell story

Howdy Dude-y, Pardner

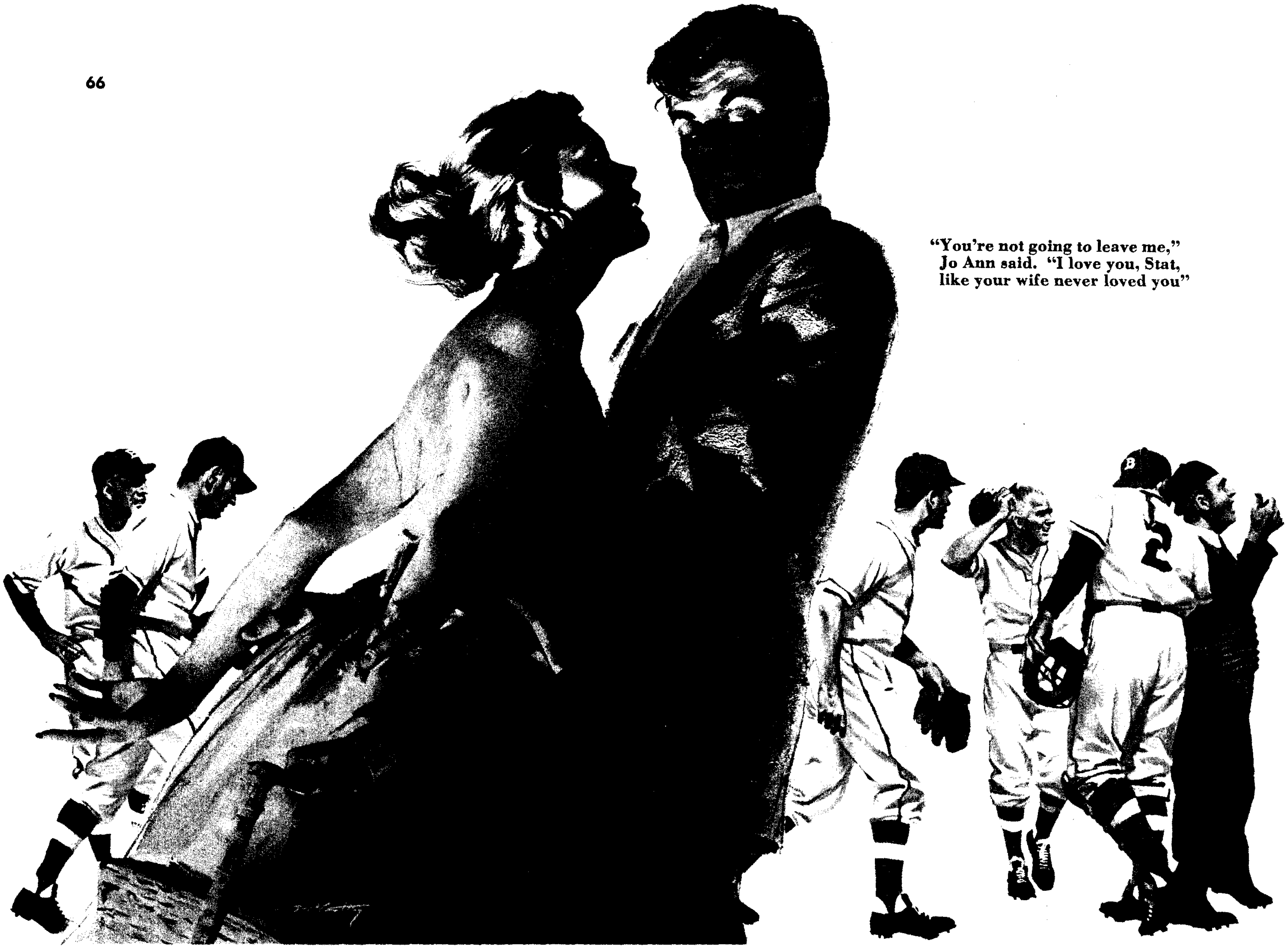
less. He's been slicked up for grownups. in a cartoon of universal appeal



Canadian National Film Board's Romance of Transportation in Canada has won world-wide acclaim, combines the best of revolutionary art and script ideas



Disney's Pigs Is Pigs shows abstract trend in cartoon art. He won '53 Oscar for modern Toot, Whistle, Plunk and Boom



"You're not going to leave me," Jo Ann said. "I love you, Stat, like your wife never loved you"

The Only Game in Town

By
CHARLES
EINSTEIN

The ball club was rotten. Stat could handle the men—but not the girl behind them

THE SECOND OF THREE PARTS

The Story: ANDREW "STAT" HUNTER's playing days in the big league were over—his marriage was over too—and now he was player-manager of the Conway Bears, a Class C club in upstate New York. He was keeping his hand in baseball, which was his life, and was trying to forget how much he missed MARIAN and JANET, his wife and small daughter. Marian had left him, wanting more than an off-season marriage. Hoping to help Stat forget was JO ANN, a local girl who liked ballplayers. Until Stat came along, she had especially liked JOE WHITTIER, a hot young second baseman, who thought he was too good for Class C ball and didn't care what happened to the club or Stat so long as he made the majors. Then WALT CORIO joined the club, and Jo Ann liked him too. Corio had been kicked out of organized baseball several years earlier for gambling, but now he had changed his name and was trying a comeback. With Corio's help, the Bears began to click, and so Stat postponed having an unpleasant showdown with Whittier—Jo Ann had told Stat that Whittier had gambling debts with half the town of Conway. But when the Bears had built up a twelve-game winning streak and were leading the league, BIRD, a local gambler—who also had an interest in Jo Ann—came to Stat and told him three other players besides Whittier owed him money. They were MASICK, ROSCH and MARACZEWSKI. Without revealing his source, the gambler told Stat that he had just learned that Corio had arranged with the four players to throw some games. In this way they could get the money to pay off their gambling debts. But Bird was afraid the fix would become known and the four would be thrown out of baseball—and he would never be able to collect the money owed to him. Stat couldn't believe it at first—a fix would not only threaten his job, it could cause a scandal that would besmirch the sport by which he lived. Then he got confirmation; the gambler Bird was telling the truth, and Stat Hunter had just twenty-four hours in which to act—twenty-four hours in which to save his club, himself and his job.

AT SEVEN THIRTY that evening Stat Hunter showed up in the visitors' clubhouse at the Geneva ball park and started taking off his clothes. He said to his third baseman, Monk Gladstone, "Club meeting in here after the game. Tell the guys."

"Sure," Gladstone said. "What about?"

"Everything," Hunter said, and started putting on his baseball shirt.

Out on the field, he watched young Simon North, the best man on his pitching staff, warming up—watched him with suspicion. Maybe he's one of them, Stat thought. Maybe he's in the bag too. Hadn't Jack Merced, the old caretaker back in Conway, said the whole team was rotten?

Well, Stat Hunter said to himself, I don't know what I'll do—but I'll sure as hell do something.

He hit a home run in the top half of the first inning, and the Conway Bears were in front, 1 to 0.

The Bears stayed in front by 1 to 0 till the fifth

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK MC CARTHY

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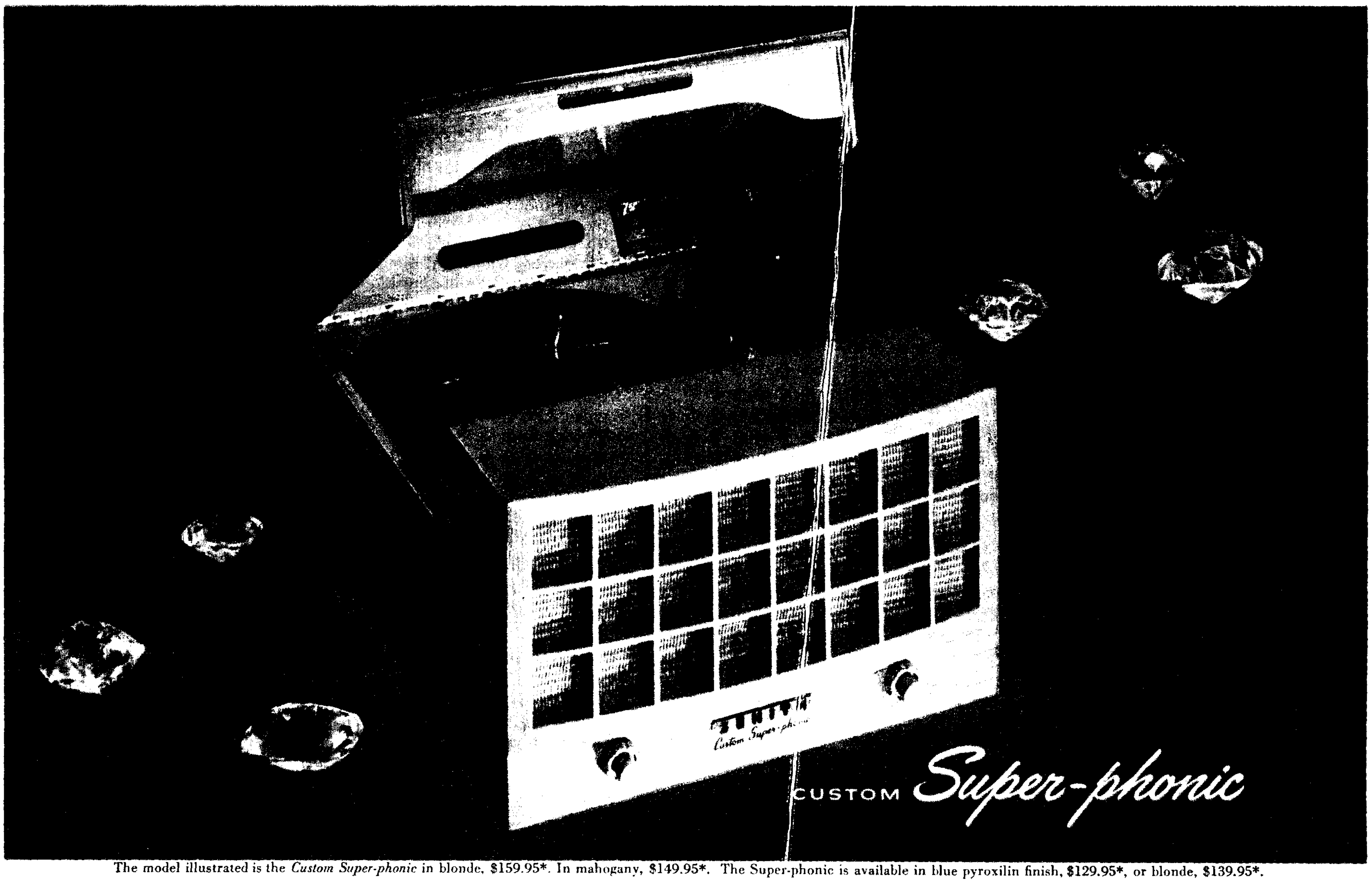

The model illustrated is the *Custom Super-phonic* in blonde, $159.95*. In mahogany, $149.95*. The Super-phonic is available in blue pyroxilin finish, $129.95*, or blonde, $139.95*.

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CARLING'S Red Cap ALE

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inning. Then Joe Whittier, leading off the top of the fifth, tripled. Gladstone and Hunter both walked. George Crimeau, the catcher, singled home two runs and Corio hit a homer. Conway was in front 6 to 0 now.

Then Geneva came up for the last half of the fifth. A loud-voiced fan shouted, "Let's go, Geneva! Let's get some hits! You going to let this guy pitch another no-hitter?"

Everybody heard him, and there it was. Just like the day Ollie Marcus, the scout for the Philadelphia Bears, had been in the stands, North was going for the moon again.

Then there was one out in the eighth inning, and still North had permitted no hits. The man who was at bat now hit a fast, high-hopping grounder to the right side. Walt Corio moved over to first base to take the throw from Whittier. Whittier, moving to his left, never got to the ball. It was into the outfield for a single.

Either Corio or Whittier could have reached that grounder. This, Hunter knew. His baseball mind told him that Corio had made the right play in covering first. Whittier, the deep man on the play, should have had it. Joe Whittier had deliberately let the ball go through. Why?

And Stat Hunter knew the reason. Joe Whittier reasoned there was room for only one star on the Conway Bears. That was what made him untrustworthy. That was why Hunter, had he been a gambler, would never have asked Whittier to go along with a fix.

In the ninth, Whittier went high into the air to spear a line drive for the final out, and Conway had won its thirteenth straight game, 6 to 0 over Geneva, on the one-hit pitching of Simon North.

THE players started filing through the tunnel from the dugout to the dressing room. Stat Hunter caught up with Corio and said, "Stay back with me for a minute, will you?"

"Sure," Corio said. "What did you want?"

The two of them were alone now on the wooden runway, just inside the doorway to the dugout.

"Turn around," Hunter said.

Corio turned around

"All right," Hunter said, and hit him. He hit him harder than he had ever hit anyone in his life. Corio fell back onto the wooden floor boards, reaching for the railing of the runway, and, bracing himself there, slashed at Stat Hunter with his spikes. Hunter caught Corio's foot by the ankle and landed on top of him. He punched Corio three times in the face, as hard as he could.

"That's enough," Corio said.

Hunter hit him again. "For putting the fix on," he said, and hit him. "For letting Whittier louse up a no-hit game instead of taking the ball yourself," and Hunter hit him twice more. "For Jo Ann," and hit him again.

Then Stat Hunter got up.

Walt Corio got to his feet slowly. He took a handkerchief from his back pant pocket and began to wipe the blood from his face, slowly. Corio said, "You found out, you lousy—" Hunter hit him again.

"That's it," Hunter said. "You're through. You don't play baseball any more."

"I'm not through," Corio said now, his voice still quiet, but threatening and ominous. "I'm not through, because if I go I take you and your ball club with me. That's number one, Stat. Number two is this: next time you decide to sandbag me in a tunnel, you better bring a knife, because I'm going to have the longest knife you ever saw, mister, and I'm going to shove it right in that holy gut of yours."

Corio turned and walked along the runway to the clubhouse door. Stat Hunter followed him. When he got inside the clubhouse, he saw that Corio had gone into the other room, where the washbasins were.

Hunter called out: "You men ready for the meeting? Okay, now hear this. Listen to me, and listen real good, every one of you guys."

THEY looked at him, mostly in surprise, but they were silent, listening. They sat on the benches in front of their lockers while Stat Hunter paced the floor in the middle of the room.

"A little story," Hunter said. "Once upon a time there was a Class C baseball club. One of the players on it owed a man fifty dollars and didn't have the money to pay him. Another player owed a man seventy-five dollars. Another owed a hundred and fifty. Another owed a man one thousand six hundred and fifty dollars."

Purposely, Hunter kept from looking at any of his players. He wasn't going to point out Masick, Rosch, Maraczewski and Whittier. "These players had borrowed the money to gamble with, so they didn't want to tell anybody about the money they owed." Walt Corio had come back into the room. He was standing over by one of the far lockers, holding his handkerchief up against his nose. I broke the nose, Hunter thought. He went on talking.

"A fifth player on this team came to the four players who owed money. This fifth player knew a different kind of gambler—a man who bet on baseball games. The fifth player told the four that if they let one or two or three ball games get away from them, they'd have enough money to pay off what they owed.

"It seemed too drastic a step to the player who owed only fifty dollars. It seemed pretty drastic to the ones who owed seventy-five and one fifty. It didn't seem quite so drastic to the one who owed nearly two thousand, but he had his own selfish reason for not wanting to throw a game. He wanted to look as good as possible, even if it meant somebody else on the club had to look bad."

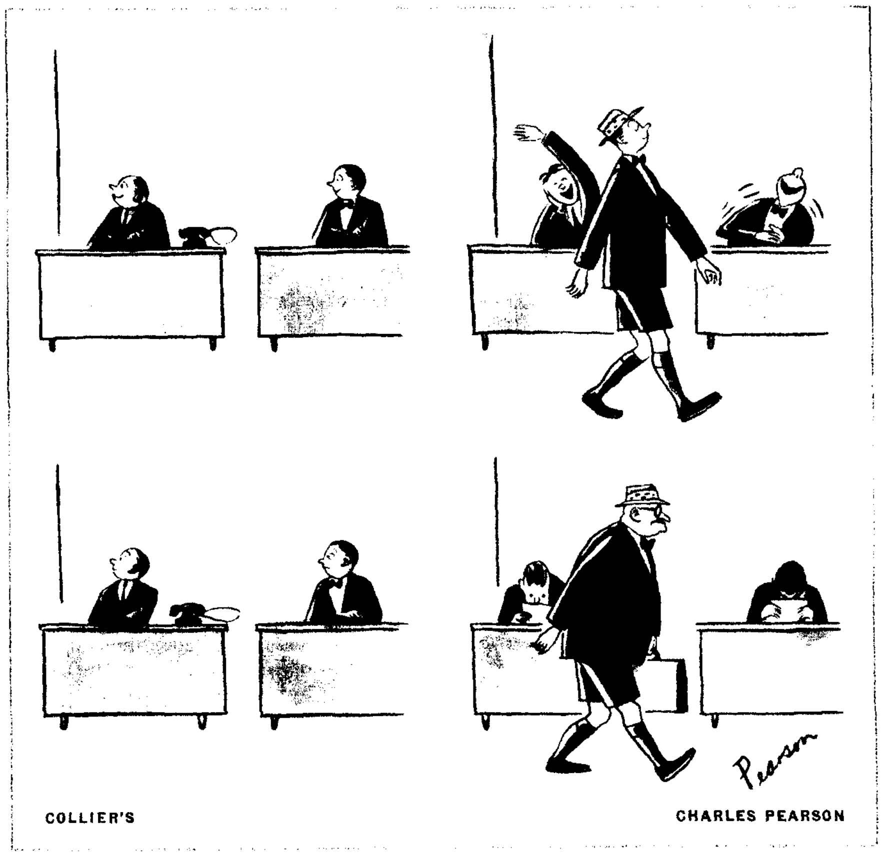
Still, Andrew Hunter was not looking at any of his players. He went on: "But the fifth player, the one who was rigging the fix, told them it wouldn't have to interfere with their winning the pennant or the play-offs. He told them nobody would ever know the difference.

"Now, this ball club I'm telling you about, it found out about those four players who owed money. The manager held a clubhouse meeting. You might say it was something like the meeting I'm holding now. The manager got up and, without naming the four players, he told them that the money they owed would be withheld from their salaries, a certain chunk each month, until it was paid off. The manager intended to see each of the four players separately later on to confirm just how much they owed, and to find out if they owed anybody else anything more. Then he said this, and now I'm quoting this manager word for word:

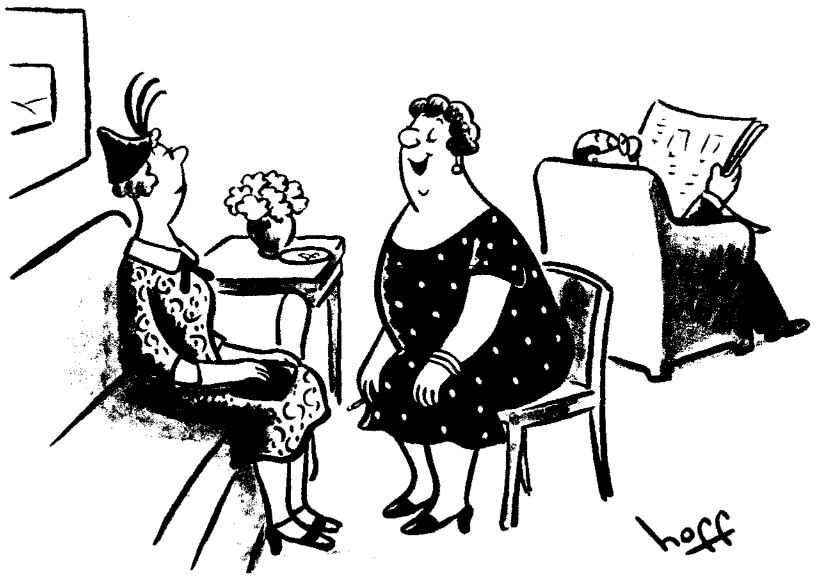
"If a man on this club touches a deck of cards or a pair of dice or the skin on a roulette table, he is off this club and his case goes to the president of the minor leagues, with the manager's own recommendation for extreme discipline. If a man on this club so much as says hello to a gambler, he is off this club.

"As for the other player, the one who owed no money but who lined up the four players who did, this manager decided to deal with him privately. He did this for one reason: because the club had been winning, and for that reason the manager saw no reason to penalize the rest of the players." Hunter licked his lips. "To bring that situation to a head by itself would have brought down some kind of penalty on the club as a whole. The manager did not think this was right. However, he did deal privately with this player. And this player never forgot it."

Stat Hunter paced the floor in silence. Then he looked around and said, "That's it. Put your clothes on so we can all get out of here and get some sleep."



COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON



COLLIER'S "George and I like the same things, only he likes to save it and I like to spend it" SIDNEY HOFF

There was a knock on the door. It was one of the Geneva sports writers.

"This is private," Hunter said.

"This isn't," the writer said, and threw a newspaper on the floor at the manager's feet. It was a copy of the next morning's Syracuse paper. A headline on the front page said: *Reveal Banned Player in E. L.*

E. L. was short for Empire League. Stat Hunter picked it up, looked at it; then he said, "All right. Now get this."

He read the headline aloud, and then the story. "*Conway, New York, July second. The Conway Times disclosed in a copyrighted story tonight that Walt Corio, star first baseman for the first-place Conway Bears of the Empire League, was banned from baseball in nineteen forty-six in a betting scandal in Texas, where he was playing organized ball under the name of Corsi . . .*"

HUNTER went on and read the whole story to them. Nowhere in the story was there any mention of the money owed the Black Widow gambling house in Conway by Whittier, Masick, Maraczewski and Rosch. Nowhere was there any mention of the attempt through Corio to rig games.

Stat Hunter was grateful for this. When he was through reading the story, he looked directly at Walt Corio.

"I'm sorry," Corio said softly, "that that came out. Up to now, I played as good as I knew how. I'll tell you the four players Stat was talking about. They were Masick, Whittier, Rosch and Chet here. To save his own skin, one of them found out about me and gave the story to the papers. That's what I think. So now I'm going to tell the papers *my* story—about how the great Conway Bears gambled away money they didn't have while the manager stood by and did nothing about it."

Now the players looked at Stat Hunter. The manager took off his cap and wiped his forehead with his sleeve. Then he said, "No, you won't." His voice was low. "If you tell what you threaten to tell, I'll give out the story about how you tried to bribe my ballplayers. This isn't Texas and it isn't nineteen forty-six. You don't get banned from baseball this time. You go to jail. You've committed a felony. Get out of here, get out of town, and get out of this state as fast as those lousy yellow legs will carry you."

The president of the Empire League ordered all games in which Conway had used Corio stricken from the books and replayed. That meant ten games off the win column. He could not order the games forfeit, because there had been no evidence of dishonesty—Conway had won them all. But the way the president ordered it, the individual records were wiped off the books too, and no one was more bitter because of this than Joe Whittier. He had gone at a brilliant individual clip through the win streak. His bitterness, in turn, was perhaps a factor in what happened next, for he was not the only man hurt by the removal of the records: young Simon North, for example, had his no-hit game taken away from him.

What happened, with awful suddenness, was this: the Conway Bears slumped.

Shorn of ten victories, Conway was back in second place—and only one game ahead of Waterloo in third. They came into Waterloo and Waterloo took four straight. By the time they got back to Conway they were deeply back in third place.

Stat Hunter had not played in the major leagues for sixteen years without knowing what a slump was. It was something that hit you, and there was no telling why. You did not know what to do.

One day of summer heat succeeded another, and this had become the worst kind of slump—a slump where you did not lose night in and night out, but occasionally won a game (though only occasionally), thus making it even more unlikely that you could find out what was wrong.

Hunter talked the slump over with Arnold Margolies, the sports editor of the Conway Times. And then Stat said, "What I'm going to tell you now is something I've been wanting to say to somebody, and you're the only person I can tell. That night in Geneva, before the game, when I found out about the players being in debt and Corio going to them, I left the hotel and walked the streets till it was almost game time. You want to know something? It took a miracle for me to walk into that ball park that night. I was through with baseball, Arnold. I was sick and tired and upset and disillusioned and hopeless."

"And lonely," Margolies said.

"And lonely," Stat Hunter said.

"What made you decide to go through with it?"

Hunter looked far away. "I don't

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know," he said slowly. "I just don't know."

Margolies watched him. "I do," he said.

That night Stat Hunter sat alone in his room, figuring it out. Had Corio made that difference? He did not want to believe this, and in truth it didn't make sense, for Conway had been a winning ball club even before Corio joined it.

There was a knock on his door, and when he opened it, the girl, Jo Ann, was standing there.

"Can I come in?"

SHE wore the same dress she had worn the first night he had taken her out. "What happened, Stat? You were supposed to be in touch with me when the team got back."

"Come on in," he said. "Something came up." He gestured to the armchair and she sat down, her dress sliding up above her knee when she crossed her legs. Hunter closed the door. "We had a little trouble. It was in the papers. In addition to this, I suddenly find myself unable to get runs across the plate. I can't even get a long fly ball out of this club."

"I suppose that's important, Stat," Jo Ann said.

"It's my living," Stat said.

"Well," she said, "you're still human."

"What about Whittier? You supposed to be his girl or not?"

"What difference does it make?"

"He's human too," Stat said. "What I'm trying to do is get him to play his kind of baseball again. You don't understand this, so I'll keep on talking anyway. There's no future for you with me or me with you because whatever it is between us is something you worry about and I don't. I like you too much to start making passes at you. If I sound like a cowboy in a Western movie who loves his horse more than he loves the girl, I'm sorry. When did you see Whittier last?"

Jo Ann blinked. "Three nights ago."

"You like him?"

"I don't know," the girl said. "Yes, I like him. Sure I like him. He asked me to marry him."

"Everybody's doing that nowadays."

"What does that mean?"

"What about Bird? The guy from the Black Widow."

Jo Ann looked at him. "He told you? About him and me?"

Hunter nodded.

She did not look at him. "I didn't figure on that," she said. "I thought if I tipped him off to the fix and had him go to you about it, then he would get his money back and leave me alone."

Hunter stared at her. "*You* tipped him off? Where'd you find out?"

She looked up at him. "Walt Corio told me. Now he's gone."

"You don't figure," Stat said to her. "You don't figure at all."

"If you weren't still in love with a woman who deserted you," Jo Ann said coldly, "I might figure. Now I'm going—over to Joe Whittier's place. What do you think of that?" . . .

It was a beautiful night for baseball, and the crowd at Fairchild Park—every man, woman and child—totaled no more than three hundred. Simon North was pitching, and league-leading Auburn was in town; otherwise the attendance would have totaled perhaps one hundred and fifty.

Joe Whittier came up to Hunter in the dugout before the game. "I see you voted to give me my girl back. Many thanks."

"You flatter me," Stat said.

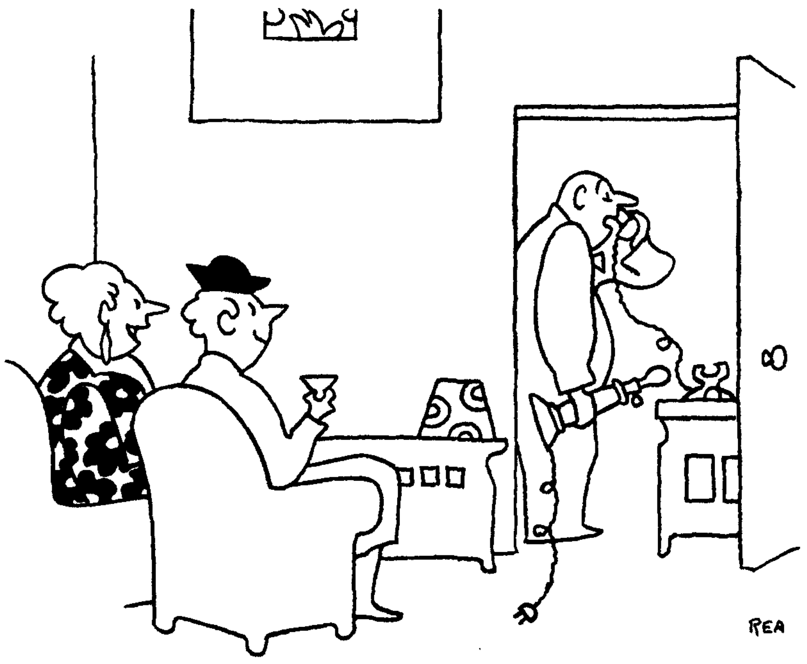
Cross-Eyed Collins, umpiring back of the plate, hollered, "Pay bah!" and the Conway Bears went trotting out onto the field. The greetings from the stands were sour.

"All right, boys! All together! Let's lose another!"

"Get us Corio! Let's win 'em fixed!"

As they went into the top of the fourth, neither team had scored. Then the first man up for Auburn singled to right field. Chet Maraczewski waited for the ball, watching the runner as he did so, and Stat Hunter knew Chet was going to try the throw back to first. But the kid was too intent. The ball went through his legs and rolled to the wall, the hitter going to third.

"That's all right," Hunter called hopelessly to his right fielder. The next man singled through the right side and Auburn was in front 1 to 0. The next one lifted a shallow fly ball to straightaway center field. The man who hit the ball was the Auburn catcher, a squat, rotund individual known as the slowest man in the Empire League. Stat Hunter got under the fly ball, but instead of catching the ball he trapped it and then shot it to Johnson covering second for a force play on the fast runner who had been on first base.



"Walter's perfectly *wonderful* around the house. When anything needs fixing he calls a repair man *immediately!*"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

There was some applause from the stands, but it had a sarcastic ring. North walked the next man, and the next one bunted. It was not a try for a sacrifice. It was a drag to the right side. Conway had been gumming up this kind of play with regularity during the slump.

LUIS ALOYA had no play for the ball, but North, coming off the mound, reached it on a low hop and shoveled it to Aloya at first for a close out. Aloya and the hitter collided momentarily, and the first baseman danced away in foul territory. Then suddenly, he rifled the ball across the infield to Gladstone at third base. The lumbering Auburn catcher, off and running with the bunt, had over-turned third base. Watching the play unfold, Stat Hunter felt a surge of pride. Aloya, on his own, had taken the overturn play Maraczewski wanted to pull and converted it to fit the situation. In the major leagues that did not happen often, because base runners were on the watch for it. But in Class C it was something.

The Auburn catcher tried to get back to third hands first, and Gladstone put the ball on him. The play belonged to Cross-Eyed Collins back of the plate, for the base umpire had been involved in the out at first. And Collins, coming up the third-base line with his mask in his hand, put his palms down, signaling the man was safe.

Gladstone and Crimeau, the Conway catcher, were screaming at the umpire, and for a change the crowd backed the Bears. Collins turned his back, then he looked over and saw Stat Hunter charging him.

Crimeau and Gladstone followed their manager's lead, and the three of them encircled the umpire out along the left-field line.

"I'm talking to the third baseman about this," Collins snapped.

"You'll talk to the manager," Hunter said. "You'll talk to me." Hunter had his hands on his hips, his face not an inch from the face of the umpire. Stat's features were set; his voice was controlled but rapid. "You want that extra three hundred to work through the whole play-off set and you figure Auburn's got the best chance, so you're giving 'em to them, aren't you? Even when you're not in a position to make the call, you're letting 'em have the close ones. Only you blew this one, Cross-Eyed, because it wasn't close. There was that much daylight in there, and if a photographer got that one you'll be famous tomorrow, because your name'll be on every sports page from here to Honolulu. There'll be a picture of the play at third with the man out—and the umpire's not only calling it wrong, he's not even in the picture." Neither his teammates nor the umpire had ever heard Hunter talk so fast. "I can forgive judgment, Cross-Eyed, but when an umpire's not alert, then it's something else."

"Don't call me Cross-Eyed," Cross-Eyed Collins said. "I'm pulling a watch on you."

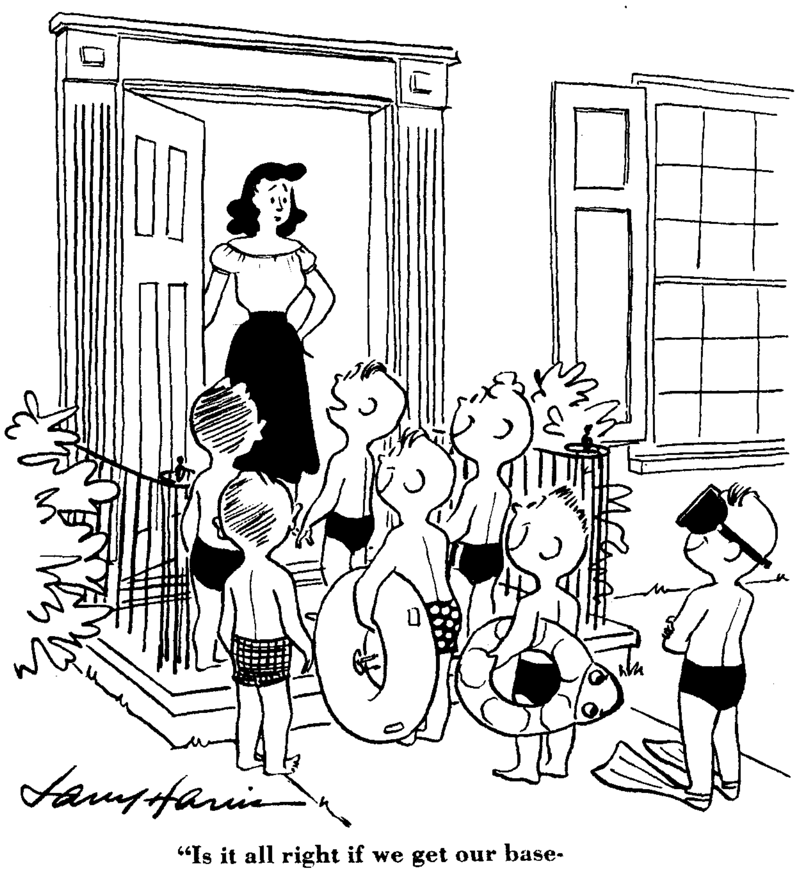
"You can pull watches till doomsday," Hunter said, "and it still won't make that man safe. It still won't put you in a place to make the call, either. You stink, Cross-Eyed."

"Gay out!" Cross-Eyed Collins screamed. He swung his right arm like a creaky boxer and wound up with his thumb pointing to the Conway dugout. "Gay out of here!"

"This goes right to the president," Hunter said. "I mean that. This is not just an argument on a ball field. This is more than just a judgment call. I mean it. Right up to Waterloo."

Cross-Eyed Collins' face was an unbelievable shade of red. "Out o' here! Gay out, all o' ya'! Out o' here!"

Hunter and Crimeau and Gladstone



"Is it all right if we get our baseball that went over the fence and into your swimming pool?"

COLLIER'S LARRY HARRIS

went. Phil Gold went in to catch, Bill O'Brien went to third base, and Harry Masick, the pitcher, went out to left field with Ed Rosch moving over to take Hunter's place in center.

Old Jack Merced, the caretaker, came into the clubhouse behind the three banished players. "Stat," he said, "I was proud of you out there. Every man on the club was proud of you."

PERIODIC bulletins, brought by different players from the bench, kept Hunter posted on what was going on. But he did not really believe it until, with the game over, he walked out to the dugout and squinted at the scoreboard on the outfield fence:

VIS. 0 0 0 1 1 0 1 1 0 4 4 2
CNWY. 0 0 0 0 0 3 7 5 15 15 5

"Stat," Monk Gladstone said, "believe me—that was the ball game to win."

Hunter nodded. It had happened; the slump was over. . . .

The Bears beat Auburn again on Wednesday night and took both ends of Thursday's double-header.

The package came before Friday night's game. Jack Merced brought it in to Hunter while the manager was sitting in front of his locker. Stat Hunter unwrapped it and saw it was an ash tray, made of clay. Around one side of the rim it said, spelled out in the clay, *DADDY*. Around the other side it said, *JANET*.

There was no note or card with it—as, indeed, there did not have to be. Hunter put the ash tray back in the box and put the box on the top shelf of his locker. For a while, he sat there on the bench thinking. Once, pride had been his ally, had been something that was always with him, something with which he could explain almost anything except a bad throw or a missed sign. Now he did not have it and he did not miss it.

He called Merced over, got a Western Union blank from him, and addressed the telegram to his wife:

PLEASE SEND ANY NEW SNAPSHOTS YOU HAVE OF YOU AND JANET.
LOVE, STAT

A month before, he would have added a line: EVERYTHING FINE HERE. A month before that, he would not have sent the telegram at all.

The clubhouse door opened and Joe Whittier came in. Hunter nodded to him, but Whittier gave no sign of recognition.

He's still sore, Stat thought. Well, the hell with it. One of these days he'll jump out of here. He needs two seasons more downstairs, maybe in A or triple-A ball, but he's too good for this league and he just might make it in the majors. Besides, Philadelphia's got to have something.

Philadelphia, which owned the Conway Bears, had been figured for third place and a good shot at the top, but it was in sixth place in the big league. The big Bears needed help at second base, and all through their farm system there was no second baseman to equal Joe Whittier.

That night Simon North struck out the unearthly total of twenty-two men as Conway beat Auburn 4 to 0, and in the clubhouse there was a telegram waiting for Stat Hunter. For one wild moment the manager wondered how he could have received an answer from Marian so soon. Then he opened the envelope and saw that the telegram was from Ollie Marcus, the scout, in Philadelphia.

It was a long telegram, and when he had finished reading it, he walked over to Whittier. "I've got to have a talk with you."

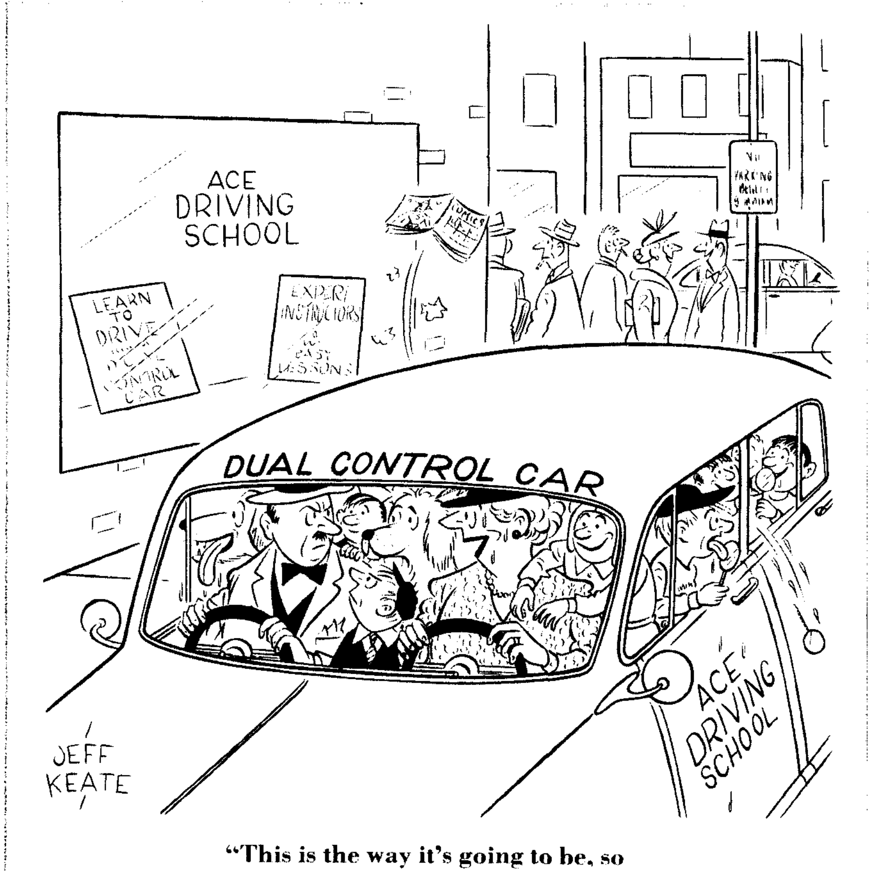
"Jo Ann's waiting for me outside."

"She can hear this too."

Whittier shrugged.

WHEN they got outside, Hunter and Whittier sat in the front seat of Whittier's car and the girl, Jo Ann, sat in back, smoking a cigarette.

"I'll give it to you as fast as I know how," Hunter said to Whittier. "You remember the Cahill trade last winter, where there were three clubs mixed up in it? All right. Part of Philadelphia's end of the deal was to promise Boston a minor-league player to be named later. Now Boston wants you, and



COLLIER'S

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JEFF KEATE

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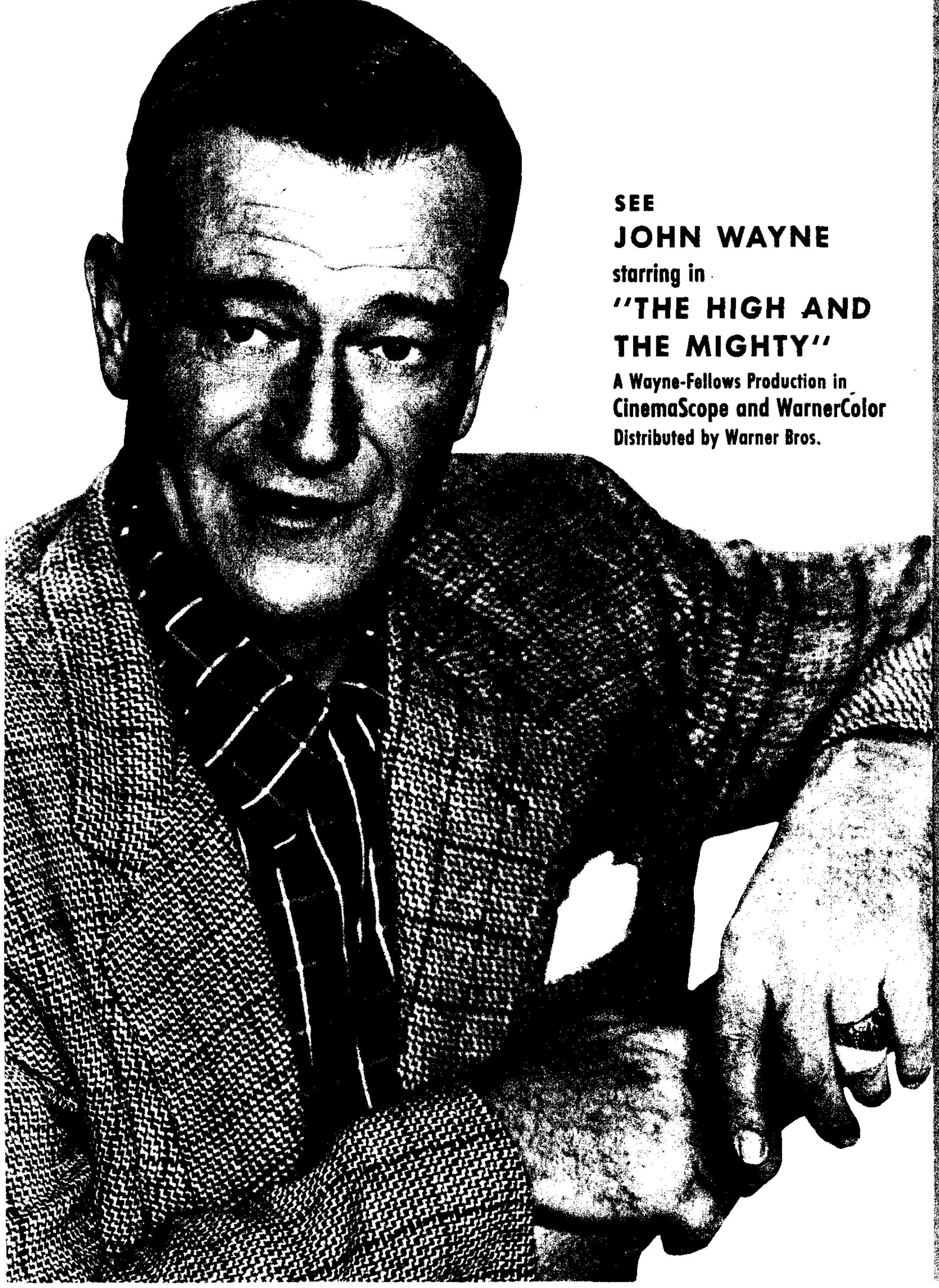

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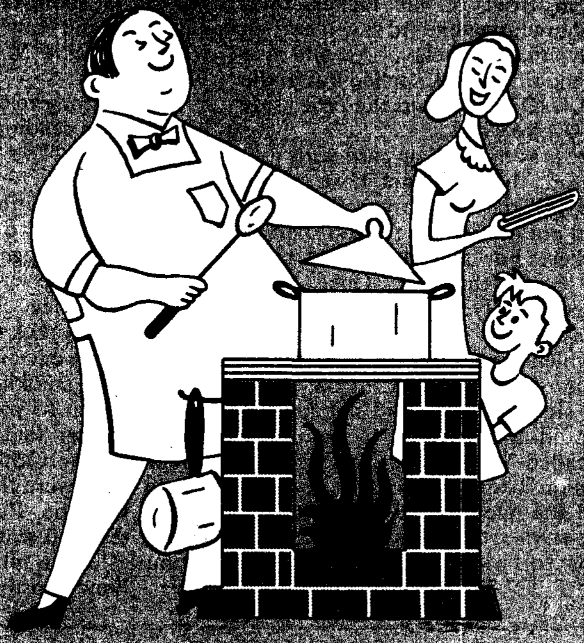

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may throw in a left-hander from a Class B club, and Philadelphia's interested because they'd like to give me a left-hander. And besides, Philadelphia doesn't like what it hears about you off the field."

"I quit all that," Whittier said.

"Okay," Hunter said. "Let's say you made a mistake and I made a mistake too. But let's set that to one side. What it comes down to is this: Philadelphia wants to leave it up to me, and I'm going to leave it up to you. If you go now, you won't go straight up to the majors. Boston doesn't need help at second base, and that's a situation that probably would be good for you, because you'd get some regular work in the fast minors. If you stay here, then I'd say there was a good chance Philadelphia would call you up, at least after a while, and then you'd probably go up all the way. That's not saying you'd play regular or even stick in the big league, but that's the way it would probably fall."

"Philadelphia knows about me and the money."

"That's right," Hunter said.

"Does Boston?"

"I don't know. I don't see any real reason why they should."

"The minute I make the jump out of here, even if just to a higher minor league, my salary goes up. That right?"

"That's right."

SITTING behind the wheel, Whittier turned his head and said to the girl in back. "What do you think?"

"You do what you want," she said. "I don't care."

Hunter glanced at her, and saw she was looking straight at him, and he thought: If Whittier takes the Boston deal, then she's alone, and she wants me and she knows all about me, and what's going to come of it? What's going to happen if she comes to my room again the way she did the other night and I haven't heard from Marian again in the meantime?

Joe Whittier said now, "How long have I got?"

"I don't know," Hunter said. He glanced back at the girl again and then he opened his door and got out. "Sleep on it. Good night. Good night, Jo Ann."

The next night Conway won again, and there was another telegram for Stat. Again he thought it might be from Marian, and again it was from Ollie Marcus. Hunter read it twice before he believed it: HAVE PITCHER NORTH REPORT TO PHILADELPHIA IMMEDIATELY. ALSO CALLING YOU UP TO MANAGE PHILADELPHIA AND WILL EXPECT YOU BY TUESDAY.

When he told Jo Ann about it, she said, "You're not going."

"Don't be ridiculous."

"You're not going to leave me, Stat."

"Look," he said, "it's no good."

"It could be good," she said. "I'm going to make you see that, even if you leave now. I love you, Stat, like your wife never loved you. Remember that."

He knew then that she was a little crazy, this girl, but only a little, and in its way it frightened him. . . .

Whittier took the Boston offer, and Monk Gladstone got the job as manager of the Conway Bears. Boston sent Gladstone a left-handed pitcher from Class A, and Philadelphia scouted him up a second baseman from American Legion ball.

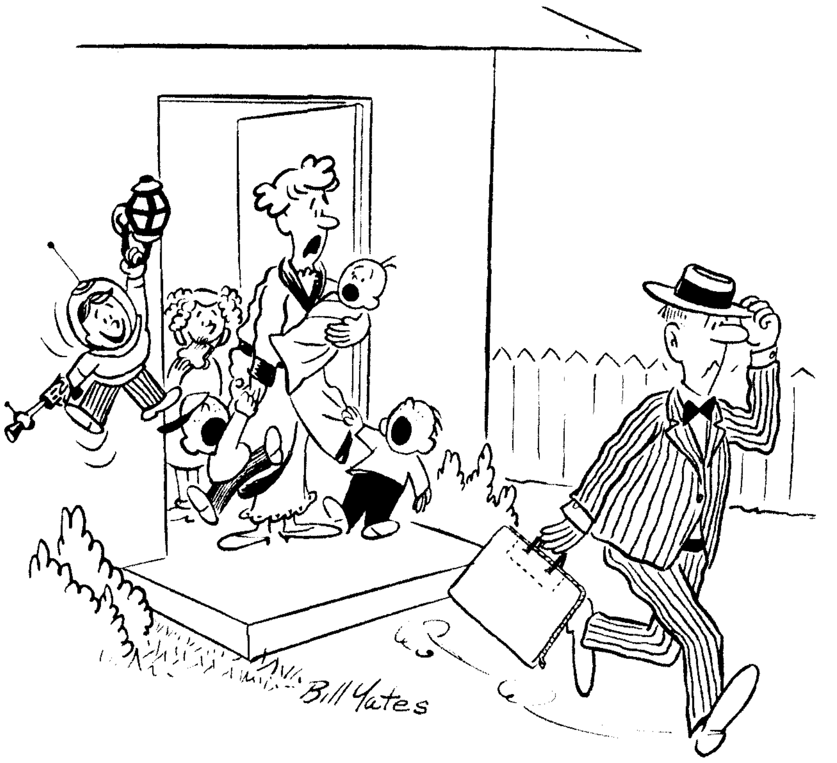
When he got to Philadelphia, Stat Hunter found Ollie Marcus waiting for him in the office of the Bears.

They shook hands, and Hunter said, "What happened?"

Marcus shrugged his shoulders. "Something finally happened in this town that they couldn't blame on a busted water main. It's not going to be easy for you, Stat. This team is in bad shape."

"First things first," Hunter said. "Why me?"

Marcus said, "Morrison," and made a face. Morrison was the name of the deposed manager of the Philadelphia Bears. "Look, Stat, why do you think we put you in Conway in the first place? Why do you think I came to town? What do you think those nightly reports we had you fill out were for? Do you think we have to scout our own players? That's what we had you there for. Sure, I got a look at the club



COLLIER'S "Couldn't you take just *one* of them to work with you?" BILL YATES

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when I came to town, but it was you I was looking at. I wanted to watch you handling a club. I wanted to watch you with your ballplayers. I saw the lead-off man get on base for you in an early inning and I saw you put the bunt on right away. You were playing for one run because you knew your pitcher needed only one run. That was big-league baseball, Stat. When you got into a real bad spot with that gambling business, you handled it wonderfully, and when your team went sour, you pulled them out."

"I didn't pull them out."

"What do you mean?" Marcus said quietly. "The game you won with all those runs in the late innings—"

"I wasn't even on the field when they won that one."

"That's just it. Sure, the umpire kicked you out because you beefed. But you waited till you had a legitimate beef, and then you let him have it till he went red and threw you out. Earlier in the same game you pulled the old Henrich trap play, a play none of those Class C jokers ever saw before. When you walked off that field you left behind a ball club that *had* to win for you, Stat. I heard about that game and I said to T.H."—T.H. was T.H. Hawes, president of the Philadelphia Bears—"I said, 'Stat Hunter's busted that slump for them and busted it for good. Watch them go now.' "

MARCUS pointed at Hunter. "Stat, when we paid off Morrison and let him go it was because we had to. But we wouldn't have done it if we hadn't had a man to put in his place. You're it, old buddy. You've got this club and you can do whatever you want. Where are we now? Coming on August. You've got two months, a little more, to put this club where it belongs. You put them in fourth place and you've got the club next season."

Marcus leaned back with his feet up on the desk. "Different people think differently about managers. They say a good manager can't help a club but a bad one can hurt it. No, sir." The scout shook his head. "A manager may be no better than his material, but he can be. It depends on what he does with that material. Look at Stengel."

"Well," Hunter said, "I don't know."

"Nobody knows," Marcus said, "and that's a fact. How's Janet? What do you hear from Marian?"

"Nothing," Hunter said. "I guess they're all right."

"You think you had troubles in Conway," the other man said, "wait till you see this club out here."

"Bad? Really bad?"

"When a winning ball club does nothing but lose," Marcus said, "this is not good. Oh, and something else. You can do what you want with yourself. You're still a playing manager."

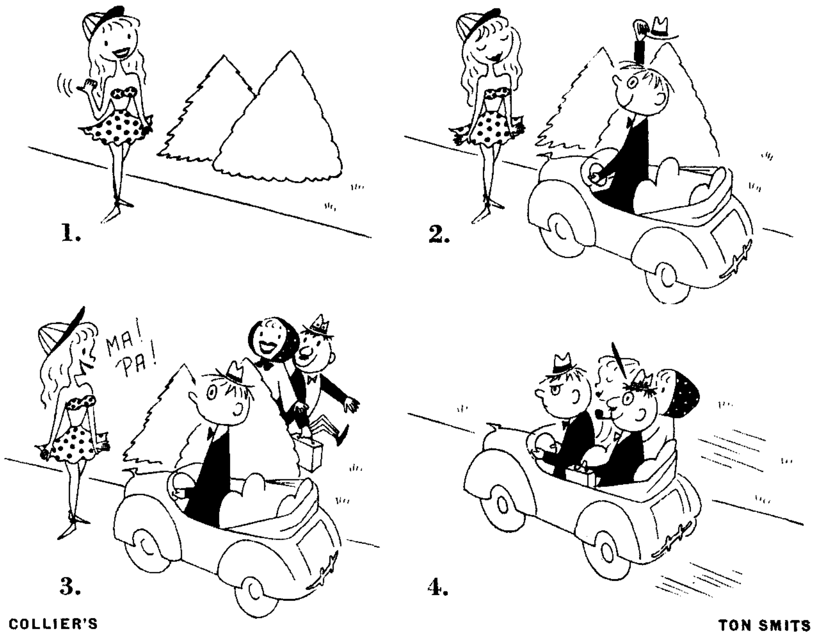
"Avery's a good center fielder."

"You're a better one, if your arm can do it. Put Avery in right field. See? The front office is already telling you how to run your ball club."

"That's something," Stat said, "that we had no trouble with at Conway."

"Don't kid me," Ollie Marcus said. "You were glad to come up here. I could tell by looking at you. If I know you, you had a dame taking a run at you; and with all this latter-day nobility of yours, you weren't quite sure what you were going to do. So I saved you."

Hunter looked away, thinking of Conway and Jo Ann and wondering whether he was saved or not. Aloud, he said, "You should have been an insurance adjuster."



COLLIER'S TON SMITS

"I was," Marcus said, "for seven years."

These were the Philadelphia Bears: Connover and Peterkin catching, Dog-Face Martin at first base, Kramer and Laws alternating at second, Bob McNeil at short, Lynn Watson at third base, Smith, Avery and Goodman in the outfield, with Larsen and Potts for extra outfield. Hines and Jaretski and Lindeman and Sampson were the front-line right-handers, and Geller and Matson and Hobo Bates the best left-handers. That was the squad that mattered; the others were the best that could be had, none of them top-liners.

Morrison, the manager who had been booted, had played a different line-up every day, or so it seemed, and it had not done much good. Even though in sixth place, the Bears were playing around .450 baseball, which meant two things: they could beat any other club in the league, as they had; and the seventh- and eighth-place teams were very bad, as they were.

St. Louis had been a surprise this year, had been in the first division all season long; so one excuse for Philadelphia could be St. Louis, but it was a stinking excuse. Morrison had used his pitchers badly—this much Hunter knew. When a man was winning, Morrison overworked him; when he wasn't, Morrison rode him. The whole pitching staff ended up hating the manager.

But there was more wrong than the fact that Morrison had not been liked by his players. To begin with, Morrison had had some favorites on the club: Bob McNeil, the rookie shortstop who won all the raves with his fielding, was one. Morrison had been a shortstop during his playing days, and it was profitable for him to build up McNeil, because the papers thus would credit Morrison automatically for, as one sports page put it, "spending endless painstaking hours and bringing the youngster along."

THERE were others Morrison had liked too, but the trouble was not even so clear-cut as having the club split into two camps. Two of the coaches on the Bears, Dave Donald and Mike Schwartz, had been angling quietly for Morrison's job ever since it became apparent the manager would be deposed. Gently and politically, they had lined up their own supporters.

Added to this, there was the handful of players that owed allegiance to no man, for various reasons—like Dog-Face Martin, the hard-hitting first baseman, who got along with everybody, and Jim Potts, the reserve outfielder, who simply did not give a damn.

Even then you could not say, all right, they are lined up in four separate camps, because some of the players' devotions overlapped, and some switched allegiance overnight, and there was the added fact of the obvious line of demarcation between those who played regularly and those who did not, and the natural inclinations of the old-timers on the team to stick together to the exclusion of the newcomers, and—above everything else—the unhappy reality of the players' disliking and distrusting one another.

THEY had only one feeling in common, these disenchanted professionals: they were suspicious of Stat.

Ol' Man Mose—Moses Jones, the Negro relief pitcher—was the only one who did not resent Stat Hunter. He had no reason to. At Conway, Hunter had been clearly the leader, the only man on the squad who had succeeded in the majors, and the great share of his players had been composed of very young men. On this team they were all big-leaguers, and Hunter was a man coming from the minors to take a job one of them or one of their friends might have had, and he was going to tell them what to do. They wanted no part of him.

Except Mose. He was lying on the rubbing tables with his eyes closed, alone in the room, when Hunter came into the Philadelphia clubhouse. Stat said, "Hello, Mose. How you feel?"

Moses Jones opened his eyes, slowly and reluctantly. "Well, it's Stat," he said thoughtfully. "Hey, Stat."

"I'm early," Hunter said. "I called a clubhouse meeting for two o'clock."

"Might as well be early. Might as well enjoy it while it's peaceful."

"Doesn't it figure to be peaceful?"

"Figures to be anything but." The pitcher sat up on the table. "Stat, I heard a little about you up in that bush league where you was managing. I got to tell you something. You never seen nothing of trouble till you been here. You don't got to be here long. Be here one night is all. Tonight, against New York. That's all."

"It can't be that bad."

Moses Jones rubbed his pitching shoulder reflectively. "No? Stat, we've loused up thirty ball games. I don't mean lost 'em, we've loused 'em up ourselves. That Morrison. He tells me I can't go nine innings. So what happens? I go in in the fourth inning and I pitch to the fifteenth. But I can't go nine innings. I can't start for him."

Hunter held two clubhouse meetings that day—one in the afternoon, where he shook hands with everyone and went over the signs; the other, just before they went out for pregame practice before the night game with New York.

The manager had not liked what he had seen that afternoon, had not liked what he had felt. Thus he had deliberately held off on his pitching nominations until tonight. Now he faced his players, and he said:

"Batting order tonight—McNeil, Avery, Goodman, Martin, Smith, Watson, Connover, Kramer."

Kyle Smith, the right fielder, said, "Who's pitching, Stat?"

"Him," Stat Hunter said, and pointed directly at Simon North, the young right-hander who had arrived from Conway three days before.

THE players were looking at one another. What they had known of Andrew Hunter was not this. Hunter was the kind of man who would go along with the *status quo*, would feel his way, would try to bring men together. Hunter, the Hunter they had known in the big leagues in years gone by, never shocked anyone. Maybe something had happened to him in that bush-league.

While they were looking at one another, Stat Hunter walked slowly toward the little room that served as the manager's office. He was not quite through with them yet. When he got to the door of his office, he turned to face them again.

"And Moses Jones starts tomorrow," he said, and went into the little office, closing the door behind him.

New York was leading the league, four full games ahead of second-place Chicago. They were pitting their best left-hander against the Bears tonight. He was three-and-one against the Bears on the season. As a vote of confidence in his men, Hunter had started Goodman in left field tonight, something Morrison would never have done against a left-hander, but now, sitting in the dugout listening to the noise of the crowd, Hunter found himself wondering if Goodman would ever come to bat. Simon North had walked the first two men and the third one had singled to right field for a run, sending the tail runner to third.

If you thought a minor-league crowd could let you have it, then it was only because you had forgotten what a major-league crowd could do. There were more than 25,000 in the Bears' park tonight, drawn by the twin attraction of New York and a new Philadelphia manager.

The Bears were out of the running. Stat Hunter entertained no pennant notions. They trailed the leaders by twenty-one games.

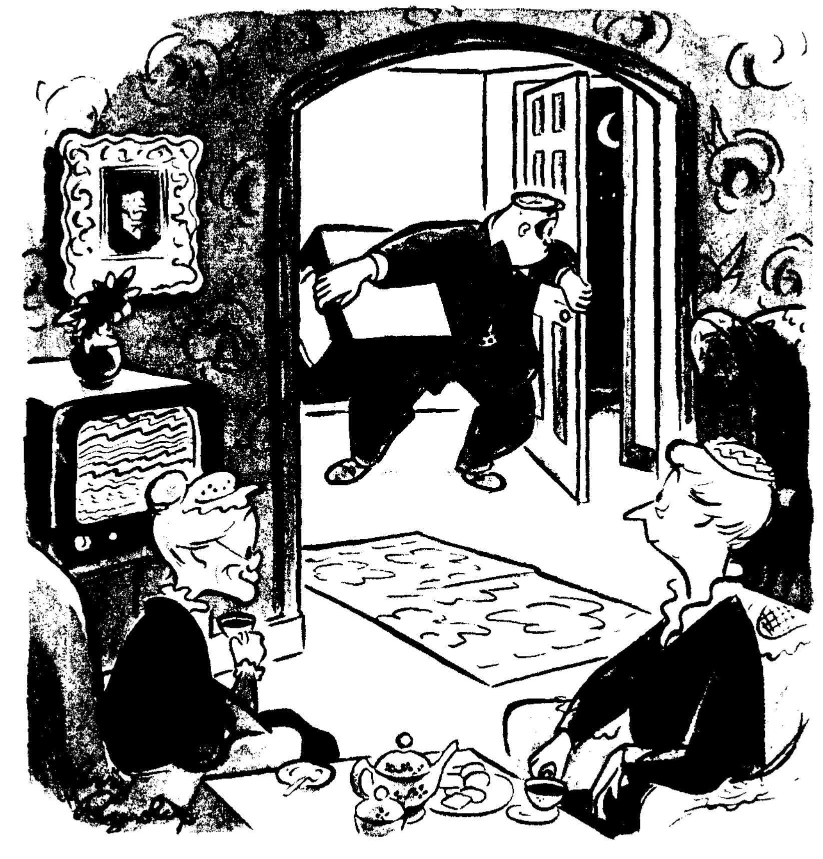
Get up to fourth place, Marcus had told him, and Stat Hunter knew how tough that would be. He had not reckoned with its being tough in the top half of the first inning of the first game he managed, but here was his shock therapy working mightily in reverse, and the stands were on him unmercifully.

Now North went to two-and-nothing on the New York cleanup man, and Hunter waved his right hand to the bull pen and called for time and walked out to the mound. In the bull pen, Moses Jones got slowly to his feet and started to work.

Jack Connover, the catcher, came out, and Steve Kramer came over from second base. Hunter was chewing three sticks of gum, chewing rapidly. He said to Connover, "What about it?"

"I don't know," Connover said. "What about it?"

BUTCH



"When a tube goes, Butch just replaces the set. Much cheaper in the long run, he says"

COLLIER'S

LARRY REYNOLDS

"Well," Hunter said, "what do you think?"

"What do you think, Steve?" Connover said.

"I don't know what I think," Steve Kramer said.

It dawned on Stat Hunter that they were not, much as the conversation might indicate to the contrary, giving him the business. They had decided, he sensed, that they would go along with the new manager, first because he had surprised them in the clubhouse before the game, second because there was no percentage in acting otherwise. Whatever happened now would be Hunter's fault. They knew it, so they were giving him rope.

STILL, Hunter appreciated it. What they were doing now was talking in circles so that Moses Jones, out in the bull pen, could get the maximum time in which to heat up.

Hunter said to Connover, "He's fast, isn't he?"

"Damn' fast."

"All right," Stat Hunter said. "Call the fast ball. Now get out of here. I want to tell him something private."

Connover and Kramer went away and Stat Hunter looked at Simon North. He said, "Simon, this is going to be a speech. It's going to be a speech because you're scared. You're so scared you can't move."

North nodded without speaking. His Adam's apple moved up and down.

"All right," Hunter said. "Now you're going to hear something from me you never heard before. You're going to be pitching nothing but fast balls, and it's going to be like you're pitching batting practice. I want you to lay it in there. I'm going to show you something. You've got major-leaguers behind you. I'm going to show you how they can go and get the ball when it's hit. You're going to see catches you never dreamed of. You've got my guarantee. That's number one. Number two is this. You've got the best relief pitcher in baseball. This isn't Conway, Simon. You don't have to strike out everybody you pitch against because if you don't there's nobody to make the play behind you. This is the big league, Simon. There are pitchers in this league who've made a career of just letting batters hit the ball and then having their fielders go get it. If I didn't think you could do that, I wouldn't have let them call you up here. All right?"

Simon North nodded, slowly.

Stat Hunter turned and walked with a definite stride back toward the dugout.

Connover called for the fast ball, and North poured it over for a strike and the sound of it hitting Connover's mitt brought an "oooh" from the stands. Still, it had been two-and-nothing, and the hitter was taking. He was expecting fast balls too, and still he let the next one go by in a kind of awe. It was another strike.

He swung at the next one. He swung hard, and still he swung late. He hit nothing. He sat down on his pants in the batter's box.

The infield talked it up behind Simon North. He got two strikes on the next batter. Hunter prayed he would waste the next one, but he came across at the knees with it and the batter put it on the ground over the mound. Bob McNeil came over from shortstop, moving like a current of air, gloved it a stride to the left and back of second base, kicked the bag and threw to first for the double play.

When North got to the dugout, Stat

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Hunter said to him, "See what I mean?"

"I see."

"And don't throw pitches they can hit on two-and-nothing. You knew better than that at Conway."

"All right," Simon said, and sat down.

He was tremendously fast over the next four innings, and already he had claimed eight strike-out victims. But Philadelphia had moved only one man to second meanwhile. In the last of the fifth, Kramer drew a leadoff walk. Hunter wanted the tie for now. He had North bunt, but it went badly and they got the force at second base. McNeil got a line single to right field, and North held at second. Avery flied very deep to right, moving North to third on the catch, and then Goodman hit on the ground to the third baseman. Goodman was a fast man, and the throw to first was in the dirt. He beat it. Simon North, who had not moved until he saw the throw going to first, raced for the plate and was thrown out on the sequence, the first baseman to the catcher.

Mike Schwartz, who had been coaching at third base, walked into the dugout and said, "Don't you teach them how to run in the minors?"

Hunter said, "Maybe he'd forgotten there were two out."

"I told him there were two out."

"Anyway," Hunter said, "in the minors he could hold up and still make it home. They don't have first basemen like that in Class C."

"New rule," Schwartz said. "When on third base with two out always hold up on a ground ball."

"Leave it alone," Hunter said. "You're right, Mike. You know you're right."

NORTH'S fast ball was just as fast as it had been, but now he was gone again on his control. He walked the first man to face him, and Hunter waved for Moses Jones to get heated again. The next batter caught the second pitch and rode it on a soaring line into right-center field. Back at the fence, beneath one of the arc-light standards, Kyle Smith caught the ball running, going away.

The next man singled sharply to left, and when North went to ball one on the following hitter, Hunter called for time and went out to the mound. He said, "That's all for tonight, Simon. Let's see the ball."

Simon North looked at him, and the manager saw that his young pitcher was close to tears. "You did some running last inning," Hunter said, "and we did some hitting. This inning we've got some big men coming up. If they start anything, I'd pinch-hit for you anyway. So we'll do it this way. You struck out a lot of men. We're proud of you."

Moses Jones moved slowly onto the scene. He said to Hunter, "Thought I was going to start tomorrow."

"You are."

Jones said nothing, but Hunter caught the shadow of a smile on his face. The relief pitcher started throwing to Connover, and Hunter slapped North on the seat of the pants, and the two of them started for the dugout.

Fans got to their feet to applaud the young pitcher as he left the field. Hunter knew what the thrill was like. Looking at Simon North, he could see the young pitcher felt it too.

Moses Jones threw four pitches and was out of the inning on a pair of infield flies. He would have made it on two pitches, save for the fact that neither hitter would touch the first ball.

Dog-Face Martin led off the last half of the sixth inning with a home run over the right-field wall. The players grouped happily to meet him and grasp his hand as he returned to the dugout—something they had not done quite so professionally before television—and Hunter found himself thinking that if Simon North had come home without hesitating on that last play in the fifth, Philadelphia now would be in front 4 to 1 rather than tied 1 to 1. Some of the other members of the Bears, he sensed, were thinking it too.

THAT was all Philadelphia got in the sixth. New York got a run in the seventh on an error by the catcher, but in the last of the eighth, with one out, Smith and Watson both singled, the former going to third base.

The play for Stat Hunter now was to replace his hitter, Jack Connover, with a faster man, to reduce the chance of a double play. He looked over his bench. Then he picked out two bats and came up the steps of the dugout.

The crowd began to roar. This was more than surprise—more even than recognition on the part of the fans that the new manager already had made his presence felt in his first game.

This was the fans' welcome back to the big leagues for Andrew Hunter. Many times through the years they had seen him before. Now he was one of theirs, and they were not sorry. They stood up and cheered, and the announcer growled, "Number thirty-seven, Stat Hunter, batting for Connover."

He thought: If Marian could hear this . . .

But instantly his thoughts were back with the game. What would happen if he got on—if they tied it? Kramer, Jones, McNeil, Avery and Goodman followed him. There was not a real long-ball until Dog-Face Martin, back of Goodman. If he pinch-hit a man for Moses Jones, then he had to come back with another pitcher in the ninth. Matson and Lindeman were working in the Bears' bull pen, but neither was a tight pitcher like Jones. On the other hand, if he bunted the run across to tie it now, then took his chances on Kramer and Jones behind him, he would have at least a tie going into the ninth, and the top of his order ready to hit.

Hunter was thinking not only as Stat Hunter, the Philadelphia manager; he was trying to think also as the New York manager. Stepping up to bat now, he made up his mind to wait for one pitch—and see.

New York figured him for the take. The left-hander gunned a strike over the heart of the plate. As he did, Stat Hunter's hand moved imperceptibly along the wood of the bat.

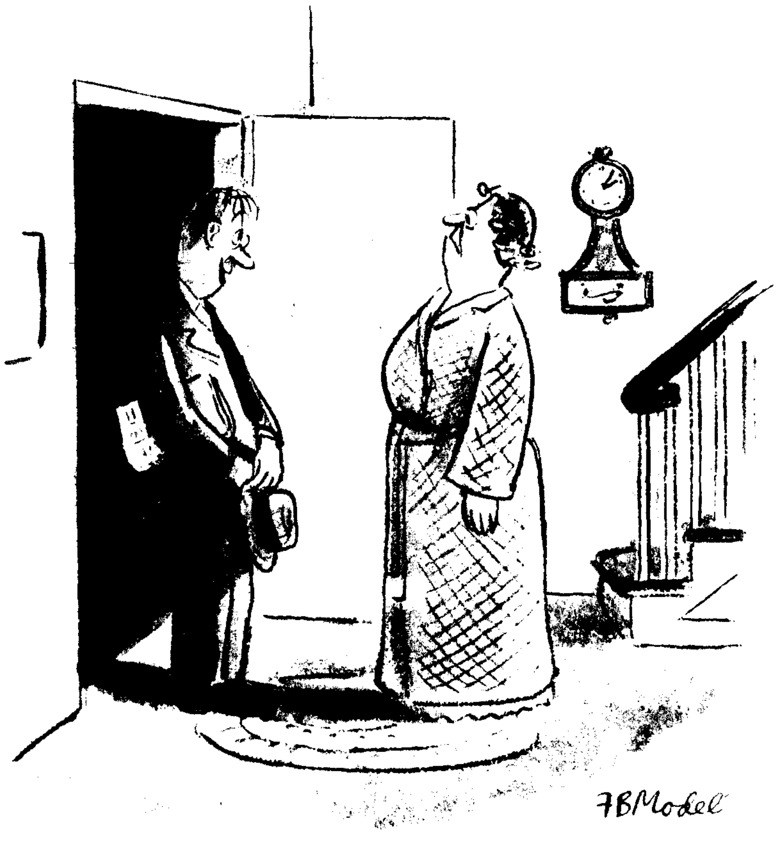
Now the next pitch was ready, and still Hunter did not signal the squeeze. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw the bait had caught its fish. Gently crouched, the New York third baseman was on his toes, leaning a little too much toward the plate.

The pitch rode in and the third baseman was coming in with it. Stat Hunter's bat whipped around and the ball whistled toward third base, a foot fair, flashing past the trapped fielder and out along the left-field line.

Smith rode home from third base with the tying run. The New York left fielder was digging the ball out on its third low bounce, off the fence, and as he straightened up, Lynn Watson was turning wide and rocketing over third base, getting the wave from Mike Schwartz and heading for home.

They let the throw ride through and Watson beat it with a long slide to put the Bears ahead. The catcher came out of the tag and shot the ball to third, and Hunter went in on the outfield side of the bag and beat it. The noise from the stands was tremendous.

Moses Jones did no fooling in the top of the ninth. He got two men on ground balls. The next man, a pinch hitter, hit a tall one to center field. Stat Hunter waited under it, moved



COLLIER'S — "You hate me, don't you?" — FRANK B. MODELL

COLLIER'S "Let's enjoy the afternoon for a change. We can pick him up on the way home!" GUSTAV LUNDBERG

the gum around in his mouth, caught the ball, and they were loping over toward the clubhouse now, the fans roaring their approval. . . .

The morning papers the next day hailed Hunter to a fault. When he got to the ball park for the afternoon game against New York, there was already a line at the unreserved windows. Stat Hunter grinned and went into the clubhouse, and what was waiting for him there was an air-mail letter from Nebraska.

He knew the handwriting. He went into the small room that was his office and opened it and read: *Dear Stat, Your wire came and I'll have some pictures to send, very soon, I hope. Meanwhile I heard about your getting the Philadelphia job and you know I wish you all the good fortune in the world. I hope that now you have everything you want. Janet made an ash tray for you and sent it to you. It was a little while before you left Conway. She's looking forward to seeing you in the fall. Do you want me to have her count on it? I know that your new job may keep you busy in the East even after the season is over. As ever, Marian.*

HUNTER read the letter three times. He read between the lines, and over them and under them, and tried to interpret and to interpolate; he tried to think as Marian might be thinking, though of course he could not, and did not really want to.

He decided he would answer it at once, briefly but warmly, on the stationery of the Philadelphia Bears: *Dear Marian, Thanks for your note. I hope you are well, as I am. The new job is a challenge, but I am not as devoted to baseball—maybe devoted is not a good word, but you will know what I mean. I love the game still, but it is not the same as before. Maybe there are reasons for that too. I got the ash tray and am writing to Janet tonight. Tell her I will be there after the season as fast as my legs can carry me.*

Love,
Stat.

They had nearly fifteen thousand for the weekday game against New York, and today Hunter had the Bears running. Moses Jones went all the way, giving up only six hits, and won the game 6 to 4.

That was the way it began for Stat Hunter. By mid-August he had the club in fifth place; as August ended they had taken fourth away from St. Louis. Labor Day came and New York led the league by three games. Boston was in second place, seven games ahead of Chicago. Chicago was three games in front of Philadelphia.

Hunter had set his sights on third place, but it was going to be tough. They hit Chicago on the final Western swing, and in four games the best they could do was break square.

St. Louis, meanwhile, took three out of four from Boston. This did not help Boston's pennant chances, but did them no tremendous harm, for New York also was stalled. It did mean, though, that St. Louis might be coming on again—ready, perhaps, to take fourth place back from the Bears.

The Bears moved into St. Louis for a three-game set, all of them night games. Hunter was using Jaretski, Hines, Sampson and Hobo Bates as his regular four pitchers, using North and Moses Jones for spot starting work, using Jones, Lindeman, Geller and Matson in relief. He had Bates for the opener against St. Louis, and Hobo got pinned 10 to 4. Jaretski won the second for them when Lynn Watson homered in the eighth, 4 to 3.

That left one more game, a big one, and Hunter went with Hines, his top winner. Hines had won sixteen on the year so far, and had beaten St. Louis four times. But this time he lost—2 to 1—and now the Bears were ahead of St. Louis in the standings by just one game.

These last three weeks of the season would tell the story. Hunter's mind reeled with plans, with performances and statistics, when he got back to his hotel. Underneath his door, as he entered his room, he saw a house message. It said: MR. HUNTER, RM 563, 1015P CALL OPR 14 OMAHA NEBRASKA

Hunter picked up the telephone, and after a long wait he was put through to Marian's father, on the farm outside a small town near Omaha.

"Stat? That you?"

"Yes," Hunter said. "What's up?"

"It's Janet," Marian's father said. "She's disappeared. We—"

"She's what?"

"Gone," the older man said. His voice sounded very tired. "We—"

"I'll be there," Hunter said, and he hung up the telephone. An ordinary father might perhaps have wanted to hear more information. The Stat Hunter of old, caught in the middle of a tough pennant race, would have wanted to hear much, much more before he acted.

But now Stat Hunter picked up the telephone again and called the home of a St. Louis sports editor, an old friend.

He told him what had happened, and then Stat said, "Get me on the next plane for Omaha and have one of those rented cars waiting for me at the Omaha airport. Then call Mike Schwartz at the hotel here and tell him he's got the team till I get back. Tell him I'll be in touch with him. I'm leaving for the airport right now. Get a message out there some way so I can find out what plane I'm on."

ANDREW HUNTER had to wait until three o'clock in the morning for a plane. But when he finally arrived at the Omaha airport, the automobile was waiting for him. He got in and while he was driving he switched on the radio.

It was still night. Andrew Hunter glanced at the speedometer. It held, seeming not to move, just over the figure 70. The chill of predawn came into the car, penetrating the thin summer suit Stat wore. He could feel it in his bones and muscles, and his right shoulder felt as if he had made the throw from deepest center field at the Polo Grounds.

The clock on the dashboard said it was five o'clock, and behind him the sky was turning light, a slow, inexorable light that was first gray and then was a color at once deeper and less deep.

The radio station's call letters came through, then a man's voice:

"And now the five-o'clock news. The daughter of baseball star Andrew Hunter, manager of the Philadelphia Bears, has disappeared from her home near Stillwell, a small town sixty-four miles northwest of Omaha. The eight-year-old girl, Janet Hunter, had been playing on the ninety-acre farm of her grandfather, Samuel Cross, sixty-one, and disappeared shortly before noon yesterday. When she did not return, townspeople joined state and local police in a search of the entire area which was still going on after midnight.

"Meanwhile, the missing girl's mother, Marian Hunter, who divorced her ballplayer husband two years ago, told authorities she feared the girl might have been kidnaped by enemies of her ex-husband. Hunter earlier this year managed a minor-league team in New York State on which one player, Walt Corio, thirty-five, was exposed as a man who several years ago was banned from baseball for life in a gambling scandal.

"In Washington today . . ."

Now all that Andrew Hunter thought about was the one word: kidnap. Now baseball did not mean his job—a job that depended upon his pushing a second-division club into a first-division finish. Baseball meant a ballplayer named Corio, who hated him, and thinking of Corio made him think about the girl. Jo Ann, who was a little bit crazy, crazy in a way that frightened him. —CHARLES EINSTEIN

(This is the second of three parts)

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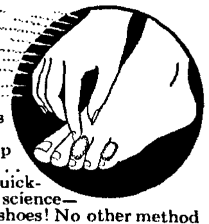

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MEMO ABOUT YOUR

By JUDITH CHASE CHURCHILL

IF YOU'RE like most people, you worry occasionally about memory lapses. You start to introduce a friend—and can't remember his name. You tell about something you've read, then can't recall where you saw it. You have to make a speech, and you stay up half the night because you're afraid of forgetting what you wanted to say.

What is memory? Is it something over which you have no control? Can it be improved, or do you think of it as a sort of filing cabinet with only a limited capacity? Do you expect to become more forgetful the older you grow? Whose memories are better—men's or women's? And why do husbands forget anniversaries?

Here are a number of recent findings by psychologists and memory experts who have been studying that elusive function of your mind. Some of their answers may upset a lot of your preconceived notions. When you have finished this article, try the tests on the opposite page; they'll give you some clues about your own memory.

1. ***Is there a limit to how much you can remember?***

Psychologists have found that the capacity of the human mind to retain information is elastic. You remember by association: the more ideas you take in, the more associations you have handy to help you pull these and other ideas out of your memory later.

2. ***Do written reminders help your memory?***

They neither help nor hinder it. As a temporary device to remind you of something to be done, they are useful; but they have no permanent effect on either improving or impairing your general ability to remember.

3. ***Does tying a string around your finger make you remember?***

Not unless you form some association between the string and what you want to recall. Putting your socks inside your shoes, moving the telephone, switching your ring to another finger are all helpful tricks to alert yourself to the fact that you have a job to do. But unless you can connect the device with what you want to remember (the socks in the shoes may bring to mind the long trek to the grocer's for coffee, for example), you may forget why you tied the string around your finger.

4. ***What sort of facts are hardest to recall?***

Most people have much more trouble remembering phone numbers, dates and statistics than, say, names or faces, because many of us find digits dull, and therefore difficult to associate with something interesting or meaningful.

5. ***Will concentrating help you remember?***

When you originally learn a fact, concentrating will help fix it in your mind; but when you are trying to recall a fact, concentrating may impede you. Next time you want to recall something, don't try too hard; overtrying is much more likely to hinder than to help you. Too much concentration may even call up an interference, like a similar-sounding name, or a false lead, which may block what you're trying to remember. Relax. Let your mind ramble over related images and associations. Chances are, the thought will just come to you.

6. ***Do you remember simple matters more easily than those that are hard?***

The difficult sticks better in your memory because you put more effort into learning it. Tests have shown that after memorizing easy sets of figures, students could recall only 60 per cent. But when they were given more difficult series, they remembered 10 per cent more.

7. ***Do slow learners remember best?***

Hundreds of tests disprove the old slow-but-sure maxim. Slow learners make the most mistakes and forget the fastest. Quick students are usually the best memorizers because they focus sharply and give all-out concentration to what they're learning.

8. ***Can you improve your memory by repeating timetables, dates and the like?***

Don't waste your time. Parroting irrevelant facts is useless. You improve your memory only by making practical use of it. You can increase your ability to remember subjects of particular interest or importance to you by following these simple rules, set down by Dr. Bruno Furst, head of the School of Memory and Concentration in New York City: (1) apply your mind to what you want to remember; (2) associate the subject with something you already know; (3) repeat it every now and then.

9. ***Is the possession of an exceptional memory a sign of intelligence?***

Yes. An important aspect of intelligence is the ability to retain old facts and use them to develop new ideas. There are people with just ordinary or even subnormal intelligence who nonetheless seem to have unusual memories—like the half-wit who could reel off the serial numbers of a string of 100 boxcars after they had passed out of sight. But scientists do not believe this is actually the ability to remember. Rather they think it is "eidetic imagery" which makes such phenomenal feats possible. People with this special knack—which seems inborn—retain some kind of image of what they have seen, and are able to "read" numbers, words and sometimes whole paragraphs from this picture in their minds.

10. ***Is it possible to "remember" places you've never seen before?***

It's not unusual to have the feeling on entering a room that you have been there before, even when you know you haven't. It's a trick of the mind known to psychologists as *déjà vu* (French for "already seen"). Your subconscious mind notes the presence or arrangement of one or more objects in the room. These articles remind you of something you've previously seen elsewhere—perhaps in a movie, a picture or some other room. The objects set in motion an associational process which makes you believe you've been in the new room before.

11. ***Which do you remember longer—pleasant or painful events?***

Pleasant occasions remain with you longer because you relive and reminisce about them more. You're likely to inhibit painful memories. That's why childhood seems so happy in retrospect, and why people sigh for the good old days, which would seem less wonderful if we recalled the unpleasant as vividly as we do the pleasant.

12. ***Are children able to memorize more easily than adults?***

Not necessarily; it depends on the facts to be memorized. If they are completely new to both child and adult, the child will memorize more easily because the adult may have fixed ideas in his head which conflict with these new facts. On the other hand, the adult will memorize more easily than the child if the facts to be learned can be anchored to certain associations in the adult's mind.

13. ***Have men better memories than women?***

On the contrary. In grade-school and college years, girls have the edge on boys, and later in life women top men in remembering general ideas and remote events of their childhood. They also have a slight edge in recalling sights, sounds, tastes and touch. Each sex remembers best what interests it most. For example, women lead in recollecting styles, colors, people and social events; men excel at numbers, directions and logic.

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY DEVLIN

MEMORY

You may bless it or curse it, but what do you know about that elusive part of your mind? Here's what experts say

14. *Why do husbands forget anniversaries?*

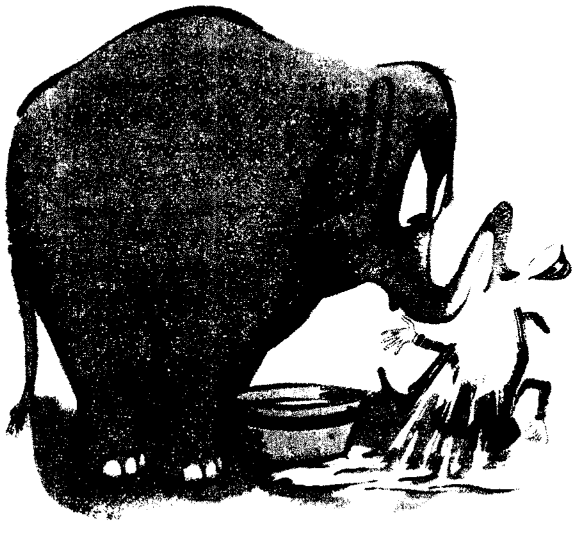
The sad fact is that most husbands aren't as interested as their wives are in anniversaries or birthdays. It is this lack of interest which makes males forgetful. If a wife told her husband he'd receive a big check in the mail on his anniversary, he'd show a surprising memory for the date.

15. *Have mothers remarkable memories for their babies' milestones?*

You'd think so, but it's not true. Tests of mothers by Dr. M. K. Pyles at the University of California showed that fewer than half could remember at what age their children first walked alone, only 36 per cent could recall when their babies got their first tooth, and only one in ten remembered her child's weight at a year old. Significantly, those tested weren't the mothers of older children: they were the parents of two-year-olds!

16. *Is it fact or legend that women and elephants never forget?*

Women nurse grudges a lot longer than other mammals—for example, men or monkeys. In woman's case, the memory is mostly for social slights—a fact every husband will vouch for. On the other hand, there's no real scientific evidence to show that elephants hold grudges, but the legend persists. For instance, years ago a skeptic named Captain Shipp tested the elephant theory by feeding a beast bread and butter, topped with pepper. Six weeks later he revisited the same elephant. It received him so kindly that Shipp was about to chalk up his experiment as a failure when the animal filled its trunk with dirty water and suddenly drenched him from head to toe. (Records fail to show if it was a female elephant and no one knows if Captain Shipp might not have got the same treatment if the elephant had never seen him before.)



17. *Does memory decline as you grow older?*

If it does, you—not your years—may be to blame. According to studies by the late Professor E. L. Thorndike, Columbia University's noted psychologist, the average person's learning ability reaches its peak at twenty and drops off about 15 per cent around forty-five. After that it may or may not decline. But this curve is not only due to aging; it often occurs because middle-aged people grow less interested in learning new facts and cling to familiar patterns of thinking and doing. Actually, the mature mind is capable of functioning very efficiently because it has such an abundance of memories to which to relate new facts.

18. *Why do aged people remember events that took place long ago better than those that happened recently?*

Psychologists say the reason is a defect in so-called "memory vision," due to brain tissue changes that sometimes accompany old age. In old age, arteries carrying nourishment to the brain cells operate less efficiently, and the brain cells may not be fed enough to function at top capacity. It's often easier for an older person to recall events that took place before the deterioration set in. There are known cases of oldsters who can recite perfectly their primary-school roll calls, college orations or languages they spoke only in their youth.

19. *What's the best way to memorize?*

The method of "whole learning" is about 20 per cent more efficient than "part learning." Go through what you want to memorize from start to finish, instead of taking it bit by bit. After the framework has emerged, the details will fit in more meaningfully. With this method, you'll remember thoughts rather than words, and you won't have to grope for the link between one set of lines and the next. When trying to learn something long, break it up into the largest divisions of thought which you can manage. Experiments have shown that memorizing in short spurts is much more effective than learning in one long dose. If you have a few hours' study ahead of you, break it up into several short periods with a few minutes' rest between. The lapses will help anchor the material in your mind, and will give you the rest you need to attack the task with more vigor. Memorizing in, say, 20-minute spurts, you'll concentrate better, work faster.

20. *What's the best time of day to memorize?*

No general rules apply here. Some people memorize best in the morning, others at night. If the material to be memorized does not have to be utilized right away, just pick the time you find most suitable to you. However, if you must memorize something for use within a short time, try to arrange matters so that the briefest possible period elapses between the time you memorize and the time you must recall, so that interfering impressions will be as few as possible. Science has found that your mind is highly receptive when there is the least outside interference; even when you sleep, memory does not stop. In experiments, records were played over and over to sleeping students through a headphone in the pillow (everything from foreign languages to dramatic parts, poetry and Morse code) and the students retained a surprising amount of the information. Charles Elliott, formerly of the University of North Carolina, has proved that word lists, for example, are learned 20 per cent faster when taught during sleep.

CHECK UP ON YOUR MEMORY

1. Is your capacity for immediate recall superior, average or poor? You can get some idea by taking this test prepared from Brendan Byrne's book Three Weeks to a Better Memory (John C. Winston Company, Copyright 1951).

Read the first series of digits (a) aloud, pausing for about a second between each number. Then cover up the figures and write them from memory. Follow the same procedure with sets (b) and (c).

(a) **8-3-4-3-9-2-1**
(b) **5-7-4-9-7-2-1**
(c) **8-9-3-7-5-2-6**

Read the following sets in the same way, then write them *backward* from memory:

(d) **7-4-1-9-2-5**
(e) **3-8-5-2-9-4**
(f) **2-7-5-6-8-3**
(g) **4-8-6-9-7-2-5-3**
(h) **9-4-5-8-3-7-2-6**
(i) **3-8-9-7-5-4-2-8**
(j) **9-2-7-4-8-5-1-6**

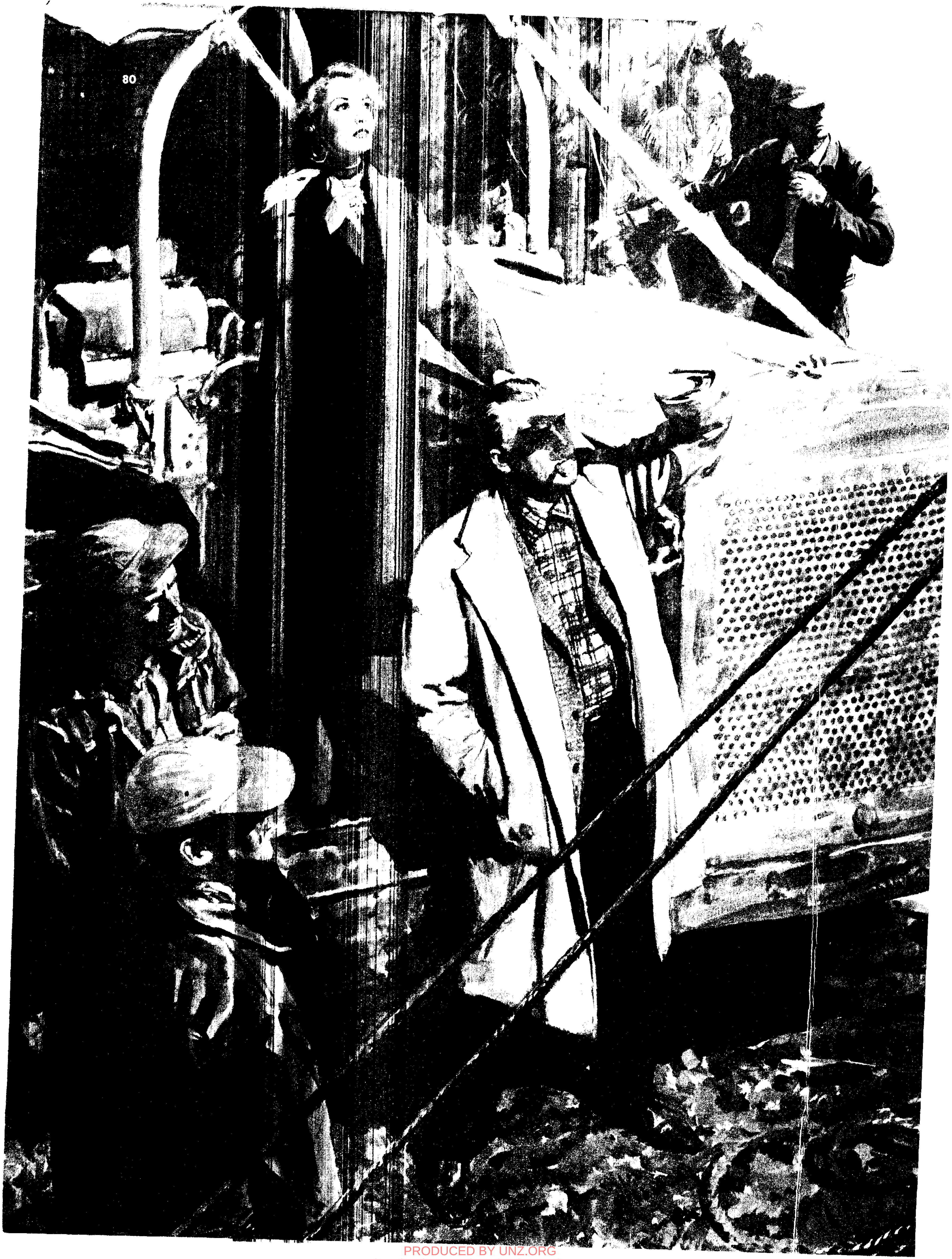
2. What type of remembering comes most easily to you—visile, audile or motile? Visiles are eye-minded; they're good at recalling pictures, scenes, faces. They learn more slowly, but remember a lot more confidently than the other two groups. Audiles are ear-minded; they have sound-track minds and excel at recalling music, voices and names. Motiles are muscular memorizers; they learn best through actual feel and movement, and shine at touch-typing or remembering the way out of darkened rooms. Although all people have some of the visile, audile and motile in them, this test will suggest which type of remembering you find most natural. It is based on Psychology You Can Use, by William H. Roberts (Harcourt, Brace & Company, Inc. Copyright 1943).

(a) Find four rhymes for the words "lose" and "cost."

(b) Pick a long word and try to spell it backward.

(c) Hold open your mouth and try to imagine such words as "bubble," "mutter" and "wisp" without actually forming them.

(Answers on page 89)



CRISIS at Saddle River

BY ROBERT FERGUSON

Grady's plan for saving the dam sounded crazy, but we had to let him try it. He was out to prove something—to us and to himself

MY JOB with the Lathrop Construction Company was Chief of Personnel, a fancy way of saying I hired and fired. Now that the spring flood danger was past, we were hiring men for the finish drive on the Saddle River Dam. And we needed a big crew, for work was way behind schedule.

From the preliminary surveys the job had looked like a cinch, but we were fighting an outlaw river. For the past two years, it had thrown everything at us: slides, cave-ins, floods. And this year we faced a final-completion date that looked impossible. We needed more men, especially engineers, and when Grady came to camp I thought I'd found one.

He was wire-thin, tall, tough-looking, but when he sat down in the chair across from my desk, he handled himself so awkwardly that I decided he must have an artificial leg he wasn't used to. He might have been good-looking but for a badly scarred face, and he answered my questions in a quiet, deep voice. He'd gone to a good college, been on a couple of big jobs.

"You a vet?" I said.

He nodded. "Major. Marines."

Ordinarily I would have signed him up immediately, but something held me back and at first I didn't know what. Then I realized it was his eyes. When you've hired and fired for twenty years as I have, you get so you can read a lot in a man's eyes; Grady's showed a complete lack of confidence. It wasn't the vague shiftiness you see in whipped men or the beaten look of a coward; it was a sort of deep trouble of the spirit, a loneliness the like of which I'd never seen.

I was about to say I'd let him know—which meant no job—when Andy Dane, the project manager, stopped in on the way to his own office. He took one look at Grady and called me in. "You hiring him?" Andy said.

"No."

"Put him on, Skid. He's been through two wars—five wounds."

"It's a tough job, Andy," I said. "I'm not hiring anyone I don't think can handle it." Andy was in charge of the whole project, but I ran my department my way.

"Skid," he said, "I was on a Navy transport in Hungnam Harbor back in fifty when they brought in the Marines from Changjin Reservoir. Grady was one of the wounded. On the pull back from the reservoir he covered a grenade some Red rolled down a hill. He saved a dozen men, Skid, but he lost a leg and —well, he'll never be a man again."

What can you say? I didn't look at Andy or speak. I started out, but he stopped me with his quiet voice. "You didn't hear any of this, Skid. Just put him on."

I hired Grady, all right, but I let Andy figure out a place for him. Andy turned him over to Charlie Bouse, the chief engineer, and Grady seemed to take hold all right; he was overly meticulous though, like a man who had conditioned himself to expected failure.

And from the first, the men didn't like him. They didn't put it into words, but it was there—he was different and they sensed it. Part of that difference was the fact that Grady went his own way: stayed in camp, kept to himself, never talked much; and when some of the men suggested going down to a Dalyville dance hall, Grady said no. It wasn't his refusal so much as his manner that got them—as if he had no interest at all in their friendship.

All this brought Charlie Bouse to my office with a question. "Look, Skid," he said. "This Grady. You hired him. What about him?"

"What about him? What's he done?"

"I don't know," Charlie said. "I don't know what I'm trying to say. He's smart, and he does his work; but there's something about him I don't tag. And, damn it, Skid, I don't like him!"

I let Charlie steep, while I tried to think of an answer. Finally I said, "Leave it to the psychologists, Charlie. The man does his work, what more do you want?"

"I just don't know, Skid," Charlie said. "But somehow I can't think of him as a man. Why, if he walked up to me, I couldn't throw a punch. You see what I mean?"

I did. But I didn't say so.

I couldn't really imagine it—my mind shrank from the thought—but it had happened to Grady. And there he was, still alive, but locked up in an emasculated existence that excluded women and wouldn't let men hit him. Somewhere along the line Grady had to find himself, intellectually maybe—some brilliant accomplishment that would make him equal to other men—or perhaps through a woman's understanding.

It was just a few days later that Tom Lathrop came to the camp. Tom had built up the Lathrop Construction Company from a team of mules and a couple of wheelbarrows. Nowadays he sat in the main office and kept tab on everything but he didn't like it and used any excuse to get out on a job. He said this visit was an inspection tour, but we knew he just wanted to be where he could hear the jackhammers and the roar of motors on the trucks, and watch the electric shovels, the big diesel caterpillar tractors, the earth movers with rubber tires as high as a man.

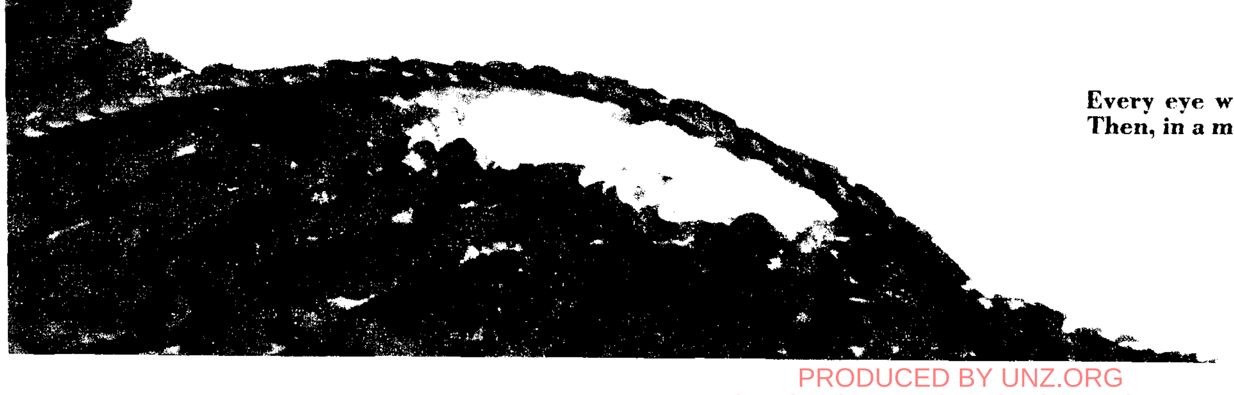
Tom brought his daughter Mary with him. I hadn't seen Mary Lathrop for a long time, but I'd known her for twenty-two years. I'd held her on my knee when she was two years old, and I loved her almost as much as her own father did. She was a lovely girl—tall and slender with soft blonde hair and charcoal-gray eyes.

ANDY DANE, our project manager, brought them to the mess hall at suppertime, and up to the table where Charlie Bouse, Grady and I were eating. It was plain that Andy was in love with Mary; it showed in his eyes when he looked at her, in his voice when he spoke. I could see it and I knew Mary could; Andy wasn't trying to hide it.

Grady was the only one Mary didn't know, and Andy introduced them. Something happened between them that was electric, like a crackling blue spark. Mary gave Grady her hand, their eyes met, and for a long, long moment they might have been all alone in the world. Then Mary took her hand away, and Grady turned and abruptly left the mess hall.

I could imagine his hopeless despair that night as he walked out with Mary Lathrop's image in his mind. Only a few years before, he had been a fighting man, a soldier; now, he must have told himself, he was nothing.

After that night, Mary went out of her way to talk with Grady. He was cool at first, but after a day or two I saw them walking together, having coffee, talking. I didn't like it —Mary was sure to be hurt sooner or later—



Every eye was on Grady, alone, closest to the bridge. Then, in a moment, he brought his hand down in signal

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

and I was glad when Tom took Mary back to town with him. . . .

Upstream from our camp was a broad, timbered valley; there, the Saddle River was wide and shallow. But then the terrain suddenly changed and the river was crammed into a deep, narrow canyon. It was at this point that we were building the dam.

BECAUSE we were behind schedule, Tom had thrown all the equipment he could spare into the Saddle River project, and by the end of June we had done a fantastic amount of work. The first important job was constructing a low earth dam at a point where the river was still shallow; this was about a half mile below an old, abandoned railroad bridge, and just above the point where the river suddenly narrowed. This earth cofferdam cut off the water so that we could work on the damsite itself. The water that backed up was sent through two huge fifteen-foot tunnels blasted out of the rock; these carried the water around the damsite and spewed it back into the river three quarters of a mile downstream, where another cofferdam kept it from backing up to the damsite.

The two earth cofferdams thus gave us a dry river bed at the damsite, and by the end of June we had already dynamited out of bedrock the hole for the base of the main dam. We had put in a maze of forms and steel reinforcements and had started to pour hundreds of buckets of concrete. The dam's tremendous, wedge-shaped base was beginning to rise, and each day more Lathrop equipment arrived from other jobs to speed this one. That meant more men were needed—which would have been trouble enough—but in addition, the summer's heat was reaching its height and experienced men who knew our ways and were tough to replace were quitting every day.

One day when I ran into Andy Dane on the upper cofferdam, I said, "My office looks like a bus terminal. I'm going nuts."

"I know, Skid," he said. "You better wire Seattle, Portland and San Francisco. Have them keep men moving up here. A labor shortage now—a tie-up of any kind—and we'll miss that completion date for sure."

"Job looks good so far," I said, and it did. It was a tight, skillfully handled project, a tribute to Andy. He had been manager here for a year, picked by Tom Lathrop for just the qualities that he was showing in his direction of this job. Andy was only thirty-four, a former Navy engineer, with the promise of going to the top in construction.

"It looks good on the surface," he said, "but you never know." He watched some logs that were spinning slowly in the backwash created by the steel trash net, which had been strung across the river to keep driftwood from being sucked into the tunnels and clogging them. "Those loggers up the river are getting careless lately," he said. "Call them again, Skid, and tell them to hang onto their damn' timber."

I knew the logger, a man named Bosch. He was a small operator who logged off a few hundred acres way back in the mountains every year. Once the spring floods were past, he floated them down the Saddle River to some abandoned sawmill ponds about sixty miles above the damsite; he kept a couple trucks there, working all summer taking the logs to the sawmills.

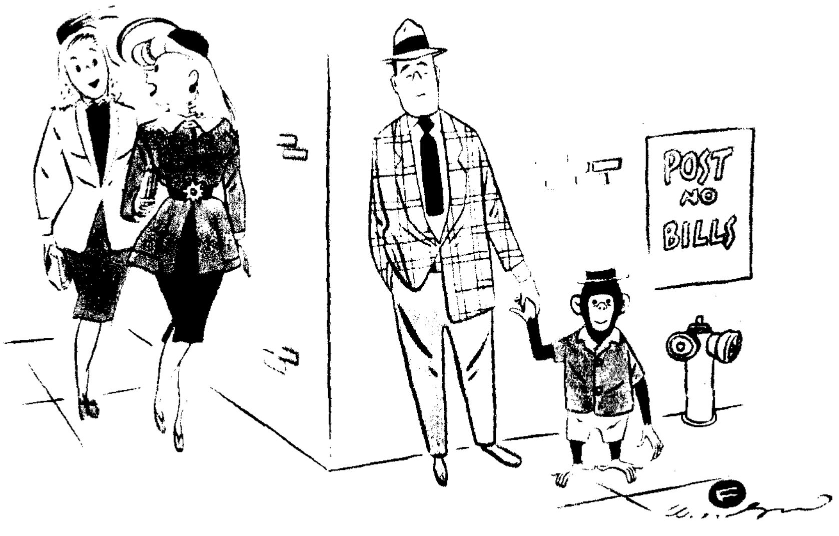
When I called that night, Mrs. Bosch answered the telephone. "I don't know where he is," she said. "I was just coming home from town when he tore out of the yard in his jeep like a madman. He yelled something at me but I didn't catch what it was."

"Must have been a truck accident," I said.

"I suppose," Mrs. Bosch said, and she sounded tired. I gave her my message; she said she'd tell her husband.

Tom Lathrop arrived later that afternoon for another look at the dam. Mary was with him, and I could see from the way she half ran toward Grady that my fears were coming true.

Usually when I go to bed I drop right off, but that night I didn't; I was thinking about Grady and Mary. There wasn't to be any sleep for me that night anyway, for I'd only been in bed about a half hour when the telephone rang.



COLLIER'S

"I can hardly wait! He said his friend was a TV star making $250 a week!"

FRITZ WILKINSON

It was Mrs. Bosch. Her husband had wrecked his jeep and was in the hospital; he'd been hurrying down to his sawmill ponds, where a boom of logs had got away from his loggers and was headed down the river toward us. I thanked her for the warning and hung up, already trying to calculate how long it would take the logs to travel from the ponds to the diversion tunnels. I felt myself go cold all over. The logs must already be there. I started to put on my clothes, but by then the word had come up; there was a log jam in the tunnels.

Within fifteen minutes every engineer in camp was down there and so was I. Jam was right! Dozens of logs had wedged into the inlet portals of the tunnels in an intricate, riprap pattern that blocked the flow as effectively as a concrete plug. Floodlights had been brought up, and we could see hundreds more logs churning and battering at the cofferdam, eddying around the portals, some of them being pulled in by the little water still going through.

The engineers were grouped around Tom Lathrop. No one spoke for a while, and then Wilson Clark, the graveyard-shift boss, said: "I was on the wall when it happened. The logs ripped away the trash nets like they were lace. The nets are there, jammed in the tunnels ahead of the logs."

"Much water getting through, Clark?" Andy Dane asked.

"A trickle," he said. "Maybe a quarter of the normal flow, maybe less."

We stood there watching, the engineers, workmen, Tom Lathrop—some of us cursing and all of us feeling a sense of hopelessness. The diversion tunnels were jammed. This meant that the water, with no place to go, would rise, go over the cofferdam and into the damsite—destroying all the work we'd done so far.

"How much time do we have to figure an answer?" Lathrop said.

"Forty-eight hours maybe," Wilson Clark said. A couple engineers nodded agreement. Tom Lathrop slumped down on a roll of worn-out cat treads and sighed heavily.

Not being an engineer, I decided I wasn't much use out there, so I caught a ride back to camp. Mary Lathrop was waiting at the office, and when I told her the news her expression was grave for a moment; then she said, "But Dad's been in jams before."

"Not this tight."

"He'll get out. I know him." She took my arm. "Uncle Skid, you haven't bought me coffee in a long time, and the mess hall's still open."

"You ought to get your sleep," I said.

"I couldn't sleep. But it isn't because of the dam." I knew what was coming; she wanted to talk about Grady.

"Nothing like this has ever happened to me," Mary said as we sat drinking our coffee. "Somehow I'm a little scared—I don't know."

"Stay scared," I said. "Forget him."

"I can't. I don't want to. Anyway, why should I?"

I couldn't tell her, not even to save her from heartbreak. Heaven knows, Grady had earned his chance at happiness—but I hated to have Mary involved. I said, lamely: "Take it from your Uncle Skidmore, honey—he's not for you. Andy is your man."

She got up then and came around the table and kissed me on my bald spot. "You tried," she said. "But you're a poor liar, Uncle Skid." She walked out.

A HALF hour later, Tom Lathrop came into the mess hall with his engineers: Andy Dane; Charlie Bouse; Major "Hurry Up" Smith of Cascade Tunnel fame; Wilson Clark, who was an expert on rivers; Roy Huntington, who had been at Boulder Dam; B. A. Peters, a tunnel expert; Ellsworth Dye, who had worked on the Saudi Arabia pipe line; Larry Cox and Ken Codrick, both old Lathrop men; and Grady. There was no better, more experienced group anywhere, but the seriousness of this situation was evident in their expressions. And none of them could look at Tom Lathrop.

Bull cooks brought coffee, and the engineers sat around a table talking about pumps, about snaking the logs out, about dynamiting—all but Grady. He sat leaning back, his eyes half closed. After a while, Tom Lathrop stood up, wearily, and we all knew what he was thinking. If the water went over the cofferdam, we'd miss the completion date by months at least, and his contract carried an indemnity clause of $3,000 a day. The log jam could cost him a million dollars.

"If that cofferdam goes," Lathrop said, "I'm broke—bankrupt. So what do we do?"

No one spoke at first; then someone suggested blasting.

"We can't," Tom said. "The logs might get stuck farther down in the tunnel, and then we'd never get it cleared in time. Same deal if we try to snake them out one by one."

Again everyone was silent and Tom Lathrop sat down.

"I have an idea," someone said. It was Grady. "In the South Pacific and in Korea we used to knock things down—bridges, buildings, bunkers . . ."

"So?" said Andy Dane.

"So there's this old railroad bridge about a half mile above the cofferdam. Maybe we could drop it into the river all in one piece, and hold back the river long enough to get the tunnels open."

WE LOOKED at one another. It was pretty wild. Grady got to his feet and you could see the excitement building up in him. "We can set charges on the piers, right above the water line," he said, "and lay the bridge on its side upstream from the piers."

"Stop a river with a bridge?" Wilson Clark said harshly. "That's like carrying water in a sieve."

"Okay, it's a sieve," Grady said, "but what stopped up the tunnels? Logs. We'll have those loggers send down some more logs and stop up the bridge the same way. They can bring the logs down booms to keep them from scattering. We'll time it close and drop the bridge when we see them coming around the bend. Then they open the booms and let the logs pile up along the bridge—and the sieve isn't a sieve any more."

"I think he's right," Lathrop said.

You could see it, after Grady pointed it out. The bridge was old, close-latticed and massive, the overhead-truss-girder type. It had five piers in the river, two abutment piers at the shore, with one-hundred-foot spans between piers. If dropped on its side, with the girders bearing against the pier stumps to keep them from yawing, it would hold the logs and perhaps the river. It was a brilliant idea; it might even work. Anyway, it was our only hope.

Everyone started talking at once then, except Grady. I watched how the excitement died from his eyes, to be replaced by the old, tortured emptiness. Suddenly, he turned and walked out.

When they got down to the details, I left too and started walking toward the canyon. I thought about what Grady's idea might mean to old Tom, to all of us who had been with Tom through the years. But mostly I thought about Grady. A great fire and energy had been in him there in the mess hall; but it was a fire he couldn't sustain, for the wellspring was gone. On guts alone he kept his mind balanced, kept himself from entering that half-world he'd been blown into by a grenade in Korea.

I came upon them suddenly. Mary was sitting on a log, her lovely face a pale blur in the darkness, her head down. Grady was standing close to her, his arms hanging limply at his sides. He must have been telling her about himself, for I heard the tag end of what he was saying: ". . . impossible. You must understand . . ."

Mary stood up then and her arms went around him, her shoulders shaking with soundless weeping.

"Dear God . . ." The voice was Mary's, but the words seemed to come from far away. "My darling, oh, my darling."

Then I heard a rustle in the pine needles off to my left. Andy Dane was standing there. "All right, Grady," he said flatly.

It shouldn't have been much of a fight—Grady had a fake leg and Andy outweighed him forty pounds—but it was. Grady fought with the deadliness of a wild animal, purely savage, disregarding Andy's clubbing fists.

In a moment I went to Mary. "Go back to camp, honey," I told her. "There's nothing anyone on earth can do till it's over."

She nodded, and left without a word.

The fight ended as suddenly as it had started. Grady's foot slipped on a patch of needles just as Andy was coming at him. Andy's punch landed with double force and Grady fell backward, moved a little and then lay still.

Andy beat me to him. He lifted Grady and started for camp. "Hurry, Skid," he said. "I think I've killed him!"

In Grady's room we cleaned him up and laid him on the bed. Painfully thin, painfully flat, he made hardly a bulge under the blanket. We realized with a shock that there was nothing to him, nothing but heart and spirit.

Then he opened his eyes and lay there looking up at us, fully conscious, breathing quietly. Some of the old reserve was in his expression, but there was something else too: the savage joy and pride of the fight. He grinned faintly and reached out to strike Andy on the leg with a half-closed fist. "Thanks, Andy," he said. "Now get me my boots; it's nearly daylight and we've got a bridge to bust."

TOM LATHROP made it clear: the idea was Grady's, so the job was Grady's. He sent Wilson Clark up to the logging camp shortly after sunrise. "Hire all the loggers they've got and get the booms ready," Grady said. "I'll phone you when to start."

"What if we arrive too soon?"

"You won't."

"If the bridge collapses, what do we do with the logs?"

"If the bridge goes," Grady said, "the logs won't matter. Nothing will."

Wilson Clark was a cautious engineer, not liking to start a job until all details were clear. I watched his face as he left. There was admiration for Grady in his glance.

The whole camp was gripped with the excitement of beating the Saddle River. The men sweated and swore as they loaded air compressors, jackhammers and all sorts of equipment on jeeps and light trucks, ran them along the bank to the rusted old railroad track, then out over the bridge, unloading equipment over each pier. The electricians ran in emergency power lines, and by midafternoon miners had been dropped on lines at each pier where, like woodpeckers, they drilled into the concrete. As soon as a few holes were made, the powdermen scrambled down alongside and set the charges that would lay the bridge into the river.

Grady was everywhere; he hadn't slept for forty hours. And the men were with him, not understanding him, perhaps, or even liking him, but pitching in; they had found in Grady a fiery, inspired strength, which I was sure was compounded of this great chance to prove himself, the fight with Andy, and Mary's understanding.

Grady came up to camp at dark and used the mess-hall telephone to call Wilson Clark at the logging camp. Andy was with him. After the call they came to the table where I was drinking coffee with Larry Cox and Dye. Just then Mary walked in.

She greeted us and went directly to Grady. They walked away from the table and stood talking, Mary's hand on his arm.

I watched Andy; his face betrayed him. He loved this girl, and now he was forced to see her turn to another man. It was tragic, and I thought then that if Andy could let Mary go, knowing what he did about Grady, there was greatness in him. If he couldn't—well, I hated to think what could happen.

IT WAS long past midnight when the powder boss and the chief electrician gave the signal that the charges were in and the firing lines laid. The men loaded their equipment and cleared the bridge. Batteries of floodlights lighted the scene from the south-bank approach—the wild river, the steep-walled valley, the rusted girders of the bridge, the tense faces of the men. We were all there, even Mary, waiting with her father and Andy Dane. Every eye was on Grady, alone, closest to the bridge. The sudden end of the incessant chattering of the drills was eerie. The river's churning was the only sound as Grady brought his hand down in signal.

The shot was spectacular. There was a moment when the valley was filled with a booming, rushing blast; then the bridge seemed to lift, hang in midair and then lie over on its side as if the years had tired it. Acrid smoke drifted across the lights and stung my eyes. When it cleared, I saw the bridge, down in a straight line, no girder broken; it was a barrier Wilson Clark could pile his logs into, to throw the river back on itself.

A few minutes later we heard shouts from upstream and then saw bobbing lights on the river. Minutes afterward the booms of logs came into the far fan of the floodlights. The rivermen swung the booms wide across the slowing stream, opened them to free the logs and scrambled for the banks.

For a time it looked as if the operation would go without a hitch. The loggers, coming out now on the girders, worked with long poles—stringing the logs out, bringing them in evenly, locking certain ones through the latticed-iron interstices of the girders to hold the bottom logs down. As the water rose, more logs would be brought in and keyed, until a compact seal of logs would be jammed the length and height of the bridge—a jury dam that would hold several times the river's present depth and would cut the flow to a trickle.

Above the bridge the water began slowly rising, and there was a perceptible slackening of the flow downstream.

Tom Lathrop's breath came out in a slow sigh. "Until right now," he said, "I didn't believe it. Andy, get the men back to the tunnels!"

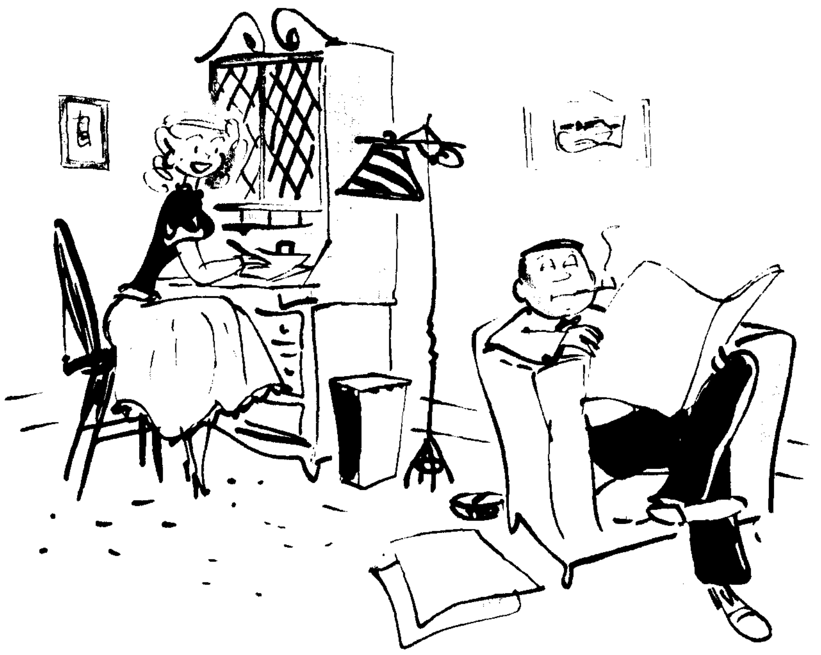
"Hold it!" Grady snapped. "There's a weak spot. There, where the powder shattered that abutment pier. The girder end's moving."

I saw it. On our side of the river, the girder end of the bridge lay in the abutment-pier rubble, and the pressure of logs and rising water was threatening to push it up over the rubble and open a new channel. The girder jerked a little, then settled, but in that second several logs spurted underneath and shot downstream.

Grady sent two of the big, twin-rigged bulldozers down the bank to pile rocks and broken cement against the slipping girder. When they finished, the skinners backed out, climbed off the tractors and followed Andy down to inspect their work, leaving the tractors idling up the bank. Walking ahead, Andy stepped onto a boulder, which turned in the soft muck and threw him; he rolled down the bank into the river. The girder jumped again and more logs shot underneath. One struck Andy a glancing blow; he fell back and disappeared in the muck and muddy water.

He didn't come up.

Rooted there in a sort of nightmare inertia, none of us moved or spoke. I was rooted to the ground; I couldn't open my mouth. Logs were shooting under the girder and we couldn't see Andy. Then I saw Grady run for one of the tractors.



COLLIER'S "Well, here's a coincidence for you! My figures and the bank's are exactly the same!" REAMER KELLER

The diesel roared as he lifted the blade and sent the huge machine rumbling into the water and onto the improvised dam. The motor conked out, but he had got far enough so that the girder settled under the cat's weight. Grady climbed down onto the bridge, ran out a few steps to where the water was deeper, and jumped in feet first. We couldn't see exactly what was happening, but somehow he found Andy; in a moment we saw the two of them coming toward the bank. But that was all we saw; more logs suddenly shot out, whipping the river to a froth and burying the two men.

We got both men out—Andy first. He had been half out of the water, conscious and not badly hurt. We got him into a jeep and started him for camp. The first-aid man said he looked all right. And Andy said, as they pulled away, "Grady, Skid! Is he dead?"

None of us knew. He had been caught at the hips between two logs, his torso out of water, his legs buried.

We had him wrapped in blankets, and now we took him up to the camp hospital. I stayed in the room with him; Tom and Mary waited in the hall.

The doctor took a long time. When he finished, he walked across the room and sat down in a chair opposite me. His eyes were bleak.

"There's nothing to him, Skid," he said. "Nothing but bones and silver wire and raw nerve."

Grady was awake then. He said one word: "Mary."

I SAW little of Mary that following week, except on my visits to Grady. She stayed with him almost constantly, day and night, giving all her own strength to help him recover from this new injury. And in Grady the change was profound: the haunted loneliness was gone from his eyes; there was a new faith there, deep and quiet.

Grady knew he had proved himself. Not only had the bridge been his idea, but his quick work had saved the girder from buckling.

And the bridge itself kept back enough water so that, even with a quarter of the normal flow trickling through the tunnel, the water level between the bridge and the cofferdam soon dropped enough so that the workers could go down with cables and start snaking the logs out of the diversion tunnels. And when they got to the nets, which had been shoved in with the logs, the jam broke. From then on it was just a routine job of hauling the logs away from the bridge so that the river could resume its normal flow.

Andy Dane brought the news to Grady. I waited in the hall. Through the open door I could hear Grady's quick words: "We licked it, Andy!"

Andy came out and shut the door to stand in the hall with me. Then, after a long time, the door opened again and Mary came out. She went straight to Andy. "Andy," she whispered, "he's gone, he's—dead. Oh, Andy . . ." She began to cry softly and Andy put his arm around her.

The doctor told me there hadn't been a chance from the first. Grady had held onto life for that week only by sheer effort of will. But he had died knowing that he had Mary's love and the respect of the men he worked with; he had achieved full stature.

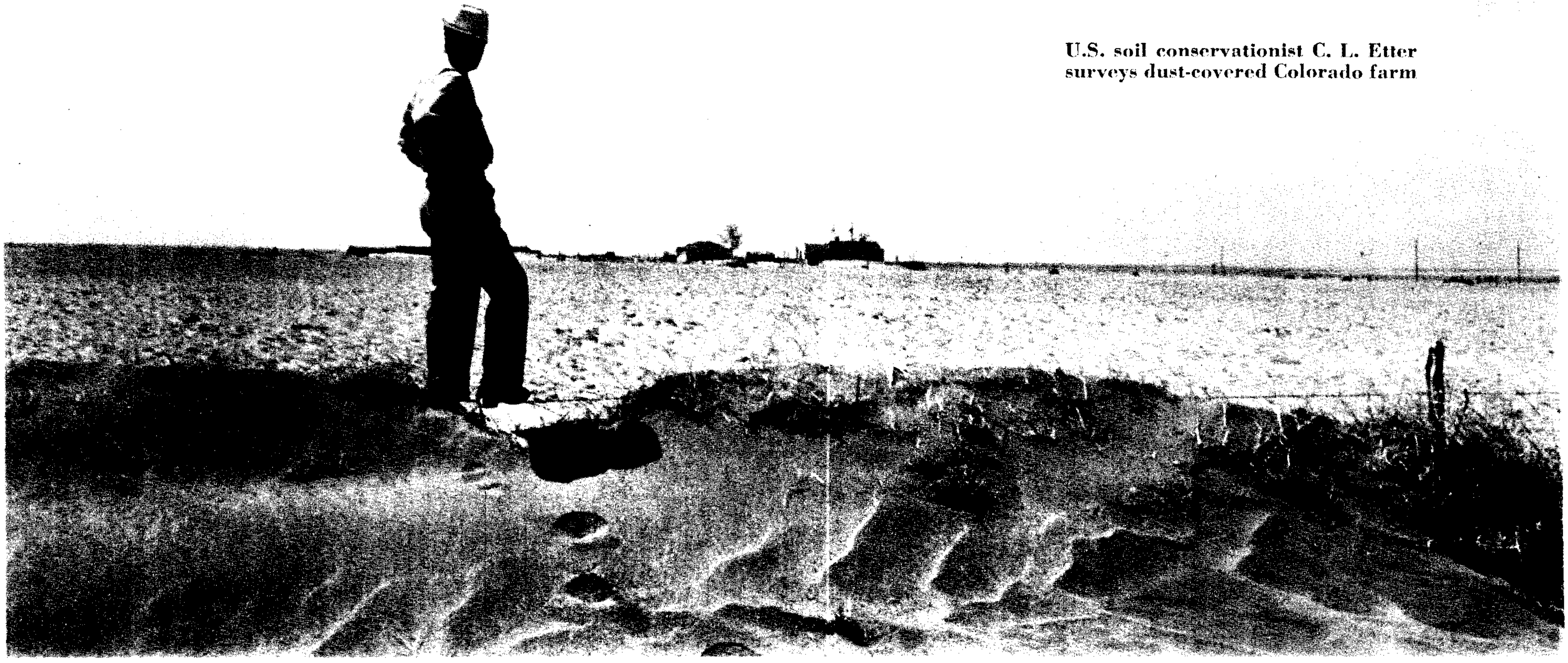
Even today the men of the Saddle River talk about him—in the bunkhouses, in old Tom's office, in the home Andy Dane made for Mary. They talk about Grady, the tall man.

—ROBERT FERGUSON

OASIS IN THE DUST BOWL

By BILL DAVIDSON

Strip farming—planting a crop in 30-yard strips with stubble in between—saved this land in Colorado for farmer Church Bible



U.S. soil conservationist C. L. Etter surveys dust-covered Colorado farm

The dust bowl in 1954 is nearly twice as large as in the 1930s. But here [illegible] in the wastes a farmer has created an island of green. His little [illegible] has shown how to end their threat forever

FARMER Lloyd R. Berry sat in his home near Eads, Colorado, not long ago, watching the topsoil of three states go past his windows. "First," he says, "there was a big red cloud, and I knew that was dirt from the bean country around Ordway, about 45 miles away. A few days later, I saw tan dirt from Nebraska, then black dirt from Kansas. Then there was brown dirt from my neighbors' farms here in Kiowa County.

"Several times, as we watched, my wife Belva and I thanked the Lord. We were sitting in a little island of green in the midst of the desolation. It was like a miracle. Ninety per cent of all the farms in Kiowa County were blowing away—but my land was holding fast."

The events Berry was describing took place in February, 1954, a period that has become known to millions of Americans as Black February. Beginning on the nineteenth of that month, 50- to 80-mile-an-hour winds began to lash the drought-scarred fields and pastures of the Great Plains area, tearing the weakened topsoil loose. Dark clouds of dust swirled from Albuquerque, New Mexico, to Hutchinson, Kansas, and street lights had to be turned on at noon in dozens of cities and towns. The winds continued intermittently into the spring, turning once-rich wheat fields into Saharalike wastes; ducks and geese fell in flight, choked by mud in their gullets; cattle stood about, blinded and starving, their eyes clogged with tear-moistened dust.

Fences were covered by dunes of drifting sand, and roads were blocked by as much as eight feet of dirt. A Santa Fe train was derailed near the Kansas-Colorado border when the tracks were buried in a sea of dust. In Springfield, Colorado, a man reported that 11½ bushels of dirt had sifted into his house through the cracks around the windows and doors. In Clovis, New Mexico, a woman was found smothered to death under a drift of Colorado topsoil.

Near Lamar, Colorado, a man named Isom Silvey left his home at 5:00 P.M. one day to walk to his barn, about 50 yards away. He disappeared in the swirling dust, and at midnight the National Guard was called out to look for him. They found him at seven o'clock the next morning. He had wandered more than two miles in the storm and was sitting, more dead than alive, in a former wheat field that now was nothing more than a hummocked sand flat with an occasional fence post sticking out of it.

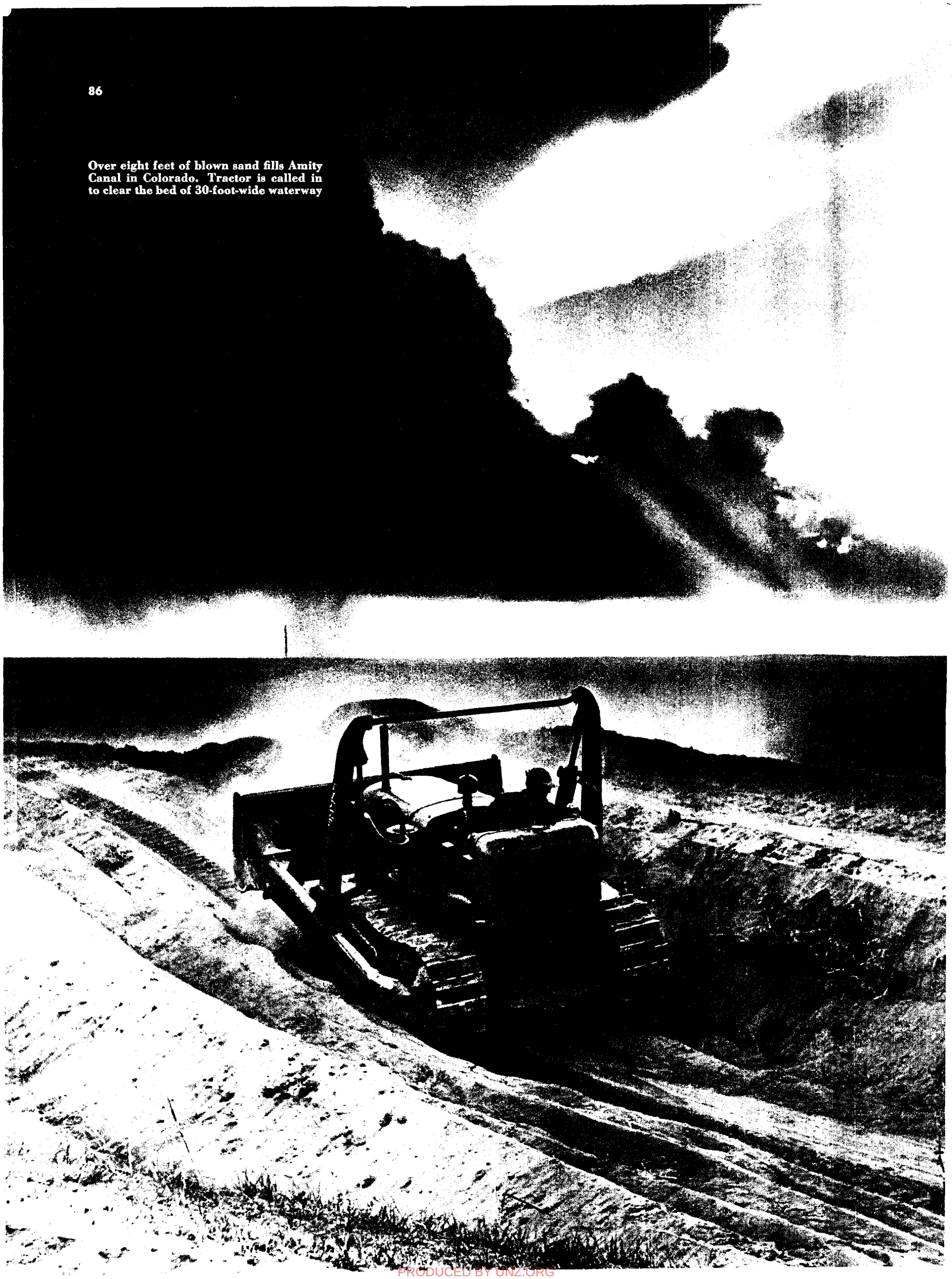
If this report gives the impression that the dust bowl of the 1930s has come back, it's because it *has* come back, with a vengeance. In fact, the U.S. Department of Agriculture estimates that the new dust bowl is much larger than the old one—12,000,000 or more damaged acres (an area the size of Massachusetts and Vermont combined) now, compared with only 6,000,000 to 9,000,000 acres the last time.

There are several significant differences, however—the most important of which is represented by the miracle of Lloyd Berry's oasis. As I traveled 2,000 miles through the stricken area, I saw dozens of oases much like his—the biggest of all in the heart of the *old* dust bowl, in the Oklahoma and Texas Panhandles.

I drove down the main highway from Boise City, Oklahoma, to Dalhart, Texas, with Clifton L. Etter, an area conservationist for the U.S. Soil Conservation Service and a veteran of the campaign against the dust bowl in the 1930s. We had just driven through frightful scenes of desolation in Baca County, Colorado, and Etter remarked that the Boise City and Dalhart areas had been just as hard hit in 1935. "This very highway we're traveling on," he said, "was so drifted over with dirt that

Ninety per cent of the farms in Kiowa County, Colorado, were ruined, but Lloyd R. Berry's land held firm. Mrs. Berry shows fine lawn

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY WALT WIGGINS



Over eight feet of blown sand fills Amity Canal in Colorado. Tractor is called in to clear the bed of 30-foot-wide waterway

What caused the dust bowl this year? "Man's greed," says an embittered farmer

often we had to detour into the fields to get around the dunes."

He stopped the car.

"In this very spot," he said, "I once had to wait four hours while a bulldozer reopened the road."

It was hard to believe. The fields on both sides of the road were now planted with orderly rows of sorghum stalks, and there was no evidence of any blowing soil—though the wind was buffeting us at about 35 miles an hour. It was clear and sunshiny here, although there were ominous brown dust clouds on the horizon, to the north in Colorado, to the southwest in New Mexico and far to the south in Texas. "The horizon tells the story," Etter said. "There's a new dust bowl to the north of us, and a new dust bowl to the south. But as you can see, the old dust bowl is holding relatively fast."

What's the explanation for these remarkable oases, these untouched patches of green in a land otherwise stripped bare by the wind? One bitterly outspoken farmer, Arlington Blotz, of Rocky Ford, Colorado, put it most succinctly.

"It was man's greed that brought the dust bowl back," Blotz said. "When fortunes were being made in government-supported wheat after World War II, people rushed out and plowed up the rangeland here in southeast Colorado and southwest Kansas. They did the same with government-supported cotton in west Texas and eastern New Mexico. They tore off the natural cover of grass that God put there to hold the soil down, and because they wanted to make as much money as possible they ignored all the scientific practices necessary to farm in this poor dry soil. Naturally, when the drought cycle began in 1951 and they couldn't get a crop, there was no vegetative cover to hold down the worn-out soil. It took just one big series of blows like we had in February and March to send a lot of real estate flying.

"On the other hand," Blotz said, "there was a handful of farmers who took the long view. They made less money, but they practiced all the methods we learned in the 1930s to hold the land down. They put the worst land back into grass; they planted crops that earned less but held the land better; they took the extra trouble to keep a vegetative cover on the ground at all times. It's those farmers who own the blooming islands you see every once in a while. They're the hope of this country. They have proved that we can prevent dust bowls—that soil-conservation methods work. They've given the rest of the farmers a precedent to follow. And if the other farmers do follow it—as I think they will now—we'll never have a dust bowl again."

Lloyd Berry is a good example of the forward-thinking farmer who is the hope of the area. He lives just ten miles from the worst-blown lands in the dust bowl, in a county characterized by Federal Conservationist Kenneth W. Chalmers as the most devastated in his territory.

Viewing a Scene of Grim Desolation

As we drove through that bleak area, groping through a recurring brown fog, I counted 24 solid miles of once planted farmland that now reminded me of uninhabited deserts I had seen in the Middle East. County roads were so clogged with dust that they had been abandoned; crews were desperately trying to clear tons of topsoil from drainage systems. Not far away, the Amity Canal—on which hundreds of farmers depend for life-giving water—was filled with eight feet of blown sand. I saw half-buried farm implements lying about in the fields, and the shifting dunes had reached the eaves of unoccupied farmhouses.

Berry's farm was in much the same condition when he moved into it at the tail end of the last dust bowl. Mrs. Berry says, "When we moved here, the dust would drift six inches high against the windows overnight. The field across the road was just a shifting sand dune. It had run two other families off the place."

But Berry had learned the lesson of the dust bowl well, and he listened intently whenever experts of the U.S. Soil Conservation Service came to work with the local farmers. First, he took the field across the road out of cultivation and planted it with sand love grass, the beautiful waist-high natural vegetation of the plains. Soon the sand stopped blowing into the house.

Next, resisting the temptation to plant well-paying wheat, he put in sorghums—strong soil-protecting crops which are sold as feed for cattle. With the soil now stabilized, he planted dry-land alfalfa and Sudan grass, a towering growth imported from the arid plains of Africa. He sold the seed from the Sudan grass, and also the seed from the love grass. Eventually, he had put 235 acres back into grass; besides selling the seed, he was able to graze his own cattle on the lush vegetation. "I'm making more money," he said, "than if I had put in wheat."

Most important, Berry left none of his ground uncovered. Even between crops there was a stubble at least a foot high in the fields—and when the drought and winds came, Berry was ready. "They told me nothing would hold in 80-mile-an-hour winds," he said proudly, "but that's what we had on February the nineteenth, and that grass and stubble of mine stayed put. It broke the wind and held down almost every square foot of land."

Mrs. Berry played her part, too, in defeating the dust bowl. She learned how to stuff rags into the cracks around the windows and doors of her neat little house, and she learned how to judge the winds before hanging out her wash (when the winds blew in from the carelessly plowed wheatlands to the east, it was no time to hang up freshly laundered clothing). She installed linoleum and plastic furniture all through the house. "I had upholstered furniture and wall-to-wall carpeting," she says, "but I soon learned it's impossible to keep the dust out of them." She also put in a beautiful green lawn which she nurses along as if it were a bed of orchids. She says, "I've got two boys and a pure-white cat. I want one clean place for them to play outdoors where they won't get covered with dust."

Mrs. Berry says, "This land has been good to us, and we hate to see people abuse it. We saw that certain fields weren't fit to farm any more, but others have come in and plowed up soil that was *never* fit to farm. If only folks didn't want to get rich quick."

Wherever I went, I found other forthright people like the Berrys who have fought the dust bowl and won. In Cheyenne County, Colorado, a farmer named Arthur Fritton was hit by no less than six brutal dust storms between February 19th and March 13th—but he had prepared the land well and he still had wheat after the elements had done

Farmer Berry shows stubble (Sudan grass) that prevented winter winds from blowing away his topsoil. Scientific cultivation paid off

Adolph Hansen is another Colorado farmer who learned last winter that stubble mulching is worth the extra money and effort it requires

Henry J. Snyder helped get ordinance passed forcing conservation measures in his district of Colorado. "It saved our necks," he says

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Next time, vowed the stricken farmer, he'll use so

their worst. The same was true of B. E. Thrall, of Cimarron County, Oklahoma, whose sweet-sorghum fields were intact in one of the worst areas of the old dust bowl. In Slide, Texas, farmer George Hindman showed me how good conservation practice had held his cotton despite the fact that one blowing ridge keeps inundating his house with sand. Now, after three years of struggle, he's beginning to get that ridge under control, too.

When I found such an oasis in a wind-devastated area, I generally discovered that it had a magically persuasive effect on the neighbors.

How One Skeptic Was Convinced

One farmer near Goodpasture, Colorado, told me, "I been listening to conservation talk for years without paying much attention. But I got convinced overnight when Church Bible's wheat held in that big blow of February the nineteenth." I went to see Bible's farm and I could understand why. His wheat stood out like a field of emeralds against the drab background of his neighbor's blown-out farms.

Bible came to the Goodpasture area five years ago when fortunes were being made in wheat. His neighbors thought he was crazy when he began a painstaking process of preparing the land, instead of rushing to make as much money as possible out of it. He left a stubble on the ground, then planted his wheat in 30-yard-wide strips, leaving the stubble between. The idea of this strip cropping, as it is called, is to provide a series of windbreaks to divert the air currents that ordinarily rush along the ground and tear up the soil. Besides giving the same type of protection as a shelter belt of trees, the system keeps half the land fallow each year, so it can rest and store up moisture. It's more difficult to use farm implements in the stubble, and Bible got only half a crop instead of a full one, but he persisted in his methods while his neighbors planted solid fields of wheat.

The pay-off came on February 19th. Less than three miles away, Andy Allee lost all of one field and two thirds of another. When the wind hit Bible's farm, the first wheat strip blew out, but the soil was caught on the stalks of the next stubble strip. It blew no farther, and the rest of the wheat was saved. U.S. Area Conservationist Kenneth Shanks now estimates that more than half the farmers in the area will strip-crop next year—"if they can grow anything this year to produce a stubble."

This overnight re-education of the farmers is taking place throughout the dust bowl wherever an oasis exists. They can see it, and they can believe it.

Don Williams, administrator of the Soil Conservation Service, told me in Washington, "We're not trying to pull rabbits out of the hat. We just want people to adhere to proven practice." The proven practice was worked out mainly by ex-Soil Conservation Service chief Hugh H. Bennett, the acknowledged father of modern soil conservation, in the dust bowl of the 1930s. Dr. Bennett advocated contour plowing and terracing techniques to catch rain runoff and retain as much moisture as possible, plus a variety of planting methods designed to keep a thickly rooted vegetative cover on the ground.

The most successful of these methods is so-called stubble-mulching, in which the farmer plows with a special implement which leaves the old stubble on the surface as he plants his new crop. The roots and the stubble combine to hold the soil together until the new crop takes root. The stubble, besides making it possible for the soil to take in water more readily, also returns some fertility and body to the soil.

"The trouble is," says farmer Adolph Hansen, of Bent County, Colorado, "that a man can get $4 an acre for allowing cattle to graze on his stubble. Also, stubble-mulching costs a little more money and it takes a little more work. That's why only five per cent of the farmers around here have done it." Hansen came to this country from Denmark as a sugar-beet worker in 1925, and then developed his own farm with such skill that he has been asked to serve on interstate agricultural advisory boards under both the Democratic and Republican national administrations.

"February nineteenth converted a lot of people around here into stubble-mulchers," Hansen says.

One of the reasons the *old* dust bowl is not now blowing is that there were a lot of converts 20 years ago. Kenneth Saunders, Soil Conservation Service engineer for Cimarron County, Oklahoma, told me, "These people remember the 1930s. It's easy to convince them to use the new wide-sweep farm implements for stubble-mulching."

Another principle established by Dr. Bennett is that ranchers must not allow their grass to be overgrazed or trampled by their cattle, because with the vegetative cover gone the rangeland, too, will begin to blow. As I traveled through Colorado and Texas, I saw frightful examples of how such spots spread like festering sores, the blown dust covering and smothering more and more grass.

After the last dust bowl, the federal government bought up 5,000,000 acres of abandoned farms and painstakingly reseeded much of the blowing land back into grass. Today, neighboring ranchers are granted grazing privileges on this reconstructed rangeland, but they must follow stringent government rules. Many thoughtful ranchers follow the same rules on their own land.

Keeping the Cattle Scattered

In Pueblo County, Colorado, rancher M. T. Everhart showed me how he scatters his stock and digs widely dispersed water holes so that the cattle will not all congregate in one place. Everhart told me, "There's only one permanent solution to the whole dust-bowl problem—and that's Dr. Bennett's main principle: proper land use, with the land treated in accordance with its needs."

I visited the seventy-three-year-old Dr. Bennett, who is living in energetic retirement at his home in Falls Church, Virginia, and asked him to explain this basic principle, which I had heard repeated like Scripture by every knowing farmer and conservationist in the dust bowl. Dr. Bennett told me the story of an Indian who saw a homesteader plowing up an arid plain, in pioneer times. The Indian watched for a while and then walked away, shaking his head. "White man crazy," he said, "putting grass wrong side up."

"That wise old Indian," said Dr. Bennett, "had a pretty good primitive idea of the term 'proper land use.' It simply means that every acre in the dust bowl should be surveyed and classified by experts as to its capabilities. The poorest land should remain in grass for grazing; the marginal land should be treated with great care, using stubble-mulching and so on; crops like wheat and cotton should be planted indiscriminately only in the best lands."

The Problem of Enforcement

There is much controversy as to how such agricultural zoning laws can be put into effect universally. With the present trend away from government control, no responsible expert proposes that it be done by federal or even by state statute. But many authorities, ranging from Dr. Bennett to Colorado's Republican Governor Dan Thornton, believe that zoning can be accomplished by the militant action of the farmers themselves, on the local level.

In Otero County, Colorado, I found, a major step in this self-help program already has been taken. (I later learned that there has been similar action in six other Colorado districts and in one South Dakota county.) I visited the prosperous ranch of Henry J. Snyder, who told me, "I came here thirty-four years ago with one saddle horse and a pack horse. I built this place with my own hands and I aim to keep building it for another thirty-four years."

Snyder had a tough time in the dust bowl of the 1930s, chiefly because so much unsuitable land had been plowed up in the area after World War I.

"The dust from the farms blew over my grass and smothered it," he says. "Then, with the depression, I couldn't sell my cattle, so I had to keep them and they overgrazed what grass was left." He barely squeaked through. "I managed to save 136 steers by burning the thorns off the cactus so they could eat," he told me. When the drought finally ended, he sold the steers, bought cows, and started over again.

Snyder came through those grim days with the determination that it wasn't going to happen again. When the state legislature passed a law enabling farmers to unite in self-governing groups called Soil Conservation Districts, he was one of the founders of the district centered around the town of Timpas. It was organized on September 11, 1942. On the same day, Snyder helped push through an ordinance forbidding the plowing up of any land that hadn't been tilled for three years or more—unless the farmer-supervisors of the Soil Conservation District decreed the land was suitable for farming. The entire Timpas area is a comparatively undamaged island today in the worst part of the dust bowl.

Snyder told me, "I wasn't too high on the Land Use Ordinance at first because it sounded like too much control. But it saved our necks. Without it we'd be blowing like everyone else."

Only twice has the Timpas Land Use Ordinance been challenged. In 1951, a wealthy Texan moved in and hired an out-of-county farmer to put in wheat. Snyder and the other supervisors took the farmer to court, and Justice of the Peace William H. Kauffman promptly slapped him with a $100 fine, the maximum penalty. The fine was suspended, provided there was no recurrence of the violation. Still, Snyder and his fellow supervisors felt that the Texan had so much money that he eventually could defeat them by making appeals which they could not afford to fight. "It was strange, though," Snyder says. "We won by the weight of public opinion. The man from Texas found out that the people here were so much against him that he never came back. Now that we've escaped the dust bowl, the shopkeepers pat me on the back whenever I go to town. But I'm not getting any compliments from the real-estate people yet."

The second case involved a farmer who moved up from drought-stricken Baca County and began to put in barley. He, too, was haled before Justice of the Peace Kauffman and was given the same $100 suspended sentence. The trial proved educational for the defendant. Worthington Karn, a U.S. Forest Service official who administers government-owned grazing lands in the Timpas area, told me, "After the trial, that barley farmer became one of our most ardent conservationists."

"Suitcase Farmers" Don't Help

Colorado's Governor Thornton feels that if every dust-bowl county had a land-use ordinance like the one in the Timpas district, the problem would be well on the way to permanent solution. He would, however, refine the procedure somewhat. Now, for example, all landowners can vote in the Colorado Soil Conservation Districts. The governor would limit the vote to permanent residents, to eliminate the influence of the wealthy outside speculators who have come in and bought up thousands of acres. These "suitcase farmers," as the natives call them, have managed to block effective land-use ordinances in many counties.

"Not only that," the governor told me, "but in my opinion, the *government* has been a partner in producing the dust bowl. I'm sure Congress didn't think of it when they passed farm price supports, but when the federal government guarantees a price of $2 a bushel for wheat, it's quite a temptation for a man to buy up cheap rangeland for as little as $10 an acre. He knows that in a wet year he may make 35 bushels of wheat per acre, which assures him of a gross return of $70 an acre. He knows he can make at least one crop, little caring what happens to the soil after that —and even if the crop fails he can get back as much as $8 an acre in federal crop insurance.

"I don't think the government should aid and abet those who are deliberately wrecking the land. So I have proposed that public payments—federal, state or local—should be given to a farmer only if he conforms with proper land-use practices. That's not socialism and it doesn't attempt to exercise state control over anyone. It won't stop a man from tearing up unsuitable land or ruining his own soil if he is stupid enough to want to—but at least the government won't be rewarding him for his crime."

Governor Thornton, in the meantime, has taken the lead in emergency-relief measures. He helped push through a $15,000,000 federal grant to pay farmers for "listing" and "chiseling" their blown land—techniques which turn up heavy clods of earth to hold down the remaining topsoil until the farmer gets moisture enough to plant a cover crop. Some parts of the dust bowl had rain in the spring, but other critical areas remain dry. "And that's the difficulty with controlling dust bowls," says Kenneth Chalmers, U.S. Conservationist for Colorado. "It's like a cancer. Unless you get rid of all of it, it will come back and spread."

Where the cancer is worst, I found a strange mixture of hope and despair. Many farmers are hanging on with difficulty—but they're not abandoning the land, as they did in the 1930s.

I spoke with Victor Osborn and his pretty red-haired wife, Oca, on their badly blown farm near Two Buttes, Colorado, and they were bitter but courageously hopeful. Their farm was his father's homestead: Osborn has lived on it since 1916, when he was three years old. He got through the depression by selling chickens, and for several years after that he did fairly well raising wheat. He and his wife had painstakingly worked out all the plans for a modern farmhouse—and then the blow struck. Now he says, "Oh, well, at least we had the fun of planning."

Osborn told me, "It was uncommon dry in 1952 and 1953, and I had complete crop failures. I didn't have enough moisture to justify wheat, but other fellows around here put in wheat just to collect their crop insurance. That may be good business, but it just ain't good farming to put wheat in dry soil in this area."

Notwithstanding, Osborn had no vegetative cover on his land, and in the February 19th blow he was wiped out along with his errant neighbors.

In the Months of Nightmare

The next months were a nightmare period. He had to sell nearly all his cattle at distress prices, and then the banks wouldn't give him a loan because he had no livestock for security. He had to fire his two hired hands, saying, "I don't need any help just to watch this ground dry up and blow away." Mrs. Osborn, too, had a tough time. During the first storm, so much dirt blew into the house that she had to call her husband in to help her with the sheer physical labor of cleaning it out. "After the second storm," she says, "Vic came in and asked, 'How about just sweeping paths this time?' "

"I'm in such bad shape now," Osborn said, "the only thing between me and having to get off the land is an emergency loan I got from a federal government agency, the Farmers Home Administration. And that's true of nearly all of my neighbors, too." When I asked him why he persisted in the face of impending disaster, he replied, "For two reasons. First of all, I got faith in the Creator. Through all our troubles, my neighbors and I have paid to keep a full-time pastor at the Pleasant Hills Baptist Church. Without our faith in God, we'd have been spiritually broken by now. In the second place, this is a good land, and as long as you work it right you can hold it. When I saw stubble-mulched farms that weren't hardly touched by the blows that ruined me, I knew that was the way to do it. As soon as I get back on my feet, I'm going to buy new equipment and start stubble-mulching."

I asked Osborn if nature alone could help, if a period of steady rain would salvage him. He replied, "One crop can never make up for three lost ones. Besides, this country is normally dry, and we've been farming it like it was wet. We can't count on the rains. We got to do it ourselves."

Area Conservationist Clifton Etter confirmed that the key to the situation lies in recognizing that the present dust-bowl area will nearly always suffer drought or near-drought conditions—that wet years are a freak, an abnormality. He says, "Our farmers must realize, from the example of those who escaped the dust bowl, that they *must* adopt land-use practices suitable for dry areas. Otherwise the region can't survive."

Colorado's Governor Dan Thornton adds: "And if this region perishes, the whole country can suffer a staggering blow—because future generations need the food. Remember that a dust bowl keeps expanding. State lines don't stop it. We can have a Sahara Desert in the middle of America's breadbasket. It's our responsibility to stop it—especially now that individual farmers have proved to us that the dust bowl can be beaten. It can and it must be done." ▲▲▲

SOLUTIONS TO MEMORY TEST—PAGE 79

1. If you correctly recalled the numbers in series (g), (h), (i) or (j), your memory span is superior. If you repeated correctly only the digits in series (d), (e) or (f), your memory span is average. If you remembered only the numbers in series (a), (b) or (c), your memory span is poor. If you failed to repeat any of the series correctly, your memory span is very poor.

2. (a) If you're predominantly ear-minded, you've probably picked the best rhymes ("lose": "choose," "fuse"; "cost": "lost," "tossed"). If you're eye-minded, chances are you've come up with such "sight" rhymes for "lose" as "nose" and "dose"; such rhymes for "cost" as "post" and "most."

(b) If you're predominantly eye-minded, you've read off the letters fairly easily—by visualizing them in your mind and working backward.

(c) If you can't imagine these words without actually forming them with your lips, you're probably predominantly motile-minded.

Most of us tend to be preponderantly visile. Incidentally, experts find generally the best way of memorizing is by reading the material aloud because it combines two senses—the visile and audile.

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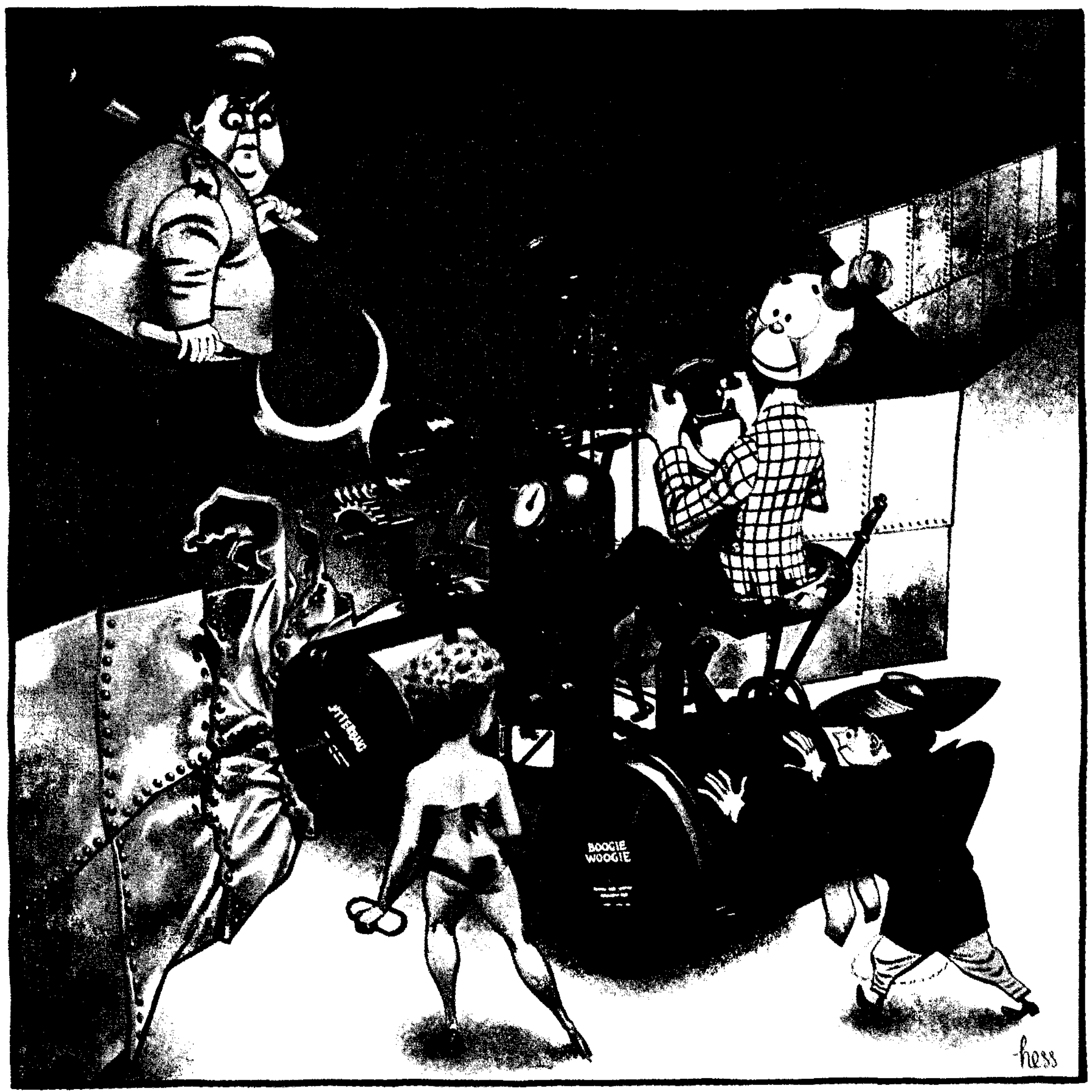

LOWELL HESS

Secret Weapons

SPEAKING of sweet uses of adversity, it may comfort some American parents who have deplored jitterbugging and zoot suits to know that these painful symptoms of adolescence are seriously regarded as secret weapons of imperialism behind the iron curtain. In Russia, Romania, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and East Germany, Communist writers, with the total absence of humor which is so typical of their creed, have thrown up their hands in Marxian horror at the carryings-on of the younger generation.

The zoot suit and the jitterbug aren't the only menaces, either. There are boogiewoogie music and painted neckties and the striking of American-model-type poses by high-school girls. In addition, two other and rather more obscure evils have come in for considerable notice—"Bikiniism" and "hooliganism."

We would judge that Bikiniism derives from the brief bathing suit rather than from the atom-bomb tests, although why it should shake the Red bigwigs is rather puzzling. Coeducational swimming without even a Bikini was long a Russian institution, even under the enlightened rule of Communism.

Hooliganism, we suppose, means rowdiness. But to many Americans who have long since passed the zoot-suit stage, the reference will recall a comic-strip character named Happy Hooligan.* And Happy's still loyal admirers may well resent the inferential slur upon his memory.

Happy was a hobo, and the gentlest of souls. Far from being an inciter of violence, he was the butt of manifold misfortunes. He bore them all—including frequent assaults by the two hind feet of a mule named Maud—smilingly and without complaint.

Speaking of hobos, we are reminded of a news dispatch from London which indicated that thousands of British tramps have deserted their homeland for France and Italy. And the reason for their departure may provide a clue to the reason why the Soviet leaders and their journalistic mouthpieces may be genuinely concerned over the way the kids are behaving.

What unsold the unabashed vagabonds on England, apparently, was Socialism, the welfare state, the planned life, introduced by the Labor party and hanging over to a large extent under the Conservatives.

One veteran wayfarer put it this way: "We have been registered, checked, urged into new-fangled reception stations . . . persuaded to give up our way of life, bathed, questioned and generally treated as prehistoric freaks."

The cause behind the English hobos' exodus is, of course, doubled in spades in the Soviet Union. Not only thought and work but recreation—dancing, music, dress, social behavior—are channeled into limited areas of political conformity. Scarcely a free breath is drawn without the critical scrutiny of the controlling bureaucracy.

Well, this piece didn't start out to be a defense of hoboism, and it's not meant to be one. We could call it a defense of individualism except, thank Heaven, individualism doesn't need defending. It exists, undaunted by Socialism and Communism. The urge to live one's own life, pick one's vocation (or lack of same) and choose one's recreations is older than Marxism or Fabianism, because the individual is older and more enduring than the varying patterns of society.

We believe that the government which recognizes not only the rights but the persistent strength of the individual has the best chance of survival. So maybe the Soviet government has legitimate cause to be seriously, if rather amusingly, upset by the healthy, normal revolt of their youth against regimentation.

Know the Enemy

ONE OF THE MEN who took part in the successful prosecution of the 11 top Communist leaders in 1949 has advocated the teaching of comparative courses in Communism and American democracy in our schools. He is Frank H. Gordon, and he made the suggestion as guest speaker on a radio panel discussion by high-school students in New York. We think that his suggestion is a good one.

Both college and high-school boards, in numerous recent instances, have tended to confuse the employment of Communist or pro-Communist teachers with a study of Communist doctrine and its practice in the world today. The employment of Communist teachers is, of course, indefensible, since they are agents of an enemy who seeks, among other things, to subvert young minds. But this does not seem a valid reason for forbidding any discussion of Communism whatsoever, as is the case in many schools and colleges.

Why should our students not be shown, in a clear and dispassionate way, the window dressing of economic philosophy behind which the Soviets and their satellites conduct their campaigns of mental and physical aggression? It seems to us that for the very reason that Communism is a menace to the free world, it should be examined and analyzed. To ignore it or forbid its discussion is much as if medical schools should ignore or forbid discussion of the pathology and treatment of cancer or tuberculosis.

The problem of combating Communist infiltration of our life without hampering the right of free discussion and expression of opinion is by no means simple. In the last few years there have been persistent efforts to require a conformity of social and economic thinking which has an uncomfortable resemblance to the totalitarianism which is despised not only by the militant conformists, but by all loyal citizens.

Besides an awareness of the danger of Communism, we should be equally aware of the danger of limiting discussion and criticism of our customs and institutions. And we certainly should not fear to present to our students the theories and practices of Communism, and then let them compare them with the rights and freedoms they enjoy under our representative government. If good sense and decent instincts dictate the choice of America's youth—as will surely be true in the overwhelming majority of cases—there is no reason to fear or doubt their decisions.

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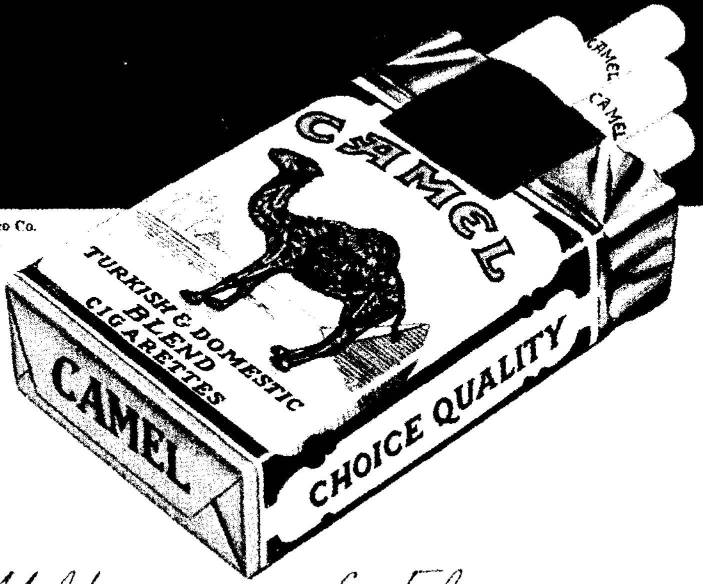

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